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CHARTS

SINGLES

Week ending October 7, 1978

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(2)	**SUMMER NIGHTS**	John Travolta & Olivia Newton-John (RSO)	3	1
2	(9)	**LOVE DON'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	3	2
3	(4)	**GREASE**	Frankie Valli (RSO)	6	3
4	(1)	**DREADLOCK HOLIDAY**	10cc (Mercury)	8	1
5	(19)	**I CAN'T STOP LOVIN' YOU**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	2	5
6	(5)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile (Rak)	5	4
7	(3)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores (Motown)	10	1
8	(6)	**OH WHAT A CIRCUS**	David Essex (Mercury)	7	4
9	(12)	**LUCKY STARS**	Dean Friedman (Lifesong)	3	9
10	(7)	**JILTED JOHN**	Jilted John (EMI Int)	9	5
11	(8)	**SUMMER NIGHT CITY**	Abba (Epic)	4	8
11	(21)	**RASPUTIN**	Boney M (Atlantic Hansa)	2	11
13	(13)	**YOU MAKE ME FEEL**	Sylvester (Fantasy)	7	13
14	(10)	**PICTURE THIS**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	7	10
15	(14)	**HONG KONG GARDEN**	Siouxsie & The Banshees (Polydor)	6	8
16	(26)	**A ROSE HAS TO DIE**	Dooleys (GTO)	4	16
17	(16)	**NOW THAT WE FOUND LOVE**	Third World (Island)	3	16
18	(25)	**BLAME IT ON THE BOOGIE**	Jacksons (Epic)	2	18
19	(17)	**AGAIN AND AGAIN**	Status Quo (Vertigo)	5	9
20	(23)	**HAVE YOU EVER FALLEN IN LOVE**	Buzzcocks (UA)	2	20
21	(24)	**THE WINKERS SONG**	Ivor Biggun (Beggars Banquet)	3	21
22	(28)	**TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP**	Crystal Gayle (UA)	3	22
23	(15)	**RIVERS OF BABYLON/BROWN GIRL IN THE RING**	Boney M (Atlantic)	24	1
24	(11)	**BRITISH HUSTLE**	Hi Tension (Island)	8	7
25	(—)	**SANDY**	John Travolta (RSO)	1	25
26	(—)	**BAMA BOOGIE WOOGIE**	Cleveland Eaton (Gull)	1	26
27	(—)	**L.A. CONNECTION**	Rainbow (Polydor)	1	27
28	(—)	**DOWN AT THE DOCTORS**	Dr. Feelgood (United Artists)	1	28
29	(—)	**DIPPERY DAY**	Father Abraham (Decca)	1	29
30	(22)	**EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb (RSO)	7	11

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

RESPECTABLE — Rolling Stones (EMI); DAYLIGHT KATY — Gordon Lightfoot (Warner Bros); HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS — Bob Seger (Capitol); SWEET TALKIN' WOMAN — E.L.O. (Jet).

ALBUMS

Week ending October 7, 1978

This Week	Last			Weeks in chart	Highest position
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Original Soundtrack (RSO)	13	1
2	(2)	**NIGHT FLIGHT TO VENUS**	Boney M (Int/Hansa)	12	1
3	(9)	**BLOODY TOURISTS**	10 c.c. (Mercury)	3	3
4	(3)	**IMAGES**	Don Williams (K-Tel)	10	2
5	(5)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Various (RSO)	24	1
5	(4)	**WAR OF THE WORLDS**	Various (CBS)	14	2
7	(7)	**PARALLEL LINES**	Blondie (Chrysalis)	3	7
8	(6)	**CLASSIC ROCK**	London Symphony Orchestra (K-Tel)	9	13
9	(10)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston (Epic)	4	9
10	(8)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who (Polydor)	6	5
11	(—)	**ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN**	Rose Royce (Whitfield)	1	11
12	(17)	**BIG WHEELS OF MOTOWN**	(Motown)	2	12
13	(12)	**STREET LEGAL**	Bob Dylan (CBS)	16	2
14	(19)	**LEO SAYER**	Leo Sayer (Chrysalis)	4	14
15	(24)	**TORMATO**	Yes (Atlantic)	2	15
16	(16)	**ARE WE NOT MEN**	Devo (Virgin)	4	16
17	(13)	**JAMES GALWAY PLAYS SONGS FOR ANNIE**	James Galway (Red Seal)	5	8
18	(11)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores (Motown)	12	7
19	(26)	**THE BRIDE STRIPPED BARE**	Bryan Ferry (Polydor)	3	19
20	(20)	**STAR PARTY**	Various Artists (K-Tel)	8	10
21	(14)	**OUT OF THE BLUE**	Electric Light Orchestra (Jet)	42	3
22	(—)	**ROAD TO RUIN**	Ramones (Sire)	1	22
23	(25)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf (Epic)	29	6
24	(—)	**STAGE**	David Bowie (RCA)	1	24
25	(—)	**BREATHLESS**	Camel (Selecta)	1	25
26	(15)	**LIVE & DANGEROUS**	Thin Lizzy (Vertigo)	18	2
27	(21)	**RUMOURS**	Fleetwood Mac (Warner Bros)	81	1
28	(—)	**LIVING IN THE U.S.A.**	Linda Ronstadt (WEA)	1	28
29	(—)	**GHOSTS OF PRINCES IN TOWERS**	Rich Kids (EMI)	1	29
30	(22)	**OCTAVE**	Moody Blues (Threshold)	15	4

BUBBLING UNDER . . .

GREEN LIGHT — Cliff Richard (EMI); NEVER SAY DIE — Black Sabbath (Phonogram); LOVE BITES — Buzzcocks (UA); SYSTEMS OF ROMANCE — Ultravox (Island).

U.S. SINGLES

Week ending October 7, 1978

This Week	Last		
1	(2)	**KISS YOU ALL OVER**	Exile
2	(1)	**BOOGIE OOGIE OOGIE**	Taste Of Honey
3	(3)	**SUMMER NIGHTS**	John Travolta/Olivia Newton-John
4	(5)	**REMINISCING**	Little River Band
5	(6)	**HOT CHILD IN THE CITY**	Nick Gilder
6	(4)	**HOPELESSLY DEVOTED TO YOU**	Olivia Newton-John
7	(7)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
8	(10)	**YOU NEEDED ME**	Anne Murray
9	(11)	**WHENEVER I CALL YOU "FRIEND"**	Kenny Loggins
10	(8)	**THREE TIMES A LADY**	Commodores
11	(13)	**RIGHT DOWN THE LINE**	Gerry Rafferty
12	(17)	**WHO ARE YOU**	Who
13	(14)	**HOLLYWOOD NIGHTS**	Bob Seger
14	(16)	**LOVE IS IN THE AIR**	John Paul Young
15	(19)	**BACK IN THE USA**	Linda Ronstadt
16	(9)	**HOT BLOODED**	Foreigner
17	(—)	**MAC ARTHUR PARK**	Donna Summer
18	(23)	**YOU NEVER DONE IT LIKE THAT**	Captain & Tennille
19	(27)	**BEAST OF BURDEN**	Rolling Stones
20	(21)	**COME TOGETHER**	Aerosmith
21	(26)	**SHE'S ALWAYS A WOMAN**	Billy Joel
22	(30)	**HOW MUCH I FEEL**	Ambrosia
23	(25)	**GET OFF**	Foxy
24	(28)	**TALKING IN YOUR SLEEP**	Crystal Gayle
25	(29)	**JOSIE**	Steely Dan
26	(15)	**YOU AND I**	Rick James
27	(—)	**I LOVE THE NIGHT LIFE (DISCO ROUND)**	Alicia Bridges
28	(12)	**AN EVERLASTING LOVE**	Andy Gibb
29	(—)	**IT'S A LAUGH**	Daryl Hall & John Oates
30	(—)	**READY TO TAKE A CHANCE AGAIN**	Barry Manilow

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

U.S. ALBUMS

Week ending October 7, 1978

This Week	Last		
1	(1)	**GREASE**	Various Artists
2	(2)	**DON'T LOOK BACK**	Boston
3	(3)	**WHO ARE YOU**	The Who
4	(4)	**DOUBLE VISION**	Foreigner
5	(5)	**SOME GIRLS**	Rolling Stones
6	(6)	**NIGHTWATCH**	Kenny Loggins
7	(15)	**TEN SONS OF DIFFERENT MOTHERS**	Dan Fogelberg & Tim Wiseberg
8	(7)	**SGT PEPPER'S LONELY HEARTS CLUB BAND**	Various Artists
9	(8)	**NATURAL HIGH**	Commodores
10	(10)	**WORLDS AWAY**	Pablo Cruise
11	(12)	**STRANGER IN TOWN**	Bob Seger & The Silver Bullet Band
12	(26)	**LIVE AND MORE**	Donna Summer
13	(13)	**THE STRANGER**	Billy Joel
14	(14)	**SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER**	Bee Gees and Various Artists
15	(19)	**MIXED EMOTIONS**	Exile
16	(11)	**A TASTE OF HONEY**	Taste of Honey
17	(17)	**CITY TO CITY**	Gerry Rafferty
18	(20)	**SLEEPER CATCHER**	Little River Band
19	(9)	**BLAM**	The Brothers Johnson
20	(21)	**BAT OUT OF HELL**	Meat Loaf
21	(16)	**SHADOW DANCING**	Andy Gibb
22	(23)	**GET OFF**	Foxy
23	(—)	**PIECES OF EIGHT**	Styx
24	(—)	**IS IT STILL GOOD TO YA**	Ashford & Simpson
25	(18)	**COME GET IT**	Rick James
26	(30)	**ROSE ROYCE STRIKES AGAIN**	Rose Royce
27	(22)	**LIFE IS A SONG WORTH SINGING**	Teddy Pendergrass
28	(29)	**AJA**	Steely Dan
29	(—)	**DOG AND BUTTERFLY**	Heart
30	(24)	**TOGETHERNESS**	L.T.D.

Courtesy "CASH BOX"

FIVE YEARS AGO

Week ending October 2, 1973

Last Week	This		
5	1	**EYE LEVEL**	Simon Park Orchestra (Columbia)
1	2	**BALLROOM BLITZ**	The Sweet (RCA)
2	3	**MONSTER MASH**	Bobby 'Boris' Pickett & The Crypt Kickers (London)
9	4	**NUT BUSH CITY LIMITS**	Ike & Tina Turner (United Artists)
4	5	**ANGEL FINGERS**	Wizzard (Harvest)
10	6	**JOYBRINGER**	Manfred Mann Earthband (Vertigo)
3	7	**ROCK ON**	David Essex (CBS)
17	8	**LAUGHING GNOME**	David Bowie (Deram)
6	9	**OH NO, NOT MY BABY**	Rod Stewart (Mercury)
19	10	**CAROLINE**	Status Quo (Vertigo)

TEN YEARS AGO

Week ending October 2, 1968

Last Week	This		
2	1	**THOSE WERE THE DAYS**	Mary Hopkin (Apple)
1	2	**HEY JUDE**	Beatles (Parlophone)
3	3	**JESAMINE**	Casuals (Decca)
8	4	**LITTLE ARROWS**	Leapy Lee (MCA)
5	5	**HOLD ME TIGHT**	Johnny Nash (Regal-Zonophone)
4	6	**I'VE GOTTA GET A MESSAGE TO YOU**	Bee Gees (Polydor)
9	7	**LADY WILLPOWER**	Gary Puckett & the Union Gap (CBS)
6	8	**I SAY A LITTLE PRAYER**	Aretha Franklin (Atlantic)
7	9	**DO IT AGAIN**	Beach Boys (Capitol)
15	10	**CLASSICAL GAS**	Mason Williams (Warner Bros)

15 YEARS AGO

Week ending October 4, 1963

Last Week	This		
2	1	**DO YOU LOVE ME**	Brian Poole & the Tremeloes (Decca)
1	2	**SHE LOVES YOU**	Beatles (Parlophone)
4	3	**THEN HE KISSED ME**	Crystals (London)
7	4	**IF I HAD A HAMMER**	Trini Lopez (Reprise)
5	5	**I WANT TO STAY HERE**	Steve Lawrence/Eydie Gorme (CBS)
10	6	**SHINDIG**	Shadows (Columbia)
13	7	**BLUE BAYOU**	Roy Orbison (London)
6	8	**APPLEJACK**	Jet Harris & Tony Meehan (Decca)
9	9	**JUST LIKE EDDIE**	Heinz (Decca)
3	10	**IT'S ALL IN THE GAME**	Cliff Richard (Columbia)

JIMMY PURSEY of Sham 69

THE CLASH pictured last week in New York

SHAM, CLASH: MAJOR TOURS

SHAM 69 undertake a major concert tour throughout November, running into early December. So far 21 dates have been announced, with a big London show still to be confirmed. The tour, which goes out under the banner of "Guy Fawkes Memory", ties in with the late October release of their new Polydor album "That's Life".

Gigs set are at Edinburgh Odeon (November 1), Aberdeen Capitol (2), Glasgow Apollo (3), Newcastle Polytechnic (4), Hanley Victoria Hall (5), Sheffield Top Rank (6), Leicester De Montfort Hall (7), Birmingham Top Rank (8), Plymouth Metro (10), Taunton Odeon (11), Bristol Colston Hall (12), Cardiff Top Rank (14), Swansea Top Rank (15),Manchester Apollo (21), Bradford St George's Hall (22), Derby Kings Hall (23),Hastings Pier Pavilion (25), Bournemouth Village Bowl (27), Portsmouth Guildhall (28) and Canterbury Odeon (December 2 and 3).

Although it contains several familiar songs, including their new single, the upcoming LP has a concept theme — in that it follows the trials and tribulations of one man's day. Tracks are *Leave Me Alone, Everybody's Right Everybody's Wrong, Who Give A Damn, That's Life, Win Or Lose, Hurry Up Harry, Evil Way, Reggae Pick Up — Parts 1 and 2, Sunday Morning Nightmare, Angels With Dirty Faces and Is This Me Or Is This You.*

THE CLASH have now finally re-arranged their concert at London's Roxy Theatre in Harlesden for Saturday, October 14 at 7.30 pm. This is the gig, originally planned for September 9, which had to be called off because they were still working in America on their new album.

The show is already sold out, and existing tickets for the postponed date are still valid. Two support acts will be added to the bill, and it's possible The Clash will be filming their new single at the gig.

Prior to the Roxy date, the band fly to Ireland to play Belfast Ulster Hall and Dublin Top Hat next Wednesday and Thursday (11 and 12 respectively). Then, after their London commitment, they headline a short European tour — visiting France, Holland, Belgium and Germany.

On their return, they headline a major British tour, starting on November 9 and lasting about five weeks. It's the longest tour they've ever played in this country, and includes no less than five big London dates. Details are currently being finalised and will be announced shortly. And following the recent Roxy mix-up, it's stressed that these gigs are being arranged with the full knowledge and consent of The Clash, whose new album will be issued by CBS on November 10 to coincide with the tour.

● Following last week's report of a showdown between The Clash and their manager Bernard Rhodes, latest rumour in rock circles is that they are about to be taken over by Yes manager Brian Lane, though it was impossible to obtain confirmation at press-time.

and Pere Ubu, Vibrators

THIRTEEN DATES have now been confirmed for the mid-autumn tour by Pere Ubu, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME two weeks ago. The avant-garde new-wavers from Ohio first came to Britain early this year and played a few gigs here, but this time their tour will be more extensive — in fact several more venues (including London) have still to be finalised.

Those set so far are Newcastle University (November 18), High Wycombe Town Hall (19), Leicester University (21), Nottingham University (23), Manchester The Factory (24), Liverpool Eric's (25), Birmingham The Gig (27), Plymouth Metro (29), Norwich East Anglia University (November 2), Uxbridge Brunel University (6), Leeds Fan Club at Brannigan's (7), Edinburgh University (8) and Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (9).

The band's new album "Dub Housing" is scheduled for release in the first week of November, and it will be their first to appear on Chrysalis. Among tracks featured are "On The Surface", "Thriller", "Navvy" and "I Will Wait".

THE VIBRATORS have lined up their first tour since their recent personnel upheavals, which saw newcomers Ben Brierley (lead guitar) and Greg Van Cook (bass) coming into the line-up to join founder members Knox (lead vocals and guitar) and Eddie (drums). It coincides with the mid-October release by CBS of their new single "Pushing' Too Hard", the first with the new line-up. Another week of dates has still to be finalised, culminating in a major London concert appearance, but those confirmed so far are:

London Marquee Club (October 21 and 22), Leeds Fan Club (24), Dumfries Stagecoach (25), Aberdeen Ruffles (26), Dundee University (27), Glasgow Queen Margaret Union (28), Dunfermline Kinema (29), Wolverhampton Polytechnic (31), Sheffield Polytechnic (November 1), Hull College (2), Nottingham University (3), Bolton Technical College (4), Doncaster Outlook (6), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9), Newcastle University (10), Birmingham Barbarella's (11), Exeter Routes (13), Newport Stowaway Club (15) and two shows at Liverpool Eric's (18).

PERE UBU

THE VIBRATORS

Siouxsie in London

SIOUXSIE & The Banshees have now arranged the major London concert which climaxes their 23-date major tour, reported by NME last week. It's at the Hammersmith Odeon on Thursday, November 9, with support act Spizz Oil and special guest Nico.

And Nico, the former Velvet Underground singer, will now be guesting on seven dates on the Siouxsie tour. As reported last week, she is already set for the opening night at Hemel Hempstead Pavilion on October 11, but she now also plays Cardiff Top Rank (15), Plymouth Fiesta (16), Bristol Locarno (17), Bournemouth Village Bowl (19) and Hastings Pier Pavilion (20), as well as the Hammersmith concert.

She'll also be taking part in The Pop Group's benefit show at London Camden Electric Ballroom on October 12, on behalf of Amnesty International's Prisoners of Conscience campaign. Others appearing in the show are Lynton Kwesi Johnson and Cabaret Voltaire, and the concert is being filmed for TV and for use by Amnesty.

Jam to headline Scottish event

THE JAM are one of headline acts appearing in a ten-day rock festival being staged next month by St. Andrews's University in Scotland. The students' entertainments committee say they are "risking bankruptcy" by promoting the event, which is costing more than they usually spend on gigs in a whole year! With many more names still being finalised, those confirmed are: Son Seals Band (November 2), Whirlwind (3), Wilko Johnson's Solid Senders (6), The Jam (7), Crazy Cavan 'n' The Rhythm Rockers (10) and Sonja Kristina's Escape (11). The St. Andrews show is one of a series of dates which The Jam will be playing in early November, and full details are expected to be announced next week. (They also play Wembley on November 29 — see above right).

A ROTTEN CHRISTMAS — official

IT'S NOW OFFICIALLY confirmed that Johnny Lydon (a.k.a Rotten) and his new band, Public Image Ltd, are to play a special Christmas Day concert at London's Rainbow Theatre. NME reported in T-Zers last week that application was made to the GLC for permission to stage the event, and this has now been granted by the council's Public Services Committee.

At present only the one concert is set, but a second show may be added on Boxing Day if there is sufficient demand. A Rainbow spokesman told NME: "It's being designed as family entertainment, so there'll be a mixed bag of artists, though we don't yet know who else will be on the bill." But it's believed there will be a comedian and a magician, besides other musical acts.

It's understood that, by removing most of the stalls and restricting seated accommodation mainly to the circle, the Rainbow plans to increase its capacity to over 3,000 for the Christmas show — but tickets are not expected to go on sale for another two or three weeks. Meanwhile the Lydon band's single "Public Image" is now set for October 20 release by Virgin.

NEWS DESK

HOST OF BIG NAMES FOR

Festival week at Wembley

THE JAM, David Essex, Lindisfarne, Generation X and John Miles are among attractions already set for a week-long pre-Christmas festival being staged at the giant Wembley Arena in North London.

It is, in fact, promoter Mel Bush's second Great British Music Festival, the first having been staged at London Olympia over Christmas and New Year 1976-77 — when stars included Status Quo, Bad Company, Thin Lizzy, Be-Bop Deluxe and Barclay James Harvest.

There will be a different bill every night from Monday, November 27, to Saturday, December 2, inclusive. Bush says that merchandise will be on sale at the festival, and he's expecting record company participation, so giving the event an exhibition flavour. Each show runs from 5 to 11pm.

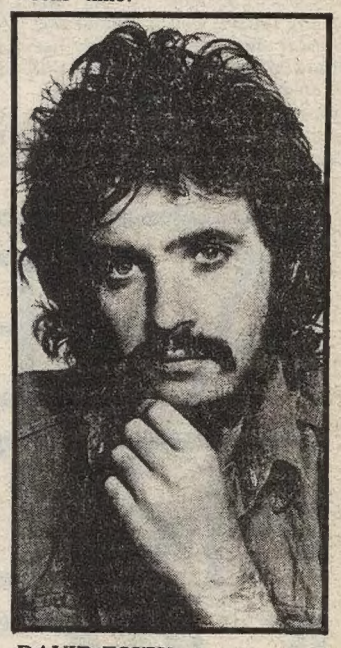
Among the acts set for November 29 are The Jam, Slade, The Pirates, Generation X and Patrik Fitzgerald. The line-up to date for November 30 is Lindisfarne, John Miles, the Frankie Miller Band and Chris Rea. And closing the festival on December 2 are David Essex, The Rich Kids and The Real Thing, among others.

Further acts for the above three bills have still to be confirmed, as well as headliners for the other three nights. Tickets priced £5, £4 and £3 are available now from the Great British Music Festival Box-Office, Wembley Arena, Wembley, Middlesex — enclose s.a.e., makes cheques and POs payable to "Wembley Stadium Ltd.", and ensure the date you require is clearly stated. The box-office opens to personal callers in two weeks' time.

Pre-Christmas Wembley event

NME UNDERSTANDS that a week-long festival of top rock ac. is to be staged at the giant Wembley Arena, formerly the Empi

NME July 15, 1978



DAVID ESSEX

● David Essex, who leaves the cast of the London musical "Evita" on November 4, will be touring Britain prior to the Wembley show. Details are expected shortly, but meanwhile he has a new single out this weekend — titled "Brave New World", it's taken from the hit album "War Of The Worlds".

WISHBONE ASH
NEW SINGLE
YOU SEE RED
B W
BAD WEATHER BLUES
Over the last few years "Bad Weather Blues" has been a highly popular feature of all Wishbone Ash gigs. Now for the first time, this song is available on record, as a 10 minute live version.
(recorded live at Sheffield last year).
LIMITED EDITION IN COLOUR SLEEVE
MCA 392
15,000 copies of this record are available on 12" which includes the full-length album version of 'You See Red.' 12 MCA 392.
MCA RECORDS
MCA Records, 1 Great Pulteney Street, London W1

Yes extra in London

YES have added yet another London show to their upcoming schedule — it's a matinee performance at 3 pm on Saturday, October 28, at the Wembley Arena. Tickets for the evening concert that day, and for the Friday night (27), are now sold out — though a few still remain for the gig on Thursday, October 26. And tickets for the extra matinee show, are now on sale (£5 and £4).

● BETHNAL have switched the date and venue of their major London concert, which is part of their nationwide tour. Previously announced as November 26 at the Rainbow, it now becomes November 25 at Hammersmith Odeon.

Spirit off until 1979

THE PROJECTED seven-date autumn tour by Spirit, announced in News Desk last week, was called off literally as NME went to press — in fact, eagle-eyed readers will have spotted a Stop Press item in T-Zers, stating that it had been postponed. Reason for the last-minute hitch is that drummer and founder member Ed Cassidy has ricked his back severely, and will be unable to play for some weeks. Promoters Straight Music are now hoping to re-arrange the Spirit tour for the New Year.

DOLLY DATES

DOLLY PARTON flies into Britain at the end of this month to film a guest spot in Bruce Forsyth's new ITV series, for probable screening on Novenber 4. She then undertakes a string of concerts in Europe, before returning here in the middle of next month to headline six major dates. They are at Brighton Conference Centre (November 15), Ipswich Gaumont (16), Coventry Thetre (17), Oxford New Theatre (18), Liverpool Empire (19) and London Hammersmith Odeon (20).

RECORD NEWS

● Bronze Records release three albums tomorrow (Friday) — "Resolving Contradictions" by **Andy Mackay**, "Fallen Angel" by **Uriah Heep** and "Water Bearer" by **Sally Oldfield**. Mike Oldield's sister Sally not only produced her album, but sings and plays most of the instruments on it. Uriah also have a single coming out on October 13 called "Come Back To Me".

● Release of **Rod Stewart's** new album "Blondes Have More Fun" has been slightly delayed and Riva Records are now aiming at either October 27 or November 3. This hold-up means that the opening of Stewart's European tour is put back until October 29, but it's unlikely to affect his British dates in December, and details are expected in the next week of two.

● Included within the sleeve of the second **999** album "Separates", issued by United Artists this week, is a leaflet telling purchasers how to obtain a free 12-inch single by the band. The single, featuring "Action" and "Waiting", is on 999's own Labritain Records label — and it's the first time a free disc on an independent label has been made available through a major company's release.

● Kentucky band **Exile** follow their hit single "Kiss You All Over" with their debut album. Titled "Mixed Emotions", it's released by Rak Records on November 10.

● **"Slade** Alive Vol 2" is the band's new album, issued by Barn Records on October 20. As already reported, their new single "Rock'n'Roll Bolero" is out this weekend.

● **Donna Summer's** new single "MacArthur" comes out tomorrow (Friday) on Casablanca, while on Vanguard **Tom Paxton** sings "The Death Of Stephen Biko". Both labels are distributed by Pye.

● **City Boy's** follow-up to their "5-7-0-5" hit, out this weekend on Vertigo, is "What A Night". It's taken from their newly-released album "Book Early."

● Sunderland singer **Tommy Morrison** has signed to Real Records, who issue his debut single "When The Pub Closes" this weekend. An album will follow shortly, and Morrison is now forming a touring band.

● **Boys Of The Lough** are putting the finishing touches to their live album "Wish You Were Here", for late October release by Logo Records. It was recorded during their recent tour of the Scottish Highlands.

● The Jamaican reggae hit "Baby I've Been Missing You" by **Bunny Maloney**, until now available on the Moodisc label, has been picked up by Gull Records who issue it on October 20.

● Dutch band **Gruppo Sportivo**, who began their second British tour this week, have a new single titled "Hey Girl" issued by Epic on October 13.

● Zama Records, the Coventry-based label responsible for launching The Flys, this week put out a four-track single by their latest signings **Black Parrot Seaside**. Titled "Roll It Up And Eat It", the songs are about football hooligans, people who whistle, pornography and what it's like to be re-incarnated as a vacuum-cleaner!

● A new single by Midlands band **Little Acre** is released by Birds Nest Records on October 13, titled "Back Off".

● Three-piece band **Anti Social**, described as "the world's most violent rock group" (!), have been signed by the independent Dynamite Records label and are now cutting their first tracks.

● **Steve Bloomfield**, lead guitar and principal writer with Matchbox, releases his first solo album this weekend, titled "Rockabilly Originals". Although on the Dutch-based Rockhouse label, it will be generally available in Britain. It's a completely solo set, with Bloomfield featured on guitar, bass, mandolin, harmonica, percussion and vocals.

● "Move It On Over", the second album by **George Thorogood & The Destroyers**, is issued by Sonet Records on October 13. But they've had to postpone their proposed U.K. tour in late aumtumn, which was to have promoted the LP, because Thorogood has dislocated his shoulder playing baseball. He's out of action for two months, and the British visit is being re-arranged for the New Year.

Sire compilation and re-releases

WEA, whose distribution deal with the Sire label came into effect in June, have now made available the full Sire back catalogue of ten albums — including three by The Ramones, two by The Flamin' Groovies and one each by The Talking Heads and Richard Hell. And they've brought out a compilation sampler album called "The Sire Machine Turns You On", featuring tracks by The Ramones, Dead Boys, The Rezillos, Tuff Darts and Radio Birdman, among others. The sampler includes two previously unissued items — "You Gotta Lose" by Richard Hell and "Magic Love" by The Squares — plus Patti Smith's version of "Hey Joe" taken from a Sire single.

Ms County back again on the road

WAYNE COUNTY & The Electric Chairs return to the gig circuit this week, and have so far confirmed 16 dates over a five-week period, with more still to be announced. The band remains unchanged and features Wayne (vocals), Val Haller (bass), J J Johnson (drums), Eliot Michaels (lead guitar) and Henri Padovani (rhythm guitar). The current stage show includes some old favourites, but the majority is new material prepared during their enforced absence.

They play London Camden Music Machine (tonight, Thursday), Northampton County Ground (Saturday), Nuneaton 77 Club (October 10), York Pop Club (11), Manchester Russell Club (12), Liverpool Eric's (13), Birmingham The Gig (19), Blackpool Norbeck Castle (21), Swansea Circles Club (23), Newcastle University (25), Leeds Fan Club (26), Nottingham Sandpiper (27), Plymouth Woods Centre (30), Penzanze The Garden (31), Exeter Routes (November 1) and Bristol Granary (9).

● For more on Ms. County, see pages 28-29.

PERSONNEL CHANGES

Lambert quits Strawbs; ex-Kokomo men in Cado

DAVE LAMBERT

THE STRAWBS have been forced to postpone their projected autumn tour, because their long-standing lead guitarist and vocalist Dave Lambert has left the group. His immediate plans involve a solo album, which he'll be making in Los Angeles, where he's been writing with Gary Osborne and ex-Hollies front man Allan Clarke. Although The Strawbs have not yet named a replacement, they are currently recording an album called "Heartbreak Hill" for release in the New Year, when they also intend to undertake their delayed tour.

CADO BELLE, now on tour following a summer personal upheaval, have revealed that their re-shaped line-up features two former Kokomo members — Jimmy Mullins (guitar) and Glen Lefleur (drums). They'll be seen in action when the band is showcased in BBC-2's "Rock Goes To College" tomorrow (Friday), when another ex-Kokomo man Neil Hubbard makes a guest appearance with them.

DOWNLINERS SECT are back in action with a revised line-up which includes three founder members — Don Craine (guitar), Keith Grant (bass and vocals) and Terry Gibson (lead guitar) — plus newcomers Paul Tiller (harmonica and vocals) and Paul Holm (drums). They've just finished recording their first single for eight years — titled "Blue Night", it's scheduled for mid-November release by Raw Records, with an album to follow soon afterwards. They're also lining up an extensive club and college tour.

CAFE JACQUES have slimmed to trio size following the departure of bassist Colin Nelson. But the nucleus of Chris Thomson (guitar and lead vocals), Peter Veitch (keyboards) and Mike 'O' (drums) will be joined for live work by bassist Keith Wilkinson and multi-instrumentalist Geoff Richardson. They expect to go back on the road at the end of this month.

SPITERI, who were Britain's only authentic salsa band, have broken up — but a new band has already risen from the ashes of the old. They are Manyana, formed around two key members of Spiteri — Steve Alpert and Charles Spiteri. Initially they're concentrating on London gigs, including a Sunday residency at The Kensington, W.14. They're also recording a debut album and single.

SUBWAY SECT have now emerged with a revised line-up and a new approach, announces leader Vic Goddard. This follows the recent report that two original members had been ousted from the band. After completing all existing commitments, including supporting Patti Smith in her London Rainbow concerts, Goddard decided to re-shape Sect to reflect his new ideas in writing. He says the new band comprises "a jazz funk bassist, a rock'n'roll guitarist, a cabaret pianist and a Bethnal Green docker on drums"! Their new single "Ambition" is due for October 13 release.

CHARLIE TUMAHAI

CHARLIE TUMAHAI, formerly bass player with B-Bop Deluxe until they disbanded just over a month ago, has now joined The Hollywood Killers. The band have just started recording new material which, when completed, they plan to hawk around the record companies.

MUSCLES have undergone a couple of line-up changes, but they haven't — as reported elsewhere — broken up. The Birmingham band have added John Rowley as lead singer, and brought back their original drummer Steve James. Big Bear Records have just issued an EP by the band, pressed in orange vinyl and featuring three previous A-sides plus one new track. Their upcoming gigs are listed on page 5.

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OTWAY'S TOUR SET

MOST OF THE dates and venues have been confirmed for the first major tour by John Otway and his new band, plans for which were exclusively revealed by NME last week. It aids promotion of his new single "Baby's In The Club", and the itinerary so far is:

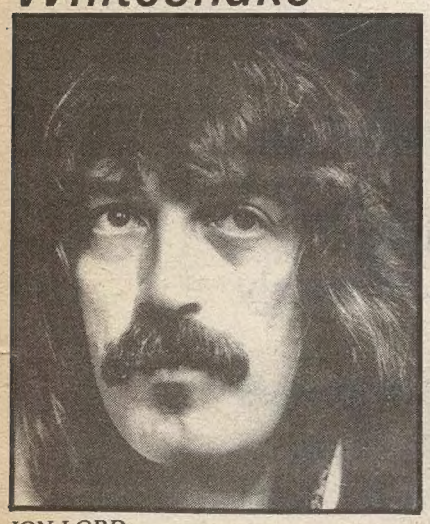
Cheltenham Town Hall (tomorrow, Friday), Swindon Oasis (Saturday), Bradford Royal Standard (October 8), Middlesbrough Rock Garden (9), Aberdeen Fusion Ballroom (10), Glasgow City Hall (11), Edinburgh Univsersity (13), Hamilton Football Club (14), Dumfries Stagecoach (15), Jordanstown Belfast Polytechnic (17), Portrush Chester Club (18), Belfast Queen's University (19), Dublin Trinity College (20), Cork University (21), Dublin McGonnagals (22), Canterbury College of Art (25), Blackpool Tiffany's (26), Wolverhampton Lafayette (27), Halifax Good Mood Club (28), Newport Stowaway Club (30), Cambridge University (31), Norwich Boogie House (November 1), Batley Crumpets (2) and Preston Charter Theatre (4).

London does not figure in the above schedule but, after they've completed these gigs, Otway and the band go into the studios to record a new album — and it's expected that London dates will be slotted in during this period.

JOHN OTWAY

COVERDALE, LORD TOGETHER AGAIN

Whitesnake



JON LORD

WHITESNAKE, the band launched early this year by former Deep Purple vocalist David Coverdale, headline their first major concert tour in mid-autumn. They'll be playing at 19 leading venues around the country, climaxing at London Hammersmith Odeon. The band were recently reinforced by the addition of another ex-Purple man, keyboards maestro Jon Lord, and the tour marks his first live dates with them. Their new single "Lie Down (A Modern Love Song)" is issued this week by EMI, with their album "Trouble" to follow later in the month, and their tour itinerary is:

Newcastle City Hall (October 26), Edinburgh Odeon (27), Glasgow Apollo (29), Brighton Dome (November 1), Birmingham Odeon (2), Derby Kings Hall (3), Bournemouth Winter Gardens (6), Hanley Victoria Hall (7), Manchester Apollo (9), Ipswich Gaumont (10), Portsmouth Guildhall (11), Cardiff University (13), Bristol Colston Hall (14), Oxford New Theatre (15), Bath Pavilion (17), Redcar Coatham Bowl (19), Liverpool Empire (20), Leicester De Montfort Hall (21) and London Hammersmith Odeon (23).

Max Boyce

MAX BOYCE plays a string of major concerts in November, visiting Hanley Victoria Hall (9 and 10), Ipswich Gaumont (14), Nottingham Theatre Royal (15), Bradford Alhambra (16), Birmingham Hippodrome (17 and 18), Wolverhampton Civic Hall (19 and 20), Stockport Davenport (23), Middlesbrough Town Hall (24), Bridlington Spa Royal Hall (25), Harrogate Royal Hall (26) and Manchester Apollo (27). December dates, including a big London show, will be announced shortly. Ticket prices range from £4 to £2. Boyce's new single "There Were Many Babies Born" is issued by EMI on October 27.

* * * * * * * * * * *

RICHARD DIGANCE begins a 13-concert tour this week, including three London dates — one of them in his home district of East Ham, his first appearance there for some years. Support is Spredthick, and the dates are Manchester University (tonight, Thursday), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (Friday), Cambridge College of Art (October 9), Coventry Lanchester Polytechnic (15), Portsmouth Polytechnic (19), Leeds University (23), Manchester UMIST (27), Sheffield Polytechnic (29), London East Ham Town Hall (November 2), Uxbridge Brunel University (5), Cheltenham Plough Inn (12), London Alexandra Palace (16) and London City University (17).

Dire Straits

DIRE STRAITS tour Britain again in November, after spending most of this month gigging in Europe. Supported by Lee Fardon's Legionaires they play Bradford University (November 1), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (2), Newcastle Polytechnic (3), Durham University (4), Dunstable Civic Hall (5), London Strand King's College (7), Keele University (8), Hull University (9), York University (10), Sheffield University (11), Birmingham Town Hall (13), Leicester University (14), Manchester University (15), Leeds Polytechnic (16), Bristol Polytechnic (17) and Hitchin College of Education (18). They then leave for Nassau to record their second album and, as a result of recently being signed by Warner Brothers in America, they'll be working with noted producer Jerry Wexler.

Andy Desmond

ANDY DESMOND — probably Britain's best-known and most-sought-after support act, who's guested on at least a dozen major tours — breaks new ground this month when he sets out on his own headlining tour. Backing him on the road will be Ron Lawrence (bass), Nick Trevisick (drums), Stewart Whitcomb (keyboards), Nicky Payn (saxes) and Tom King (guitar). The itinerary, which ties in with the release this weekend of his new single "Goin' Down", comprises:

Dundee Technical College (October 18), Edinburgh Heriot Watt University (20), Fife St. Andrew's University (21), Sheffield Limit Club (22), Mansfield Civic Centre (23), Nottingham Trent Polytechnic (24), Keele University (26), London Collegiate Theatre (November 1), Blackpool Technical College (2), Liverpool Polytechnic (3), Bath Brillig Arts Centre (4), Swansea University (15), Lampeter St. David's University (16), Bristol Polytechnic (18), Egham Royal Holloway College (20), Newcastle Polytechnic (22), Stoke North Staffs Polytehnic (24) and London Chelsea College (25).

Son Seals

SON SEALS BAND — already set to support B.B. King at London Hammersmith Odeon (October 14 and 15) and for a date at London Camden Dingwalls (25) — are now confirmed for several more gigs in their own right. They play Newcastle University (October 24), Norwich Arts Centre (26), Dundee University (28), Dublin McGonnagal's (30), Belfast Queen's University (31), Portsmouth Arcadium (November 1) and Fife St. Andrew's University (2). At least four more dates have still to be confirmed. The five-piece Chicago blues band have their new album "Live & Burning" issued by Sonet Records on October 13, and they are also touring Holland and France.

* * * * * * * * * *

THE HAWKLORDS have added another major London concert to their extensive 39-date tour, which opens tomorrow (Friday). The re-vamped and new-look Hawkwind have virtually sold out their first show at Hammersmith Odeon on October 13, so they're now returning to the same venue on Wednesday, November 1. And their provisional date at Glasgow Apollo on November 15 is now confirmed.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

NANCY WILSON, the international singing star who this year celebrates her Silver Jubilee in the business, plays a one-off London concert next month as part of a whirlwind European tour. Supported by her own trio, she's at the Wembley Conference Centre on Wednesday, November 8. Tickets are available now from the box-office or by post, priced £5, £4, £3 and £2.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

BILLY COBHAM and his band return to Britain next month to headline an eight-concert tour, promoted by the MAM Organisation. Full details of provincial dates and venues are being announced next week, but it's already been confirmed that they are to appear at London Hammersmith Odeon on Tuesday, November 14 (8 pm) — tickets are on sale now priced £3, £2.50, £2 and £1.50.

On The Road

SUPERCHARGE, just back from a six-week Australian trek, play **London** Marquee (tonight, Thursday), **Manchester** De La Salle Club (Friday), **Kingston** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Birmingham** The Gig (October 9), **London** North-East Polytechnic (13), **Dudley** J.B.'s (14), **Jacksdale** Grey Topper (15), **London** Central Polytechnic (20) and **London Camden** Music Machine (27). More dates are being set.

OFANCHI, the Liverpool-based soul group, are to support The Four Tops in their British concert series opening later this month. Newly signed by RCA Records, their single "That's The Way (How Love Grows)" has just been issued.

MATUMBI have gigs at **Doncaster** Outlook (tonight, Thursday), **Coventry** Lanchester Polytechnic (Friday), **Preston** Polytechnic (Saturday), **Brighton** Sussex University (October 13), **Batley** Crumpets (14), **Liverpool** Eric's (20), **Bristol** Locarno (24), **Cardiff** Top Rank (25), **Plymouth** Metro (26), **Manchester** Russell Club (28), **Glasgow** Tiffany's (November 9) and **Edinburgh** Odeon (10). The first 10,000 copies of their new Harvest single "Empire Road", out this weekend, are pressed in green vinyl — and a 12-inch version is also available.

CHAMPION, the band formed from the ashes of Rough Diamond, will not be playing the October gigs listed two weeks ago. This is because CBS Records dropped a clanger by issuing their September dates as their October itinerary! They are however doing two gigs with Crawler — at **Bournemouth** Village Bowl (tonight, Thursday) and **Swansea** Nutz Club (October 12) — as well as a show in their own right at **London** Central Polytechnic this Friday (6).

BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY's Battleaxe have added four more dates to their autumn tour, reported a fortnight ago. They are supporting Val Halen at **London** Rainbow (Ocotber 22), **Leeds** Fforde Green Hotel (November 3), **West London** Institute (4) and supporting Radio Stars at **London Chalk Farm** Roundhouse (5).

JENNY DARREN and her band have added **Liverpool** Eric's (October 16), **Bangor** University (21), **Glasgow** Strathclyde University (26), **Milford Haven** Torch Theatre (November 3) and **Bristol** Polytechnic (14) to their current tour, which promotes her new DJM album "Queen Of Fools". On October 20 the band now play **Birmingham** Aston University instead of **Liverpool** Polytechnic.

MUSCLES are on tour at **Middlesbrough** Madison (currently until Saturday), **Buckley** Tivoli (October 10), **Newcastle** Madison (11-14), **Wokingham** King of Clubs (21), **Huddersfield** Polytechnic (24), **Kettering** Freewheeler (25), **Sheffield** Josephine's (26-28), **Bristol** Polytechnic (November 4), **Ormskirk** Edgehill College (10), **Retford** Porterhouse (18), **Haverfordwest** Masonic Hall (25), **Lampeter** University (December 1), **Sheffield** Polytechnic (8), **Reading** Bulmershe College (9), **Bradford** College (15), **Thatcham** Hamilton's (16), **Uttoxeter** Racecourse (20), **Rugby** Emmaline's (22) and **Middlesbrough** Madison (26-31).

SPEED-O-METORS support Dutch band Gruppo Sportivo on their U.K. tour, opening this week and reported in our last issue, And gigs in their own right include **London Fulham** Golden Lion (October 11) and **Bishops Stortford** Triad Leisure Centre (17). Their debut single "Liverpool Ladies" is scheduled for early November release.

LEEDS FAN CLUB has now found a new venue, after being turfed out of its previous premises. It's now operating at Brannigan's, Lower Briggate, Leeds 1. Among upcoming bookings are The Only Ones (October 12), Vibrators (24), Wayne County (26) and 999 (31).

AFTER THE FIRE have added **London Camden** Music Machine (October 17), **Leeds** Trinity College (19) and **Northampton** Nene College (28) to their current two-month one-nighter series.

THE CHIEFTAINS have interchanged three of the dates in their extensive concert tour, reported last week. They now play **Southport** Theatre (November 19), **Glasgow** Pavilion (20) and **Edinburgh** Odeon (21), all having been switched round within that three-day period.

SAMSON, recent signings to Lightning Records, have gigs this month at **Oxford** Corn Dolly (this Thursday, 12 and 21), **Watford** Red Lion (this Saturday), **Gravesend** Prince of Wales (13), **London N.W.9** Bandwagon (14), **Yeovil** Duke of York (15), **London Walthamstow** North-East Polytechnic (19), **Wolverhampton** Queen's Hotel (23), **Dewsbury** Turks Head (24), **Derby** Bell Hotel (25) and **Snodland** The Bull (28).

FIVE HAND REEL play four dates this weekend before leaving for tours of Denmark and Holland — they are **Blackburn** Old Blackburnians F.C. (tonight, Thursday), **Dundee** Technical College (Friday), **Leicester** University (Saturday) and **Norwich** East Anglia University (Sunday). On their return, they have a big **London** concert at the Young Vic Theatre on November 12.

TONIGHT play a couple of Rock Against Racism gigs at **London Islington** Hope & Anchor today (Thursday) and October 12. They also visit **Newton Abbot** Seale Hayne College (this Friday) and **Southend** Shrimper (Sunday), and further gigs are being set to tie in with the October 20 release of their new single "Jealousy Kills — Beware" on the TDS label.

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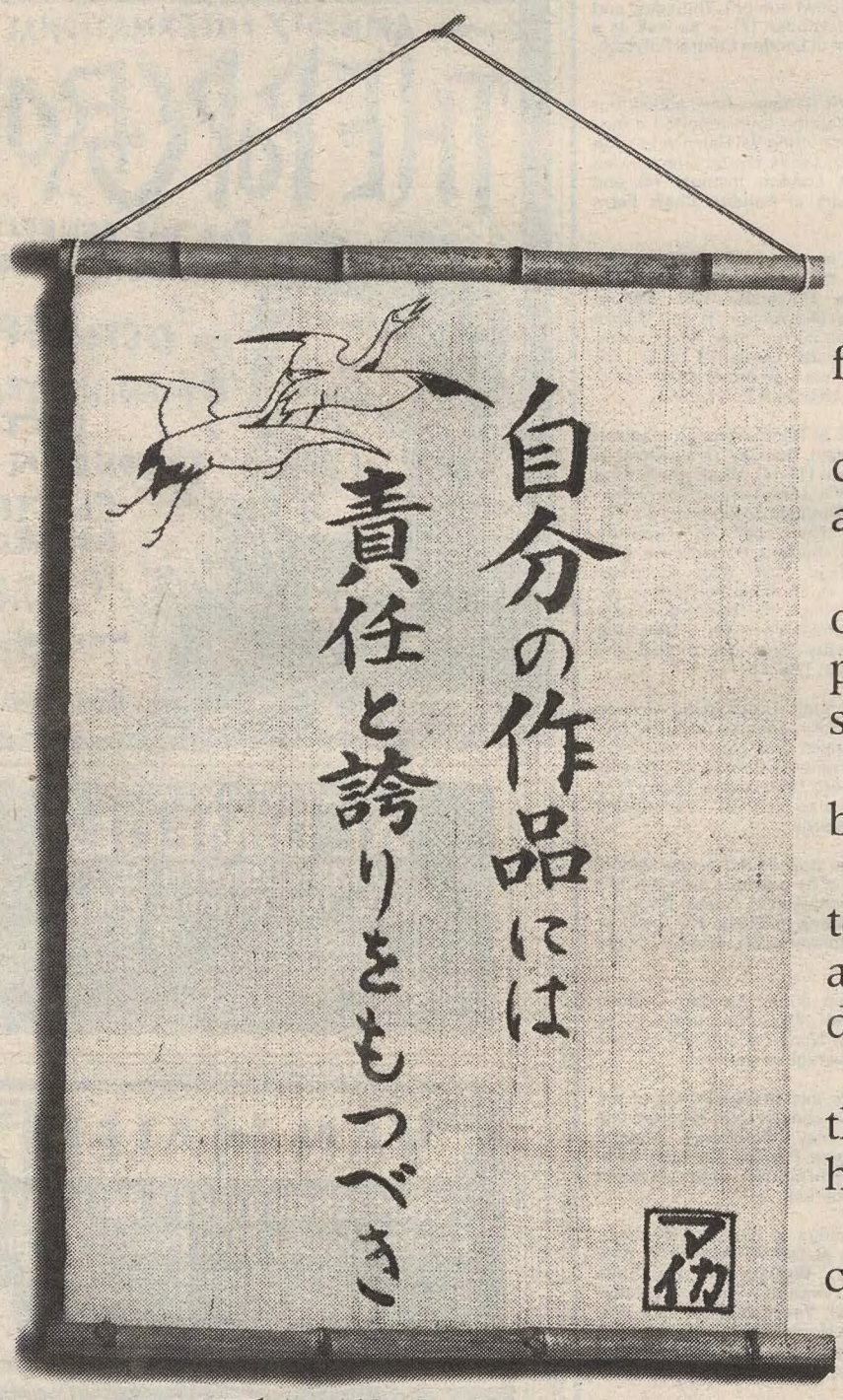

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R&B, BEER, & CANVEY

LEE BRILLEAUX at work & play

MONTY SMITH sinks a few with Oil City Mafia
TOM SHEEHAN snaps a few on the side

NORWICH is a fine city. It says so on the outskirts' welcoming board, so it must be true.

There are rows of old gabled houses, ornate public loos daubed with witty NF graffiti, cobblestone streets to make your feet ache and Tolly Cobbold ale to make your guts ache. And 32 medieval churches. A shame that Dr Feelgood — practitioners of R&B aural hygiene par excellence — had to play in one of them.

St Andrews Hall it's called, and it doubles as a flea market on Saturdays. It's a proper church alright, with a crypt and cloisters, plaster filigrees and real wood beams, stained glass windows and big paintings of old blokes in white wigs. And a pay and display car park, or course.

The only rock gig giveaway is the bar. That, and the presence of roadies in Pink Floyd T-shirts saying "Mike, can we have barriers to keep the punters off our super-lift, please?"

Them, and the dodgy acoustics. Dodgy? They're appalling. The ancient portraits look on, mutely mocking, as each song is rendered nigh unrecognisable, an intimidatingly uniform din which bounces off the cavernous walls and just hangs there heavy in the air like sacreligious farts.

It's possible, though, to discern that Gypie Mayo *moves* like a good rock guitarist, pulling early morning seat-gripper faces as he motorvates stage left. And that Mr Lee Brilleaux still looks lean and hungry as he cockily eggs on imaginary opponents. Bassist Sparko does his stunted Twizzle bit, swanning this way and that, head hung loose and The Big Figure bends right over his drum kit, like he's about to kiss the back beat. Yup, they sure *look* like a great band, even if the ironic use of dry ice during "Riot In Cell Block Number 9" is more like a couple of Woodbines being blown through a funnel.

The crowd, which has been dutifully jumping up and down and side to side, chants "Feelgoods! Feelgoods!" but even they sound like they're at Carrow Road, half a mile away. "Is the sound always this bad?" I ask a young lone groover. "Yes!" he shouts, looking at me as if my flies were undone.

BACKSTAGE, Lee blames it all on the soundcheck. "You're better off reading a book, or having a shit," he says, swigging on a can of Heineken and pulling on a fag.

"The stupid thing is that you have a soundcheck in the afternoon, but by the time you do the gig the punters are in and the support group have been on — all the knobs have been twiddled and the acoustics are different.

"The secret with these big barn-like gaffs is to play quietly — well, as quietly as possible. But then you lose a bit of edge. It's a question of getting the compromise right, between volume and feeling. There's not much you can do about it really — the sound is just shit. What a way to earn a pound note."

Sparko looks in the dressing-room mirror, pulling his eyes down Lon Chaney-style. "Alcoholic's complexion," he says, resignedly. Sparko went on the wagon once, for a day, but it made him unhappy. Since he gave up smoking 60 fags a day, he's put on two stone, but he doesn't seem to mind.

Lee is vaguely indignant when asked if he worries about the debilitating constitutional effects that drinking on the road invariably induces.

"I don't know what it is, this group's got the reputation we're all bleedin' piss artists. We like a drink and everything, but we're like anybody else — if we go over the top one day, we take it easy the next.

"I've gone over the top many a time, as we all have, and the next day you swear blind you're never having another drink. I mean, I don't live to drink, you know."

Everyone troops off for an Indian meal, Lee ordering Phal sauce (the hottest and frequently fatal) and the first of two bottles of Chablis he downs himself. The conversation is abrasive and obscene, and very funny. Lee and Sparko appear to have Derek and Clive off pat and not even the unappetisingly undercooked Seekh Kebabs can dampen their spirits. "I think this place has got a deal with Norwich General Hospital," says Lee.

A string of ludicrously embellished jokes slow down the meal and Sparko keeps handing PR Pete Frame empty Liebfraumilch bottles with a "Go and get the threepence back on that."

The monstrous acoustics in St Andrews Hall are forgotten and the Feelgoods are happy. Maybe because — after being given up for dead this past year — their "Private Practice" album is going up the charts, but more likely because after tomorrow's Chelmsford gig they're returning home to their beloved Canvey for a one-night mid-tour stop-over.

"I'm quite pissed, as it happens," says Lee as he staggers off into the night, jerking spasmodically as if being tugged at by invisible strings. It's the way he always walks, as it happens.

THE year's silence from the Feelgoods was quite deliberate. They've worked 14 countries in that time, including Yugoslavia and, near-disastrously, America.

Continues over page

OIL CITY BLUES

From previous page

"We were supporting Gentle Giant," says Lee. "That speaks for itself, bleedin' ridiculous. Who ever dreamed up that one should be shot — 'cos we nearly was."

He indicates his punch lines with a curious little cross between a 'harumph' and a stifled laugh.

"I liked the States enough. It's a really over the top place, you know, they're all mad. I'm the sort of bloke, I'm interested in going anywhere. There's talk of us going to Poland, and I'm interested in having a look at it.

"A year ago we said 'Well, sod it, we'll work in Europe, work everywhere else, just leave England alone'. It was a risk and I don't know whether it'll pay off. With all the punk thing going on, we thought 'Let it blow over' and then, well, let it be almost like a clean start. There's no doubt about it, a lot of good bands got a good hiding out of that punk thing. That was the whole idea, wasn't it?

"But it didn't latch on like everybody said it would — but everybody knew it wouldn't, it was obvious. What it did do was give the music business a good kick up the arris, it done its job. But the successful groups, you know, the survival of the fittest — which is what rock'n'roll is, the biggest capitalist industry in the whole fucking world — the groups with the most money, or the luckiest, survive to this day."

Brilleaux would place the Feelgoods in the 'lucky' category. Lucky to have escaped the drudgery of mundane jobs — Lee was a lawyer's clerk, Sparko a brick-layer, Figure a car-valeter — and lucky to have found so able a replacement for W+lk+J+hns+n in John Mayo (re-christened Gypie because something's always wrong with him first thing in the morning).

"I look back at it now and we were hopelessly grasping for something. The only thing was, we were all determined to carry on, even if we didn't know how. Just by luck Gypie fell into our hands. We didn't study form or anything, he was just one of those outsiders who came home. Every now and then you pick the winner, don't you?"

"Then this bird says to me . . ." the Docs relax in the Admiral Jellicoe, Canvey.

Lee professes not to have heard Wilko's album, and hasn't seen him for some time. "I've only met the man once since our split with him. A year, must be a year. We shook hands. Obviously, there's going to be a degree of animosity with him."

Gypie Mayo, an easy smile often breaking his puffy countenance, seems to have aged four years since Nick Kent wrote of him as a 'polite 23-year old' a year ago. That's because he *has* aged four years. Gypie has been playing professionally in all kinds of tin-pot outfits (including mandolin in an Irish folk band called Concrete Mick — really) since he was 17, ten years ago. He always looks like he's just got out of bed ("That's because I *have* always just got out of bed. I hate the daytime — if I was a carpet salesman, I'd be a complete failure") and is disarmingly well aware of his guitar prowess.

"To be blunt, I don't think Wilko was a great guitarist, not what I'd call a great guitarist. But he had a very individual style — a very good rhythm guitarist, very choppy, very speedy. But I'm not of that ilk. There's no point in me trying to imitate.

"So it's a challenge, right? And it's worked out well, right??"

CHELMSFORD is as ugly as Norwich is attractive. But its Odeon could've been custom-built for rock'n'roll, and the Essex audience take their Oil City heroes to heart.

The heavyweight rhythm section never lets up its thundering skull-thuddery, Mayo rifles riffs with a canny abandon and Lee's raucously untutored vocals and aggressive harp blowing accentuate the good Doctors' basic appeal — raw as those horrible Seekh Kebabs but twice as tasty.

It's a rollicking, ragged set, confirming that their time-honoured name is no idle boast. When I nipped in the bogs during "Roxette", I realised how filthy the Norwich sound was — the sinisterly muffled boom caught-short patrons hear exactly duplicated the St Andrews acoustics. It's down-home R&B and no-holds-barred rock'n'roll all the way, no frills, no pretention, no message — feels good, doesn't it?

"I ain't got no politics," says Lee later, safely ensconced in the admirable Admiral Jellicoe, his local on Canvey Island, open for afters, as it happens.

"I hate it. I take people as they are. I don't care what bleedin' colour they are or what politics they've got. I remember I voted for a bloke when I was 18, on the Labour ticket. Do you know what he is now? Bleedin' Conservative, isn't he? And he don't live on Canvey Island no more. He was the one who sold all that land to those oil refinery people — shit all up our backs.

"I don't vote for no one no more — hate 'em, all of 'em. The only ones I'm strongly against is Nazis, because they're weak people who want to fuck everybody else's life up. I quite admire Tom Robinson's guts, as it happens. I'd rather agree with him than some bloke who got up and said 'Kill all the niggers' or something.

"Personally, I don't want to get involved in politics. You can call me an anarchist, with a small 'a'." He makes that choked laugh sound.

To outsiders, the best thing about Canvey is the road to Southend, yet none of Dr Feelgood entertain thoughts about ever leaving the place and Gypie, who hails from Harlow, has moved in to Sparko's house. "Canvey's a bit of a shell thing, really," admits Lee. "I've seen so many people fucked up in this industry — and I use that word industry advisedly, there's no two ways about it, whether we like it or not — good people, great musicians, completely fucked up in the end.

"But coming back here — using this as a base, away from London, away from all that nonsense — and I walk into that bar next door, I know no one gives a monkey's toss who I am. In a way, it's a frightening feeling, 'cos you're so used to being Lee Brilleaux, you know. But in another way, it's a safe feeling — stops you getting too big for your boots. I know if I walk in here of a Friday night and get a bit flash, someone'll fill my face in.

"Some people have their gurus, other people have their brown rice, I have Canvey Island — that's the only way I can explain it."

Sparko puts it less romantically: "You just live where you live, don't you. And you can get a late drink here most nights."

Lee, like the others, seems genuinely determined never to lose touch with his roots. Even if he can't get insurance on his house. "It's my profession, being a chanter — they won't give me any. Seems daft, though — I'm hardly likely to get pissed and start driving my house around.

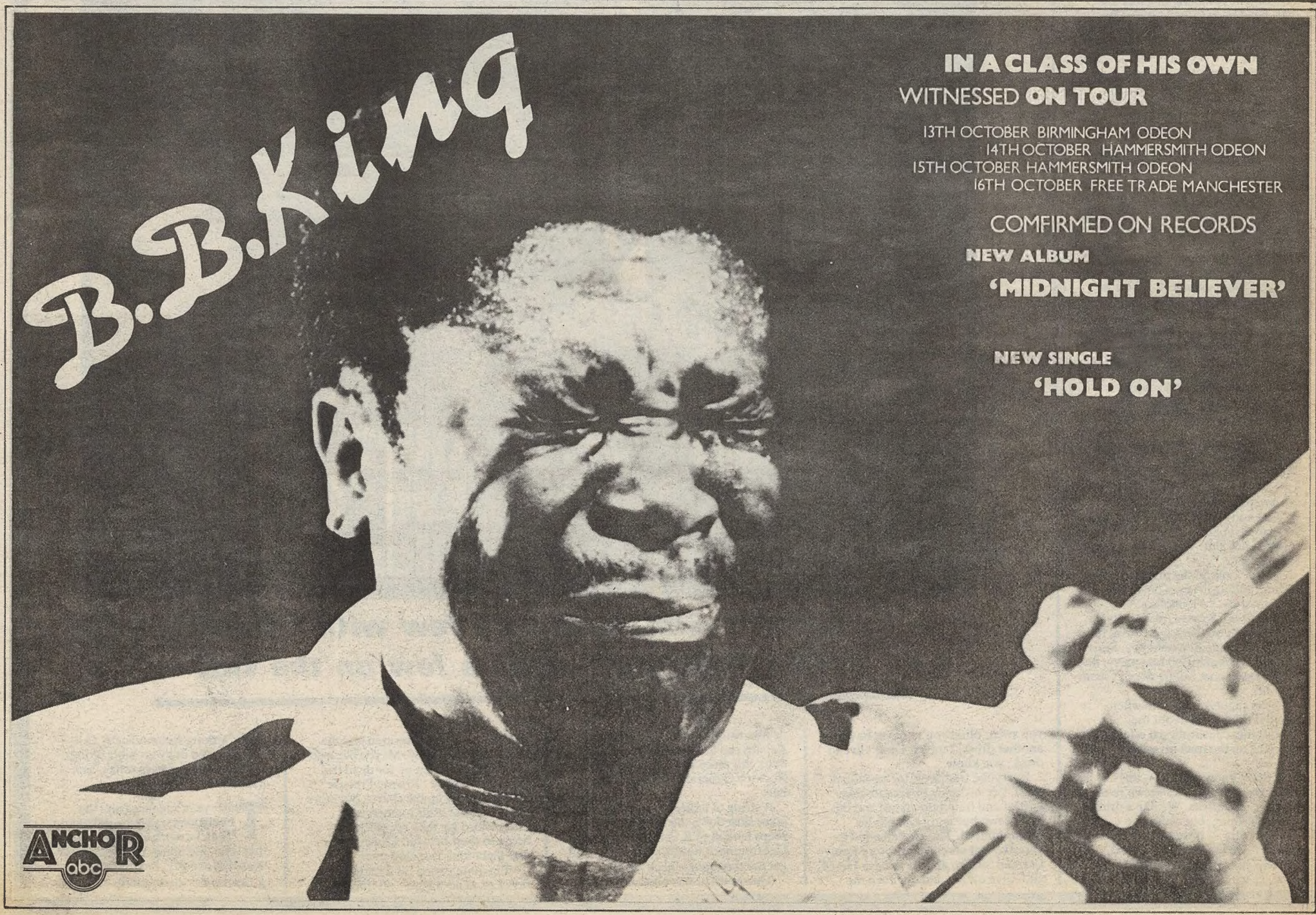
"Trouble is with a lot of groups — and I pride myself we're not one of them — when they get successful, they get divorced from the people. These people, the people who live here, the people who live in Barking, in the suburbs of Manchester, they're your bread and butter. Everyone assumes they're idiots and they *ain't*.

"It really annoys me — people aren't as stupid as everybody makes out. Maybe collectively they are, but individually they're sharp, they ain't daft. I'm not quite so cynical about it as a lot of people are.

"That's the trouble with this industry — you get so wound up, thinking it's so important, you know, when it's only a game." Then what is important, Lee?

"Earning a pound note, living my life, being on this planet X amount of years. I see people having a good time, I want a good time. There's always some poor sod worse off than you. There's a lot of better musicians than me out of work, isn't there?"

And a lot of worse ones in gainful employment, don't worry. But nothing's permanent anymore — they even have to pick a new Pope once a month nowadays. Take any pardons as begged.



SEGERSENSATIONAL

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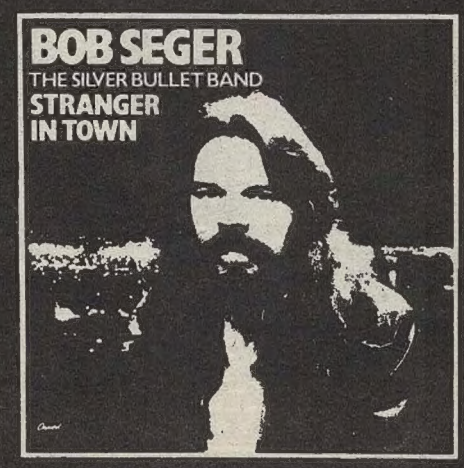

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TOSH BRUTALISED

EX-WAILER Peter Tosh was arrested and held overnight by Jamaican police last Tuesday. In the process he sustained a broken arm and severe head wounds which later received over twenty stitches.

Despite his injuries, Tosh — now emerging as one of the leading international figures of Jamaican music — will still be visiting the UK in late October for a series of dates to coincide with the release of his new album and single on Rolling Stones Records.

The arrest came last Tuesday outside the Kingston studios where he was rehearsing with his band, Sound And Power. Tosh — who is a karate expert — had stepped outside for a break when he was apprehended by a policeman for allegedly smoking a spliff.

During the arrest the policeman drew his gun. A struggle apparently ensued, during which the policeman's gun was knocked to the ground. More police arrived and Tosh was taken into custody.

At this point he was not apparently suffering from any injuries.

Despite the intervention of his old friend and former associate Bob Marley, who turned up at the prison where Tosh was being held and made an impassioned plea for his release, the 33-year-old musician remained in the police cells overnight. The following morning, handcuffed and under heavy guard, Tosh was taken to the prison hospital, where he received treatment for his arm and head injuries. He was later released on bail after being charged with possessing ganja and resisting arrest.

A leading Jamaican lawyer has now been appointed to defend Tosh against the charges, and he has already made several counter-charges against the police.

TOSH displays stitches.

This is not the first time that Peter Tosh has brushed with the notoriously vindictive Jamaican police. In early '75, shortly after his split with The Wailers (formed in the early '60s by Marley, Tosh and Bunny 'Wailer' Livingstone), Tosh was arrested outside his home — again on a ganja rap — and later received hospital treatment for rib and internal injuries. Tosh later told *Black Music* scribe Carl Gayle that he had been beaten with rifle butts and handcuffed to a stretcher for several hours before being allowed medical care.

Shortly afterwards he released "Mark Of The Beast", an anti-police song.

Tosh's dispute with the Jamaican police is not confined to these two arrests. He had long been a critic of the force, and in particular of its apparently selective and often vicious application of the island's ganja laws (despite the widespread and much publicised practice of smoking the 'erb it is still illegal). From the outset his songs have been passionate, vitriolic and militant, as titles like "I'm The Toughest" (his first solo disc from '66), and "Get Up Stand Up" (co-written with Marley), readily testify. His 1976 ganja paean "Legalise It" became a rallying cry both in Jamaica and elsewhere, and also saw Tosh's elevation as self-styled 'Minister Of Herb', since when he has often defied arrest by smoking 'erb openly. As a Rastafarian, Tosh regards the weed as a God-given sacrament.

Beside his skill in karate, he often carries a bolas — a weapon resembling two blackjacks joined by a short length of rope.

But undoubtedly the uneasy relations between the police and the international star were stretched tauter than ever after his appearance at the Kingston 'Peace Festival' in April this year. Attended by 200 international press, and several thousand Jamaicans, the concert was held to celebrate the 'peace' between rival polical gangs in the ghettos of Kingston, and to raise funds for the emergent Peace Movement. Bob Marley topped the bill; both Prime Minister Michael Manley and opposition leader Edward Seaga were present and later joined hands onstage with Marley.

Peter Tosh had his own ideas on what the peace concert was about, however, and besides playing the night's outstanding set, delivered an obscenity-studded denouncement of the ganja laws and the way the police and army "brutalise the poor people for an ickle draw of 'erb". A dread smoking a blazing chalice appeared below the stage, while Tosh himself lit up a giant spliff before the Prime Minister and the delighted crowd, and senior police and army officials glowered powerless.

Whatever else, last week's incident is unlikely to subdue the righteous fire of Peter Tosh, who is said to be more intent than ever on making a sizeable impression during his forthcoming European tour.

NEIL SPENCER

THRILLS

PETER TOSH after treatment for broken arm and head wounds, clutching dreadlocks snipped off for stitches.

THRILLS

THE FIRST SPACE GUITAR TAKES OFF

SOME MONTHS back *Thrills* reported on the special long-playing records installed aboard the Voyager spacecraft on their way to Saturn and stops beyond. Now a new advance in interstellar music has carved another notch in musical history.

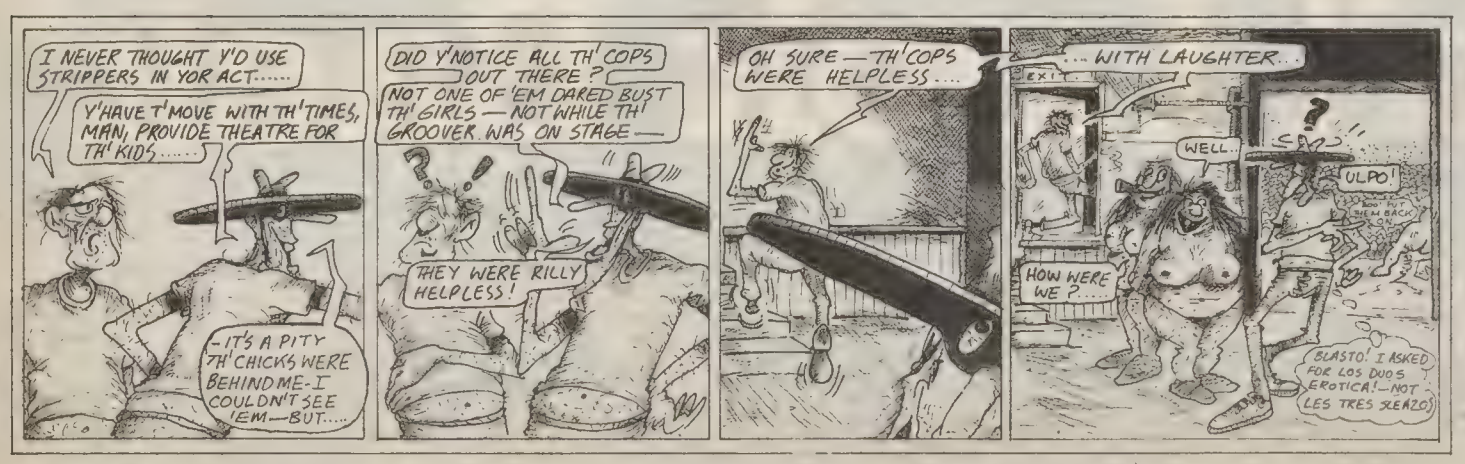
On September 15, a robot supply capsule docked with the Salyut-6 space station to bring supplies to the Soviet cosmonauts Vladimir Kovalenok and Alexander Ivancheniov. Among those supplies was the first ever space guitar, which the cosmonauts will use to serenade each other during their long space mission.

The duo have now established a new space endurance record, breaking the previous time of 96 days and 10 hours set up by cosmonauts Georgy Grachko and Yuri Romanenko early in 1978. At time of writing they are still up there — making music to orbit by.

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

Th' Lone Groover — BENYON


I NEVER THOUGHT Y'D USE STRIPPERS IN YOR ACT.....
Y'HAVE T'MOVE WITH TH' TIMES, MAN, PROVIDE THEATRE FOR TH' KIDS.....
-IT'S A PITY TH' CHICKS WERE BEHIND ME-I COULDN'T SEE 'EM—BUT.....
DID Y'NOTICE ALL TH' COPS OUT THERE?
NOT ONE OF 'EM DARED BUST TH' GIRLS — NOT WHILE TH' GROOVER WAS ON STAGE —
THEY WERE RILLY HELPLESS!
OH SURE — TH' COPS WERE HELPLESS....
... WITH LAUGHTER...
EX!
WELL...
ULPO!
HOW WERE WE?...
BLASTO! I ASKED FOR LOS DUOS EROTICA! — NOT LES TRES SEXAZO!

WELLER, WELLER, WELLER, LITTLE THINGS-A YOU SAY AND DO . . .

WHO SAID you could never trust a rock and roll star? Just a couple of months back, fresh-faced, gum-chewing, mohair-clad Paul Weller of The Jam publicly promised (in the hallowed columns of *Gasbag*, no less) to schlep the tapes of the third Jam album round to *NME's* cosy sleaze-pit in Carnaby Street and submit same to the aural scrutiny of a bunch of our paid sneerers.

Lo'n behold — last Thursday, as good as his word, Weller arrives in our offices — a symphony in green mohair jacket, subdued paisley button-down shirt and black and white shoes — carrying a holdall proudly emblazoned with the name "VOX" and a cassette of "All Mod Cons."

The tape was duly played to an impromptu panel (Phil McNeill, Steve Clarke and Charles Shaar Murray) all of whom declared themselves very impressed with it. Three songs in particular — "Mr Clean", "Fly," "In The Crowd" — along with the new single "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight" met with particular approval, and the general concensus was that the album represented a considerable broadening of both the depth and breadth of the Jam's music (though, contrary bastards that we are, we'll probably slice it to pieces when it actually gets released).

Weller still hasn't managed to set up a meeting with Pete Townshend, though "I got a very nice letter from him inviting me down to come and see him sometime. He's one of those guys from the '60s who really didn't shit out, just like Lennon really didn't shit out."

Other topics discussed included the version of The 'Oo's "So Sad About Us", which appears alongside "The Night" on the B-side of the "Down In The Tube Station At Midnight". "It's a pretty rough version," admits Weller, "and the drum sound's a bit tatty, but we really wanted it out as a tribute."

On the subject of tributes, Weller sent a couple of copies of "David Watts" to Ray Davies (who he'd met briefly and declared to be a good bloke) c/o The Kinks' office. He was later informed by one of The Kinks' secretaries that "he'd really like it, but I bet she just gave 'em to her kids."

Other recent meetings with Well-Known People had not gone as pleasantly though. "We played the Bilzen Festival with The Boomtown Rats, and I'd had a few drinks and was feeling a bit out of it. Bob Geldof came and really started taking the piss out of me, takin' advantage because of the state I was in . . ."

A fuller resume of the Thoughts Of Chairman Paul will have to wait until the next time we set up a Proper Interview and run a Proper Feature on The Jam, but in the meantime we'll leave you with an advance notice to the effect that "All Mod Cons" will surprise the hell out of a lot of people: pleasantly in the case of anybody who felt that The Jam's music was getting too one-dimensional, and unpleasantly in the case of any N. Wave purists who feel betrayed when a band attempts to broaden its musical and emotional range.

In any case, we say it's the one . . . the *real* modern world. Backward guitar solos and all.

KHARMA B. STREET

THRILLS

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1 Dollar Street, Cirencester, Gloucestershire GL7 2AJ.
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. . . And the Jam's secret is out too. Seen in the Yellow Pages by Rob and Helen of Wiltshire.

P.W. — Pic: PENNIE SMITH

SHAM GO SECRET

SHAM 69 have gone underground. The group played a secret gig at Canning Town's Bridge House last Wednesday.

Billed as Harry All Stars (named after their new single "Hurry Up Harry"), Sham played to about 200 people at the pub. It was their first gig since the appearance at the Reading Festival in August.

There could be more of these low-profile club dates in the pipe-line for the band and lead singer Jimmy Pursey is hopeful that they will be able to arrange a string of similar gigs.

He said: "We prefer the small club atmosphere. We have tried to arrange secret gigs in the past but they fell through. This time it went smoothly and we managed to keep it all quiet. It was all fixed up only about two weeks ago."

Although a lot of the audience was made up of skinheads, there was no trouble — which pleased Pursey no end.

"We like to have fun, not a riot," he said. "We just wanted to play and enjoy ourselves and for the kids to have a good time."

STEVE HOLLAND

THRILLS

J.P. — Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

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*A licence might be required.

NINE NINE NINE

SEPTEMBER
26 NUNEATON, 77 Club
29 LINCOLN, Technical College
30 LIVERPOOL, Erics (2 Shows)

OCTOBER
1 DUMFRIES, Stagecoach
3 SHEFFIELD, Limit
4 HIGH WYCOMBE, Town Hall
5 NOTTINGHAM, Sandpiper
6 MIDDLESBOROUGH, Rock Garden
7 HUDDERSFIELD, Polytechnic
9 PLYMOUTH, Woods
10 PENZANCE, Garden
11 EXETER, Roufes
12 BARNSTABLE, Chequers
13 BATH, University
14 WEST RUNTON, The Pavilion
15 CHELMSFORD, Chancellor Hall
16 SWANSEA, Circles
17 BIRMINGHAM, Barbarellas
18 READING, Bones
20 GLASGOW, Queen Margaret Union
21 STIRLING, University
22 DUNDEE, Samanthas
23 DONCASTER, Outlook
24 MANCHESTER, Polytechnic
25 NEWPORT, Stowaway
26 PORTSMOUTH, Polytechnic
27 LEICESTER, University
28 LOUGHBOROUGH, University
30 KENT University
31 LEEDS, Fan Club

NOVEMBER
1 YORK, Pop Club
2 CARLISLE, Market Hall
3 PRESTON, Polytechnic
5 LONDON, Lyceum

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SEPARATES

DANGEROUS VISIONS

2

IN TUNE WITH NOTHING

I DON'T OWN a television. Not because it's been repossessed or because I can't afford one, but simply because I choose not to.

TV is a medium full of potential, some of it frightening, and I don't have to tell you that it is very seldom that any of its more 'dangerous' options are taken up. Only occasionally — documentaries, Dennis Potter, *Selwyn Froggett* — does it manage to provide anything whose residual effects will linger on after the fishfingers, Michelin X, and midnight Godspot have faded.

Most people use TV as a sedative. (You can debate the subliminal, moral, ethical, sociological, political, and phenomenological implications of that statement after *News At Ten*). What about radio?

Oh dear, if TV is a sedative, then it takes but a halfhearted dabble with a week's radio programmes and programming to ascertain that the tranny (sic) is hardly a stimulant. As far as Radio One, Two, and the commercial stations are concerned, it's a positive irritant.

Well, I guess you know that Radio 1 has a habit of picking bad DJs and keeping them, and no matter how much tiddliwinks they play with schedules, there's still not enough static to charm an armpit hair amongst Blackburn, Burnett, Edmunds, Travis, Stewart (MOURNING!), Jensen, or Saville (as eternally yours as Santa Claus and Status Quo).

Paul Gambaccini with his mammoth Saturday afternoon American Charts run-down (radiospeak, radiospeak) has come in for a lot of praise recently for his relaxed manner, easy grace and wit, and adept programming (I don't know what it means either). Well, a mellifluous few hours is certainly yours for the taking, but his purring West Coast manner helped my digestion not a bit — and surely that's the sort of thing, the only thing in fact, that American FMuzak is good for? I doodled through Ronstadt, Foreigner, and Exile, and the next thing I knew I was stirring from a deep, placid sleep, aggravated by monstrous hallucinations of the man mountain Meatloaf. Bloody frightening stuff.

Even that razzamataz teen journalist's chat show **Rock On** does little in its sixty minutes to sober the brain. Last week's 'review section' took in Eric Carmen, Gentle Giant, Barclay James Harvest, and Chicago; Chicago were as innovative as always (*"Little miss' lovin'/Sweet sixteen/In her tight blue jeans"*) in what Derek Jewell of Radio 3's **Sounds Interesting** would doubtless call "a popular music triumph of nostalgia."

Sounds Interesting is Radio Three's concession to rock music, presented with cool, commanding hyperbole by *"The Sunday Times'* Popular Music Critic" Derek Jewell.

You can usually count on at least one member of Yes, two sterile jazz-rock bands, and a Stomu Yamashta stomach ache from *Sounds Interesting*.

Weekday evenings 9 to 11 on Capital Radio feature Nicky Horne's rock boogieloo, the euphimistically titled **Your Mother Wouldn't Like It.** Nicky's not a bad sort, better than the stand-in presenter for **Mother's Chart** (Capital listeners telephone-vote their faverave spins of the mo': participatory entertainment) who two weeks ago cued up "We are NOT Men — HAHA — We are . . . DEEVO!" There's a message there somewhere, and Mark Mothersbaugh is grinning.

Nicky Horne does, however, tend to say things like *"As the rabbi said to the actress, 'Have I got a mother for you!' "* and *". . . it really is a bit of a bitch"*. Which bit wasn't specified.

Soul fans seem to be the people who benefit most from radio today. Of especial mention is Greg Edwards (Capital, Saturday evening) — if you want to get on up, stay there, and be generally outasight . . . here's yo' mainman.

It was but a short way across the dial (and decades of cultural decline, whoah ho) from Edwards and his funking play list to a Radio Three presentation of the National Opera production of Weill/Brecht's modern-is opera, **Seven Deadly Sins** which didn't exactly shake it around and do it, but did include a line which is everlasting in its wisdom and so very apt where current radio (and TC) in concerned. The main character in *SDS* is a young actress on the up and up, who has to face seven temptations before she can become a wealthy member of the middle classes. Anna, the actress, is played by two people, so that half-way through we have Anna 1 (practical), played by Julie Covington, giving Anna 2 (idealistic), played by Soibhan Davies, the following advice:

"Show the people what they want/Not what you think they ought to long for"

R—I—G—H—T On!!!

Soul people should find the sporadic broadcasts of Radio Invicta (92.4 VHF, Sunday afternoon) rewarding — and *nobody* should neglect Charlie Gillett's **Honky Tonk** (Radio London, Sundays 12 to 1.30) — from Otis Redding to X-Ray Spex, and everything plain, simple, boozy and bluesy in between, with frequent studio guests and no sycophancy at all.

Stick with Radio London when *Honky Tonk* fades, for **The B&B Show,** 90 minutes of reggae — perfect lazy Sunday afternoon fare. Perfect late night Sunday fare is provided courtesy Radio 1/2's mainstream jazz programme **Sounds Of Jazz:** sessions, news, interviews, and nice sides.

Jazz In Britain — live sessions from the very best in Britannica's left-of-centre, and the excellent **Jazz Today** are shuffled about a bit, but the former seems to be Monday nights on Three, and the latter Tuesday evening on Three also. *Jazz Today* is the hippest half hour outside a Brain Case interview, and should not be missed. But Charles Fox deserves more than to be clipped away at teatime with thirty minutes, when more often than not what's to be played wouldn't fit into two hours: here we go again, 'jazz' music is still not respectable, and whilst the guvnors (Western Classical composers) are allotted the time span which suits the length of their particular work, modern jazz composers have to be faded and cut, and broadcast out of context.

The commercial stations still have that cruel, boring, frightening, untouchable situation comedy — the radio phone-in. Julie's already dealt more than adequately with this little sociological scenario, but a random scrap, complete with inevitable, surreal advertising spot, CLICK, and forty-ish, slightly hysterical housewife type:

". . . Well. I'd just like to say that I think these Social whatsits . . . Left wingers? Are much more dangerous. So the last caller won't like me, will he?" (nervous giggle) to Announcer: *"I don't suppose he will!"* to Advert: *"I'D LIKE AN ESTIMATE FOR DOUBLE GLAZING! . . ."*

Or if you really want surrealism out of your radiogram, the police communications wavelength notwithstanding, all your have to do is turn the VHF dial across a packed evening's competitive music / sport / drama / problems / adverts:

"I don't think you're a premature ejaculator, I think you're just a very worried gentleman . . . In this week's 'Loving' magazine, romance, love, and drama — stories so real they could happen to you! . . . *those roles imposed upon women and those . . .* Rangers Two Juventus Nil."

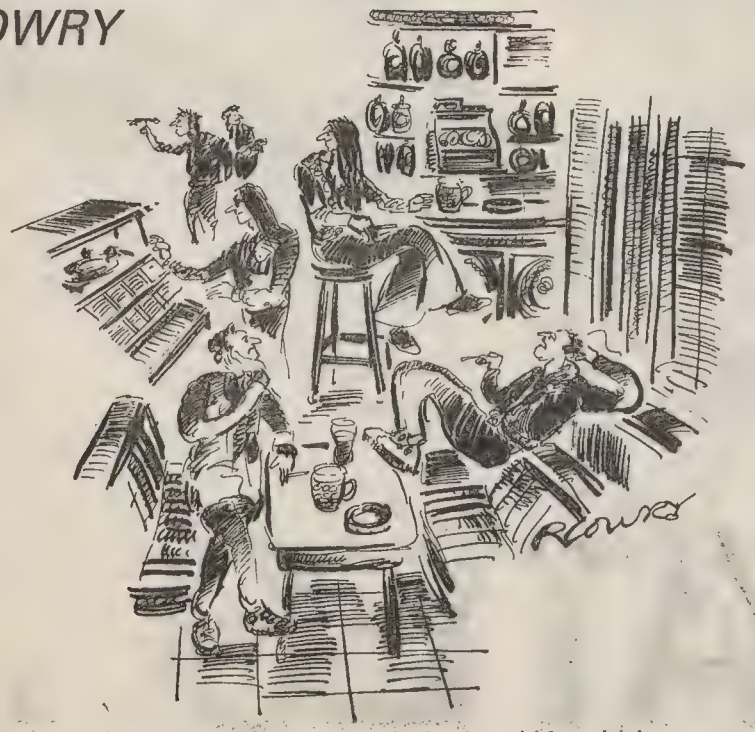
All modern life is here. And the **John Peel** show is still the only full, rounded, eclectic show on radio, certainly the only one I ever expect surprises from (play the Temple City Kazzoo Orchestra one more time, John).

We seem to have been saying that about him for years. Draw your own conclusions. I give up. I'm going out to see a movie.

IAN PENMAN

THRILLS

LOWRY



"Let's face it, you really are old when even the boring old farts look younger than yourself."

Burnham Young Conservatives were last week entertained at The Red Lion pub by the folk group Bernard and the Banshees.

FOUR POINT PLAN TO SAVE SINGER PLANT

TRADE unions at the Singer sewing machine works at Clydebank will today study plans to save 3000 jobs.

The workers commissioned alternative strategies to that proposed by the ... these will be examined in Beirut.

The choice of options will be submitted to the Singer management in the United States about the middle of October.

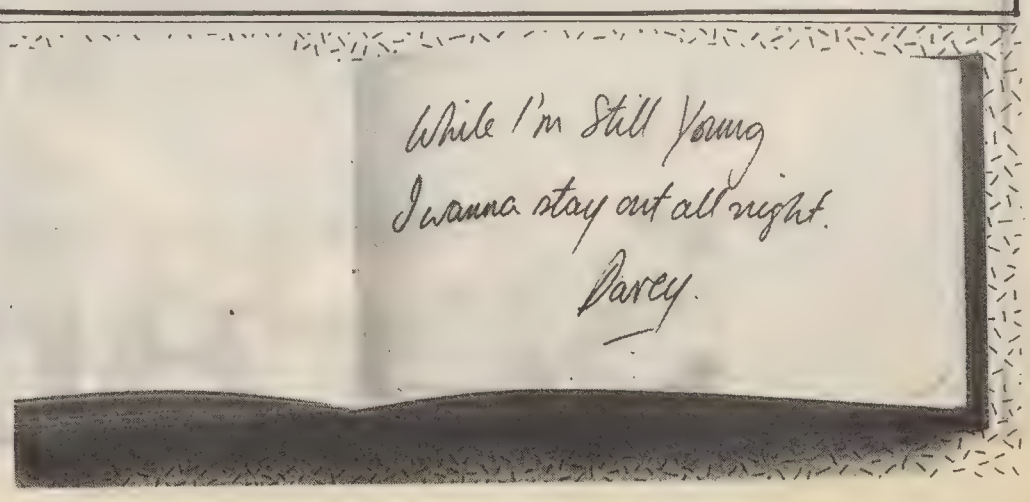
The battle to save the ...

55d—TOYS and GAMES

TWO AMERICAN ROCKERS. Good condition recently recovered in brown/beige striped meraklon. £16. Can deliver. — Apply 75, Northumberland Street, Whelley, Wigan (anytime).

MOBO spring rocking horse, £6. Sit in wooden rocking horse £3. Top of the rocking range ...

Media japes (L-R): Siouxsie plays a secret gig — all the rage, y'know . . . Led Zep finally admit they've got problems . . . and some optimistic soul attempts to flog a cheap pair of Yankee guitar-stranglers (our guess is Steve Miller and Boz Scaggs). From the Windsor Express, some other rag and Lancashire Evening Post, sent by Mystery Girls All Over The World, Horrice Halitosis and G. Johnson (What kind of name is that? — Ed.)



JOHNNY THUNDERS

STEVE MARRIOT PIANO/HARMONICA/VOCALS

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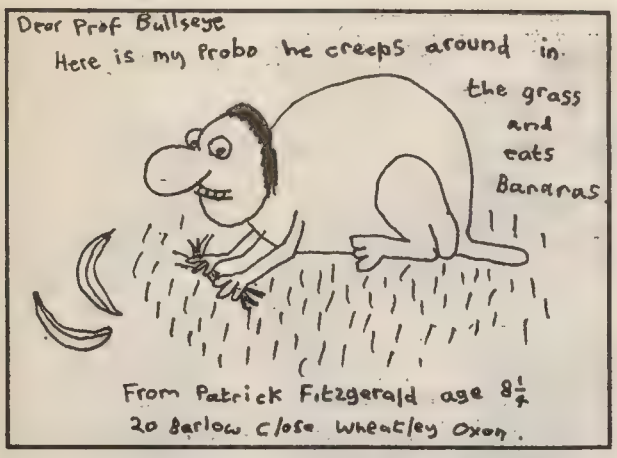
PAUL COOK DRUMS STEVE JONES LEAD GUITAR MIKE KELLIE DRUMS

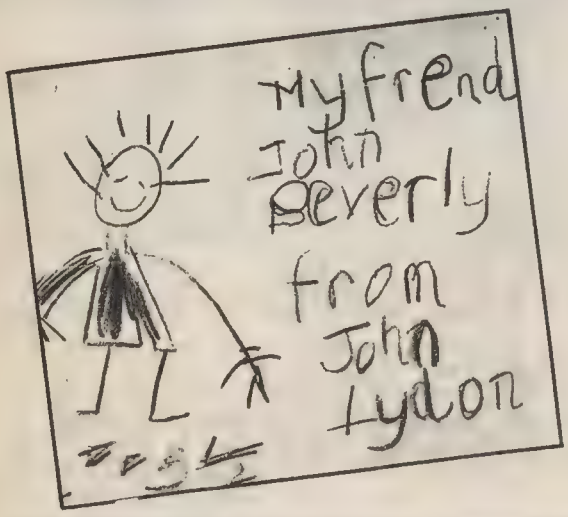
so alone RAL 1

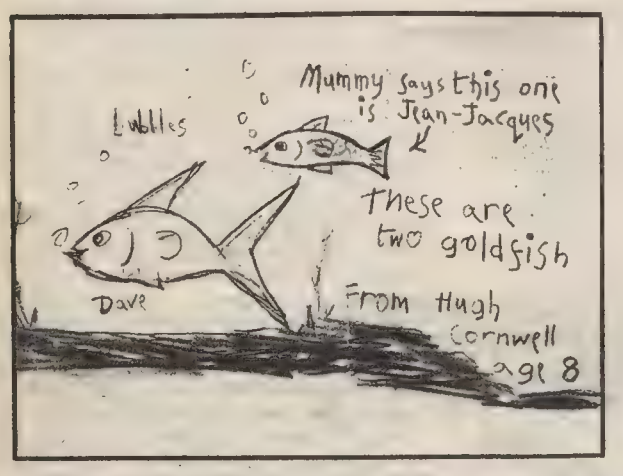
JOHNNY THUNDERS ALL STARS
AT THE LYCEUM
OCTOBER 12TH 8.00PM
SUPPORT STRANGEWAYS
TICKETS: £2.25 ADV. £2.50 DOOR

THE SINGLE - 'YOU CAN'T PUT YOUR ARMS ROUND A MEMORY' ARE 3

A REAL RECORD


Dear Prof Bullseye
Here is my probo he creeps around in the grass and eats Bananas
From Patrick Fitzgerald age 8¼
20 Barlow Close Wheatley Oxon.





PICTURE THIS — REAL PUNK ART

LOVE AND kisses to readerettes Maria Cox and Tina Anon and all the other people who have recently sent us the "Bullseye Gallery" pages of their local free press the *Oxford Star*, editions August 24 to September 29.

The "Bullseye Gallery" is where budding Oxford Michelangelos tout their artistic talent, scribbling pups and planes and so on. Lately, however, portraits by a slightly different breed of children have been gracing the pages — an albino hamster called Sid and a blue budgie called Roger by Howard Devoto, aged 6; a bee and a bird (a buzz and cock — Geddit? GEDDIT?) by Peter Shelley, aged 5 — or how does a goldfish called Jean-Jacques, courtesy Hugh Cornwell aged 8, grab you nubile kittens?

There were also drawings by Jimmy Pursey aged ten, Patrik Fitzgerald aged 8¼ — and a complimentary scrawl of "My friend John Beverley from John Lydon."

A good-natured spokesperson for the *Oxford Star* laughed heartily when we rang them for comment, chortling: "Oh yes, we were aware of what's been going on! It was a good leg-pull! At first we thought that the names were merely coincidental, but by the third week we'd realised that someone was having a good leg-pull. I'll warrant that the young *New Musical Express* readers from the Oxford area who've written to you about the matter have got something to do with it!"

Maria and Tina, consider your wrists slapped.

JULIE BURCHILL

THRILLS

PUSH AGAINST THE STONES

THE ROLLING Stones may seem tame in these Pretty Paedophile days, but the release of their new album Stateside has once again embroiled the band in controversy.

The track that's causing all the problems is "Some Girls", which has offended many members of the black community and has already been banned by a large number of black radio stations. The line they object to is: *"Black girls just wanna get fucked all night."*

Now PUSH, a nationwide Whitehouse-style organisation, has got onto the case after a tip-of from black singer Bill Withers. PUSH were already involved earlier this year in a campaign against records with sexually suggestive or drug-orientated lyrics, but they are now concentrating their efforts on the Stones' album.

Their national coordinator, the Reverend Jesse Jackson, has telegrammed Atlantic Records head Ahmet Ertegun asking him to stop further production and sale of the album. Jackson claims: "It's an insult to our race and degrading to our women. Music is the medium through which most of our messages are delivered. We must begin showing some social responsibility about the messages we're delivering to our children."

Mick Jagger has repeatedly told interviewers that the song was intended as a humorous parody on the subject. Hal Jackson, programme director of an influential black station in New York which has banned the record, and a personal friend of Jagger's, commented: "I know Mick very well — the guy's not a bigot, but it was a stupid thing for him to do."

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

★St Martin's West St, Cambridge Circus, WC2 (836 1443). Leicester Square tube.
'The Mousecrap' by Agatha Christie.
Of course Robert Mark put a stop to this sort of thing. . . .
Mon-Sat 8.00, Tue 2.45, Sat 5.00 (Runs 2¼ hrs) £1.25, £2, £3, £4.

Oops! Spotted two weeks running in Time Out by Sir R Mark, aged 18, of Acton.

When he started the Daily Mirror described him as a "dark-haired, dark-eyed stick of Discland dynamite."

The New Musical Express launched a vitriolic attack on Cliff's appearance on the TV show "Oh, Boy."

"Crude exhibitionism," it said. "His violent hip-swinging was revolting. Hardly the kind of performance any parent could wish their children to witness."

Cliff? *Our Cliff?*

NME? *Our NME?*
(Clipping from Tuesday's Mirror)

THRILLS

Anyone for Rock 'n' Rail?

If you're a full-time student over 14 years old, you really ought to have a Student Railcard for travelling on holiday, home to visit Mum and Dad, to parties, concerts and sporting events. It will cost you £7 to buy, but it can save you many times that and is valid from 15th September 1978 until 30th September 1979.

You will save 50% on Ordinary Singles and Awaydays or Ordinary Returns. Also on Sealink services to Channel Isles and Ireland.

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To be carried on all rail journeys

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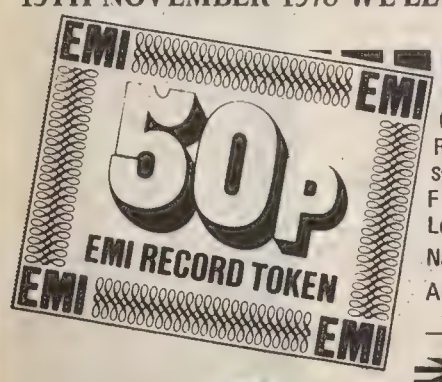

For full details of the Special Record Token Offer and how to obtain your Student Railcard fill in the coupon below.
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London NW1 6YP.
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Address _____

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STUDENT RAILCARD

*on 15 September 1978

(YOU GOTTA WALK) DON'T LOOK BACK

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BLACKMAIL THE BOZO REVISITED
COMPETITION RESULTS

THESE ROCK 'N' ROLL superbozos really are tighter than a nun's knees at Pope John Paul's funeral.

As we go to press there's still no word that any idolised rock celebrity with a shady past has donated the required thirty quid to the charity of his or our choice in order to keep our scurrilous lips shtum, so we are recluctantly forced to reveal the identity of the wretched curs depicted in our *Blackmail The Bozo No. 2* competition.

All you Blackmail fans who suggested Jefferson Airplane, David Bowie, Slade, Genesis, Micky Mouse, The Rezillos, Frankie Miller, Traffic and Van Morrison were way off target. Those who suggested Jon Lord were getting warmer but still not quite there . . .

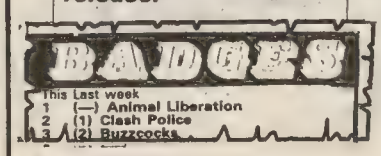
No less than 72 eagle-eyed hep-cats truly got it together and spotted that the posturing beatniks in question were Episode Six, who used to be on Pye (among other things), back in the Summer of Love in 1967 when this picture was taken. None of their nine singles ever "made it", though rumour has it that they were somewhat bigger on the continent. Their career reached its apex in 1969 with that unforgettable little toetapper "Mozart Versus The Rest".

The line-up of Episode Six when this shot was taken was Shiela Carter, John Kerrison, Tony Lander, Grahan Carter-Dimmock (smirk) and the two bozos who later moved on to more lucrative, browner pastures — Roger Glover (slit-eyes, oriental mini-skirt, Deep Purple and his very own Butterfly Ball) and Ian Gillan (Nureyev preening, hairy armpits, chiffon scarf, Deep Purple and later The Ian Gillan Band). Incidentally, trivia fans, Kerrison was later replaced by Mick Underwood of The Herd and, previously, The Outlaws — our last victims. Unfortunately, the office petty cash only ran to three £3.50 record tokens and these go to the first correct entries opened. Winners are Julie Smith of Blackpool, Lancs, Simon Robinson of the Deep Purple Appreciation Society, 8 Herbert Street, Nether Edge, Sheffield and Keith W Carter of Tilehurst, Reading, Berks,

All you Blackmailers who submitted the correct entry but failed to grab the goodies — don't despair. Another *Blackmail The Bozo* competition will be coming soon and nobody loses in *Blackmail The Bozo* except for the Blackmailed Bozo in question!! Watch this space.

THRILLS

Below: from NME T-Zers page, two weeks ago — Dick Tracy's Animal Liberation badge shoots to the top of Better Badges Chart on first week of release.



THE PLAN by the Scottish office to cull 2,000 seals in the Orkneys using Norwegian hunters has become the focus of a determined Animal Liberation campaign.

A number of organisations are involved. Between them, with growing local support, they have formed The Save Orkneys' Seals group. Money and equipment are urgently needed.

The three main pressure groups are: 1) Ferne Animal Sanctuary, James Mason House, 24 Salisbury Street, Fordingbridge, Hants. Tel. 0425 54341 (for equipment). 2) Captain Audry Allsop, Koonawara, Heathery Loan, St. Ola, Orkney (local co-ordinator for volunteers to guard the island). 3) Greenpeace, 47 Whitehall, London, SW1A 28Z. Tel. 01 839 2093 (money to fund their boat, Rainbow Warrior). 4) Hunt Saboteurs, PO Box 19, Tonbridge, Kent, TN9 1AA (sending up two mini-buses on Oct. 21, need money, equipment and people who speak Norwegian).

DICK TRACY

THRILLS

USA — ROCK'S GERIATRIC WARD

IF YOU'VE ever thought that the records in American charts were created for geriatrics, then it turns out that you were probably right.

Some 40 per cent of the U.S. market is accounted for by sales to people over 30, according to a report in the right-wing British weekly magazine *The Economist*.

Another 36 per cent is down to "young adults" in their 20s. And as for teenagers, they are simply not the force they once were.

The kids buy less than a quarter of the total product.

What this means, is that the record companies have never had it so good, simply because young adults and ageing adults have more money to spend than teenagers.

Last year, Americans spent 3½ billion dollars on records and tapes. That's a billion dollars more that on movies. It represented an increase over the previous year of almost 30 per cent.

That's the biggest rise in sales for more than 20 years.

So what's the explanation? In *The Economist*, industry moguls argue that the modern ageing raver grew up on music, constantly "blaring in the background". As a result, it's "engrained in their psyches."

All of which is good news for the likes of Paul Simon, Paul McCartney, Bob Dylan, The Bee Gees, and all of their ilk who've been stars on and off for 15 years or so.

On The Bee Gees, *The Economist* offers this choice piece of info: The Brothers Gibb got between one and two dollars for every copy of the "Saturday Night Fever" album sold. At a total of 15 million or more sales in the States alone, that's no a bad return on a few disco licks.

BOB EDMANDS

THE END

RESOLVING CONTRADICTIONS

THE NEW ALBUM FROM

ANDY MACKAY

Marketed by LICENSED
REPERTOIRE DIVISION EMI Records Ltd
1-3 Uxbridge Road, Hayes, Middlesex.
Tel: (01) 759 4532/4611 & 848 9811.

BRON 510 Tape TC BRON 510

THE FUTURE LOOKS DIFFERENT THIS WEEK . . .

. . . because the future *is* different this week. **THE NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** makes its debut with this issue, and for the next two months you'll be finding four-page sections in the middle of your **NME** which collect into the finished project — a 32-page book of insights, opinions and assorted craziness concocted by **NME's** menagerie of resident crazies.

Beg the question: Is **THE NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** a sequel to the highly successful **NME BOOK OF ROCK** of a few years back? Well, sort of, but in fact no. The rock and roll landscape has changed so much in the last three years that a simple update of the **NME BOOK OF ROCK** would have been inadequate. What was needed was an entirely new project formed and shaped by the spirit of the age.

The roll-call for **THE NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** consists of those people who've made their mark since '75, or those whose roles in The Modern World have altered significantly since then, which is why it's quite possible that maybe your own fave rave isn't listed herein, and also why various social issues which we believe are inextricably linked with rock and roll have raised their ugly heads. The whole thing adds up to a comprehensive, disturing and thoroughly inconsistent look at The Big Rock And The Big Roll — for '78 and beyond.

Slices of **THE NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** will be dropping out of the next seven issues of **NME**, but the whole is infinitely greater than the sum of the parts and to make sure of getting your hands on the entire project, **NME** Leisure Services (a division of Global Things Ltd) recommend that you utilise the dinky little coupon on this page to reserve a copy of **NME** from your local newsagent each week. It's the only way you can be sure of collecting the entire **NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC** and putting it all together in two months' time.

We think it'll be incredible (but then we're biased) — and we're looking forward to seeing the whole thing assembled ourselves.

And if *we're* going to be surprised, think what it'll do for *you*.

The future is here — are you ready?

TO MY NEWSAGENT

Please reserve/deliver me a copy of the new-look **NEW MUSICAL EXPRESS** every week until further notice.

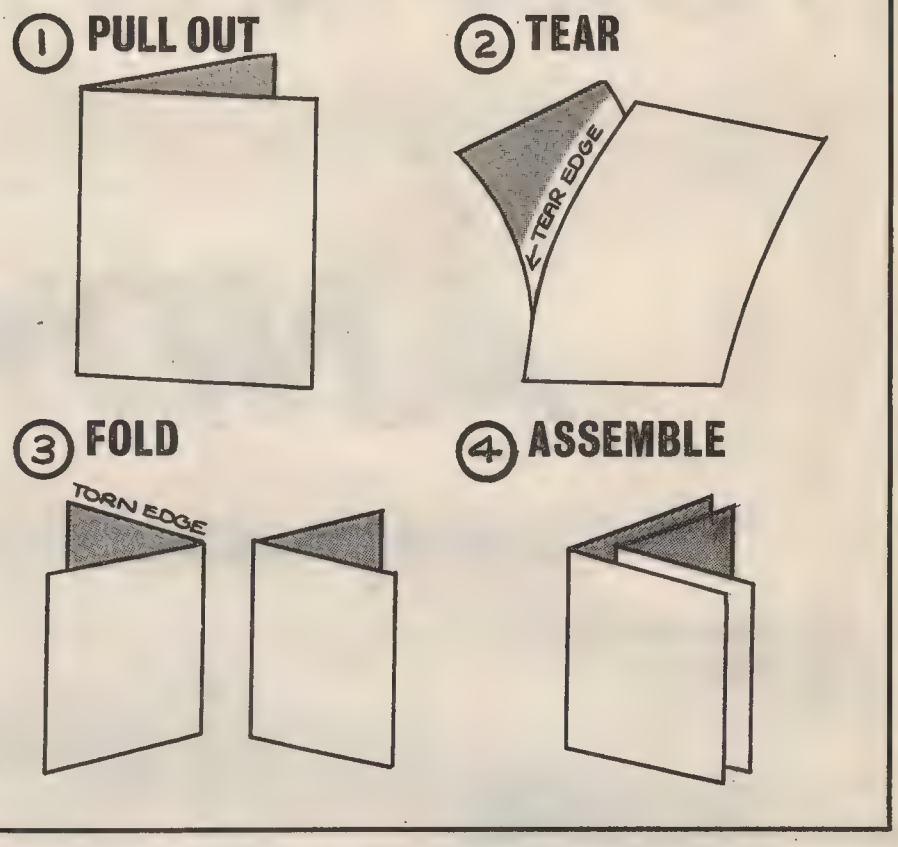
NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....

HOW TO BUILD YOUR NME BOOK OF MODERN MUSIC



** Please note — all discographies are selective. In many cases, this also means they are complete. Comprende?*

Goodmans

answer to the power game

the new High Efficiency HE Range

You needn't buy a more powerful amp – just hook-up a pair of HEI's or HE2's – with a sensitivity of 1.8 Watts to produce 96dB and music power handling to 120 Watts (90 Watts for the HE2) they are real foundation shakers. Goodmans have incorporated a nine element multiple crossover and a novel 'ferro-fluid' feature on the high frequency unit – all wrapped up in a cabinet system that's tall, dark and handsome.

Goodmans
Goodmans Loudspeakers Ltd
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The favourably reviewed Power Range loudspeaker units and the DB50 cabinet systems are used wherever you hear disco music – the driving force behind Rock. They are extensively used in stage amplifiers and monitors by top groups like City Boy – make sure you ask if Goodmans loudspeakers are fitted to your gear.

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Please send me full information on the:
☐ Power Range ☐ High Fidelity Range *(tick appropriate box)*
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NME

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85p off fifty of the greatest sounds of the seventies.

85p off*

Abba Greatest Hits
Stevie Wonder Songs in the Key of Life
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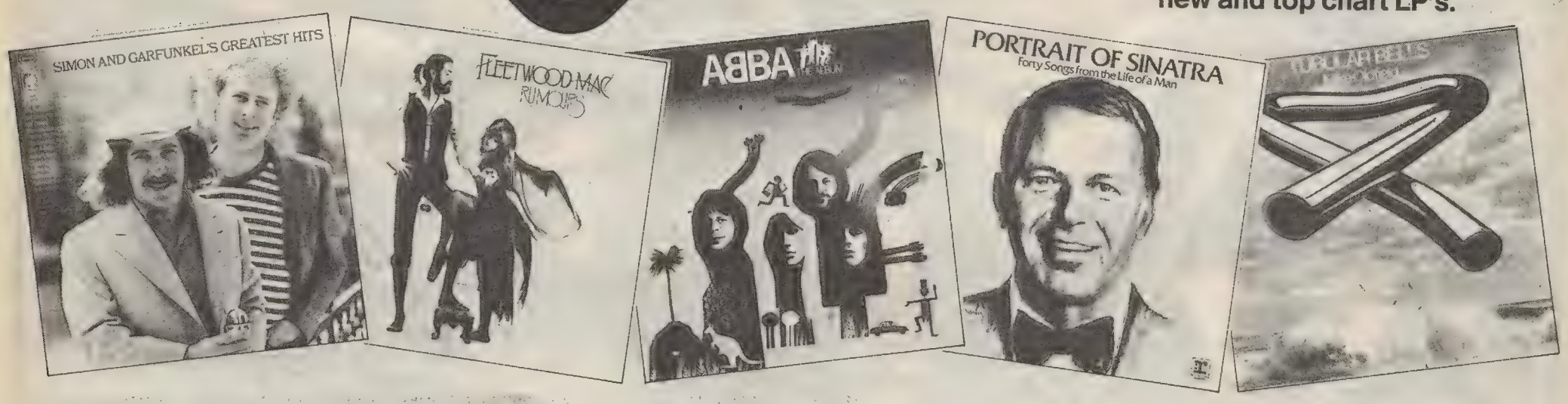
Abba Arrival
Simon & Garfunkel Bridge Over Troubled Water
Pink Floyd Dark Side of the Moon
Bob Marley Exodus
Diana Ross & The Supremes 20 Golden Greats
Beatles Sgt. Peppers
Rolling Stones Some Girls
Johnny Mathis You Light Up My Life
Cat Stevens Best Of
Beach Boys 20 Golden Greats
Mike Oldfield Tubular Bells
Simon & Garfunkel Greatest Hits
Nat King Cole 20 Golden Greats
Abba The Album
Max Boyce I Know Cos I Was There
Elvis Presley Golden Records Vol. I
Genesis Then There Were 3
Queen Sheer Heart Attack
Fleetwood Mac Rumours
Paul Simon Greatest Hits
Beatles 1962-66
Beatles 1967-70
Rita Coolidge Anytime Anywhere
Bob Dylan More Greatest Hits
Wings Band on the Run
Frank Sinatra Portrait
Buddy Holly 20 Golden Greats
Yes Going For The One
Olivia Newton-John Greatest Hits
Manhattan Transfer Pastiche
Pink Floyd Wish You Were Here
Leo Sayer Endless Flight
Rolling Stones High Tide and Green Grass
Bob Marley Kaya
Eagles Hotel California
Kate Bush The Kick Inside
Cliff Richard 40 Golden Greats
Bob Dylan Street Legal
Elton John Greatest Hits Vol. I
Wings London Town
Rod Stewart Best of, Vol. I
Bee Gees Here At Last, Live
John Denver Best of, Vol. I
Johnny Mathis & Deniece Williams That's What Friends Are For

Plus more great offers on new and top chart LP's.



If you want a great deal, come to Boots for your albums. We're taking 85p off* fifty of the greatest sounds of the seventies.

There are some of your old favourites, plenty of current sounds and the best of the new releases.

That's Boots Disc Deal.

Access & Barclaycard welcome.
*85p off rec. retail prices until 4th November.
From Boots Record Departments subject to stock availability.

Boots

Make the most of your Boots.

BLACK SABBATH

NEW SINGLE

"HARD ROAD"
Single SAB 002

FIRST 25,000

PRESSED IN PURPLE

New album Never Say Die!

Album 9102 751 Cassette 7231 401

marketed by phonogram

VERTIGO

SOMETIME IN PHILADELPHIA

. . . And it's a big welcome to you from Fun Tours Inc. as we set off on our scenic tour of skidrow bums, terminal TV and (in New York, actually) a loathsome flying pig which appears to urinate on THIN LIZZY's Phil Lynott. Your courier is TONY PARSONS.

ALL THESE flowers are *diseased* or something . . . dozens of anaemic white buds on wilting blue stalks all around . . . drooping defeated and dying away from the heavens and life, their shoots sagging sadly in the miasma of stony ground, split food, fag ash, yesterday's papers and brat puke.

These flowers are *sick fatal.* I close my eyes and count to ten and when I open them the flowers are still there . . .

And Phil Lynott sits in the Madison Square Garden arena puffing on a Stephen's Green special while gazing at P. Floyd's excessive *Animals* extravaganza. He looks away from the flashing light-show and special dry ice and up at the massive inflated pig floating aimlessly through the atmosphere high above him.

Suddenly the impertinent pile of pork empties its bowels and a stream of piss rains from the sky soaking Phil Lynott . . .

Ah, the hallucinogenic engineering powers of jet lag, culture shock and others.

Whaddaya say, Phil?

"I was getting wet and I thought this fooking pig was pissing all over me. It turned out some kid in the balcony had thrown his beer at the fooking thing."

And the smug, crackling Big Daddy voice of our Captain speaking over the intercom brought me back to reality, or rather 35,000 feet and total exhaustion.

"British Airways would like to apologise —"

Hey, there's no need for that, Pops.

A seven-hour delay stationary in the great silver bird at Heathrow (old ladies bold enough to venture beyond the immigration lines in search of bread and water beaten back by obese stewardesses tetchy because they don't resemble the uniformed fantasies depicted in adverts), then seven hours in the air plus a five-hour time difference thrown into psychosomatic stew . . . it works better than acid, Pops-man.

It really had me believing those two-quid-a-shot blue rubber headsets with their dinky white plastic earplugs for your flight movie soundtrack were really and truly the Chelsea Flower Show after they'd dropped THE BIG ONE.

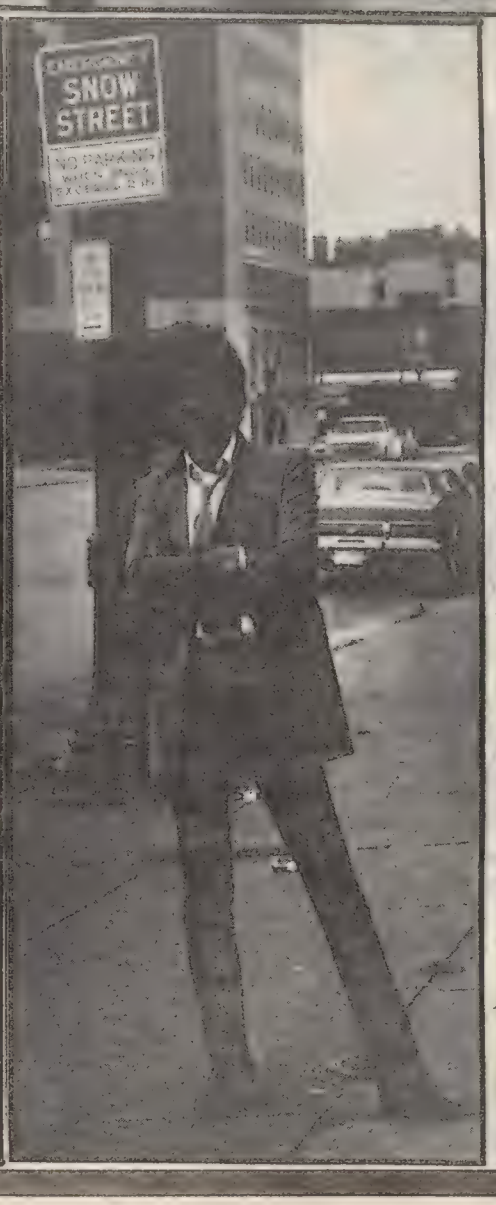
But the florid flightmares are nearly over. The chariot of fire is practically deserted now.

Richard (ten) and his brother Simon (seven) who kept asking me, "Would you be surprised if your editor asked you to be in the Space Shuttle?" and "When are the Monkees reforming and coming to our town?" (y'know, just your average American middle-class kiddies) got off with their Mom in Boston hours ago along with everybody else . . . oh, it's been a real neat flight, Pops . . .

"We will be landing in Philadelphia in 15 minutes. Please fasten your seat belts."

Be right with ya, Pops, just lemme get this headset outa my buttonhole, okay?

Bumpy touch-down (at last), toothy beam bye-bye (false gits), passport control (suspicion about the Polish visa, the Smokie story obviously just a cover), customs, and out to a taxi. The news on the radio drawls that Keith Moon just died. Industrial fairy-lights and high-rise boredom-blocks drift by (oh, sorry, Welcome To America).



Pix: CHALKIE DAVIES

OUT FRONT of the Holiday Inn Phil Lynott is hanging out on the street. Moon's death has shaken him badly.

"We're a dying breed," he reflects. "All we've got is rock'n'roll and the road, we got no wives, no family, no homes . . . just this."

We make our way over to the hotel lobby and it transpires that the habitual luck of the Lizzy (it decimates the band's ranks prior to Stateside tours) has struck again. Brian Downey is back home, illness in his family preventing him from going on the road. His place on drums is taken by a young American called Mark Nasseef.

Downey's enforced absence brings to mind Lynott's hepatitis and Brian

□ *Continues over page*

☐ *From previous page*

Robertson's slashed tendons that have disrupted previous New World sojourns.

"It's Scott's turn next," Lynott smiles grimly, the lift whisking us up to our rooms. "Or Gary's . . ."

Gary Moore, late of Colosseum II, is a permanent member of Lizzy for the first time since 1974. He stood in for Brian Robertson on the US tour last year and his inclusion in the new Lizzy line-up came as no surpirse.

"Brian wants to form his own band," says Lynott. "He couldn't have come on this tour anyway. He got into a fight down the Speakeasy and got three broken ribs and a fractured jaw. Some geezer said something to him and Brian laid into him and then the geezer's mates were all over him."

We check into my room but, unfortunately there are already two middle-aged black women living there, so it's down the corridor to Phil's room until the Lizzy management can come up with alternative accommodation.

With the overwhelming trash of the Yankee TV Eye as a backdrop we sit smoking while Phil mourns Moon and thinks aloud about the dying breed.

Not having second thoughts about rock'n'roll, are you, Phil?

He shakes his head and grins. "Nah, not me, never! I'm sick of hearing about what a fooking drag it is on the road. You choose this life and it's the best life in the world for the unattached male. I wouldn't have it any other way . . ."

After I've dumped my Adidas bag in my own private dorm I stumble out into the hot summer night (84 degrees at midnight) in search of sustenance to satiate my famine, physical and mental exhaustion and munchies.

Room service closed down at 10.30. Who said all Holiday Inns were the same?

MAYOR RIZZO WELCOMES YOU TO PHILADELPHIA.

Ah, sweet soul city Philly, home of Philadelphia International Records, Kenny Gamble, Leon Huff, Thom Bell, O'Jays, Stylistics, Delfonics, Three Degrees, MFSB, Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes *et al.*

Home of Italian Mayor Rizzo, currently seeking to change the constitution that prevents the city's Mayor from serving more than two terms in office (Mayor Rizzo has currently served two consecutive terms in office.).

The Black Panthers tried to win over Philadelphia in the early '70s and failed to create a favourable impression with either Mayor Rizzo or the city's massive indigenous black population.

Rizzo stripped the Panthers naked and lined them up against the wall for a national press photographic session while white journalists and photographers down from the liberal New York City press with the Panthers discovered that their affiliations with the "revolutionaries" didn't mean a thing to the "sticksmen" operative in black Philly street-gangs.

"But we're with the Panthers!" protested one native New Yorker as he handed over his wallet.

"This ain't a Panther neighbourhood," he was informed. "The Youngblood Falcons rule the roost 'round here, man."

Recalling the anecdote, I wander through crews of shirt-sleeved hoods, They seem to be admiring my jacket a little too much for comfort, and I am deterred from wandering more than a few miles in search of food.

I head back towards the Holiday Inn. At traffic lights bums are approaching stationary cars for a few coins. In the fall, after the first snow, I hear that a truck comes around to pick up the ones who have frozen to death.

Philly bums look the same as New York bums. In the Bowery a bum with no legs and a wheelchairs shits in the gutter and spends most of his time screaming at the other bums to keep their hands off his wheelchair. Some of them don't wait for the cold weather, they stab themselves to death and get thrown in the back of the morgue-bound ambulance while across the street the CBGB punks tell the clientele how angry they are.

REFRESHED AFTER a good night's sleep and a breakfast of two steaks, four eggs and a pint of milk, I indulge in America's favourite pastime until it's time to join Lizzy on their interview tour of Philly radio stations.

Watching Yankee telly is a fair Drinking Class approximation of the physical and mental numbing properties induced by the expensive white powders taken wherever The Ugly People go; a cosy little mind cocoon, so much more palatable than the distasteful smells of Real Life, so much innocuous brain candy that you can almost believe you'll never have to think for yourself again.

With an unhealthy repletion of stations transmitting around the 24-hour clock, you can switch stations until your unpaid bills touch the ceiling and your landlord is hammering on the door for a fortune in rent money.

Baseball, the commission investigation the assassination of JFK, cartoons, quiz shows, chat shows, soaps and adverts, *adverts,* ADVERTS, ***ADVERTS*** until they're coming to take you away to the funny-farm, those nice young men in their clean white coats (ha ha).

But right now it's still early morning and mostly it's just programmes on which celebrities are being interviewed about how they used to be into hard drugs, the occult, sexual perversion, alcoholism, etc. I watched maybe six of these shows and they all followed the same format; discussion of juicy sensationalism issues for nearly 30 minutes and suddenly . . .

"But then you discovered the Lord, didn't you, Jim?"

"I sure did, John! Praise the Lord!"

"Let us all get on our knees to pray and give thanks to the Lord."

Everyone than spends the last minute of the show on the bended knees. Religious shows, don't ya just love 'em?

Despite popular opinion there is absolutely *no* live television in America. The nearest it gets to live is when shows are recorded and viewed by the network censorship board a few hours before actual screening. There are two reasons for this insulation.

The first was the time when a chat-show host's provocative audience interrogation caused one member of the audience to pull a gun on him. The host himself had pulled his own fire-arm before the show was taken off the air.

On this occasion nobody was hurt — unlike the second reason for the total absence of live television in the States. This time a female newsreader announced that she intended to commit suicide. Then she pulled a Saturday Night Special out of her handbag and splattered her brains all over studio's ceiling.

And if that sounds familiar, it should do; it's the actual occurence that, uh, inspired the movie *Network*.

SCOTT GORHAM, Gary Moore, Phil Lynott and myself are driven around the Philly radio stations by a record company representative — a lady from Warner Brothers, the band's American label these days now that they've split from Mercury.

"It's the only label I know," says Lynott, "who give their acts a manual of where to go after a gig; nightclubs, bars and the local venereal disease clinics."

Ah, the glamour of being a wandering minstrel.

The boredom of interminable radio interviews with all their crass questioning is alleviated slightly as your humble hero, so far from home, sits in and passes himself off as Thin Lizzy's drummer.

It's the personable vocalist/bassist, of course, on whom attention is focused as he astutely handles the same old Lizzy questions with blarney-blessed charm.

". . .the 'Live And Dangerous' album marks the end of an era. . .Thin Lizzy's appeal to girls is the same as what *I* feel when I listen to Joni Mitchell. . .Scott once stopped me during a rehearsal and asked me if the lyrics I was singing were the same ones I sang on stage; he'd never noticed them before. . .Bachman Turner Overdrive are the only band who have a three-course meal *before* a gig. . .we were supporting Bob Seger and couldn't get him to do 'Rosalie' so we did it ourselves. . .Philly's always a good date for us. . ."

AND IT is a good one, this night at Philly's The Tower hall, the author's enjoyment and Lynott's performance certainly not hampered at all by partaking in a cheap, speedy local delicacy known as Monster, which tends to make one's snout feel like a flame-thrower.

Nasseef on drums is no Brian Downey but, that aside, it's Thin Lizzy, still the same. . .giants back home, big in the states and hammering away on the long hard slog to becoming massive.

Can they do it? Can they break through to the crass, opulent league of Styx, Starz, Godz, Kansas, Boston, Foreigner, Kiss. . .all these hamfisted HM practitioners who posture for packed arenas of qualluded American Kidz, all these bands who mean less than zilch in the UK and are bigger than The Beatles ever were Stateside?

Well, I really like Lynott and Lizzy so. . .gee, I hope not.

Backstage the bachelor boys are preparing to partake in the evening's pulling, their Warner Brothers manuals at the ready. An ebullient young Yankee ligger bursts into the dressing room, rubbing his hands lasciviously.

"Okay, guys," he gushes, "now for the *real* gig!!"

Phil Lynott didn't bust the geezer's face.

I would have felt a lot happier if he had.

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ROCKERS TIME

MY Saturday morning reggae buying expeditions to Clapham Junction have been a particular pleasure the last couple of weeks, what with the generally high standard of new music on display.

Better yet has been the chance to select from an enormous shipment (about 70 titles) of Clement Dodd's Studio One music, most of which I hadn't seen before. Some people think that too much fuss is made of Dodd, but the sheer quality of these records (and 70 is a minute fraction of Studio One's output) make it clear he's something special.

There aren't many new ones in the selection; nevertheless, records like Horace Andy's "Got To Be Sure" (Coxsone label), and Winston Francis's "Fools Fall In Love" (Coxson - even Dodd spells it wrong sometines) are good enough for any reggae collection. Now, as *Rockers Time* aims to be a guide to new music, I thought I'd link recent releases with these Studio One records, which are just too important to ignore.

Dennis Brown's "How Can I Leave?" (Lightning), for example, ties in in two ways: not only is the song one of Dodd's, which he cut with The Sharks, but also Brown made some of his earliest and best records at Coxsone's Brentford Road studio. Dennis's "Make It Easy On Yourself" (Studio One), which isn't the hated Jerry Butler / Walker Bros. tune, is a typical Coxsone production, with easy walking bass and tuneful frills on the organ.

Brown was a mere lad in his Brentford Road days, but "Make It Easy" shows how quickly he matured: the lyric is an appeal to his brethren to do "something constructive", or else "when you think it's peace and safety, it's sudden destruction". Not particularly deep, it's sincerely handled by Dennis, in marked contrast with "How Can I Leave?", which is too fussily produced by Joe Gibbs. Dennis does his best, but he doesn't stand much chance against the Mickey Mouse synthesiser, and the infamous strings machine, presumably added to provide depth. That said, the record has been of the most popular of the year, though for my money Dennis's best recent record is "Tribulation" (Three In One), already reviewed here.

British reggae doesn't usually amount to much, and **Errol Dunkley** isn't one of my favourite singers, so I'm surprised how much I like "A Little Way Different" (Arawak, 12"). The lyric is a little on the repetitive side, and I don't like the girl chorus, but Errol's vocal is more sensitive than we're used to from him. The dub section indicates that producers over here may at last be learning how to do it. On the other side we have "Differentah" by **Dreadful Julio,** whose long harmonica solo suggests how he got his name; watch out for "King Tubbys Meets Larry Adler At The House Of Dreads", it can't be far off. At Brentford Road, Dunkley cut "Get Up Now" (Coxsone), an earnest plea to "get up, get up, get up now, it's dancing time"; again the rhythm is in the classic Dodd style, bass and organ carrying the tune. On the other side you'll find **Jackie Mittoo's** "Hot Milk", one of Pablo's favourite tunes. Mittoo's organ sounds close to Reginald Dixon's, but he's still a vital figure in JA musical history, and this is one of his best records.

Freddie Macgregor is a typical Studio One 'star', someone who rarely comes to mind when you're talking about great reggae singers, who nevertheless has made plenty of good records. In the recent batch, there are three, including his tuneful version of Johnny Ace's "Pledging My Love" (Iron Side, and notice the organ, yet again). Then we have his own tune, "Go Away Pretty Girl" (Money Disc), where Freddie's nicely echoed vocal is matched by an Impressions-style vocal group; Macgregor tells his girlfriend she can clear off if she's not satisfied with the big car he's bought her: perhaps Freddie is one of the few who has no complaints about the Studio One royalties system.

The third record is his masterpiece, "I Man A Rasta", an authentic classic: *"I'm a revolutionist, I-man nah deal with no capitalist"* sings Freddie over a dense backing track wtih a jolting bass-line. It's this record which provides the link with 1978, in the form of a new version, retitled "Guwey From Deh" by **Soul Syndicate** (Soul Syndicate label, too). Of all the new records reviewed here, this is my favourite; the sound is fuller than the original, with horns and organ keeping things busy. It doesn't quite match the slightly menacing flavour of the original, but it does show us the good side of recent reggae.

The Abyssinians' links with Studio One have long been severed; 1969 saw them at Brentford Road, cutting, under their own steam "Satta Massa Gana", and a couple of months later Coxsone had them back to record "Declaration Of Rights" (Coxsone); these two tracks are reggae landmarks, and must rank as some of the best JA music.

That cut of "Satta" isn't easy to find, so we'll make do instead with a 12" discomix of the version they did in 1976, with Clive Hunt producing (Different label). Again, it doesn't improve on the original, but in its own right it's a fine record, with the harmonies as close and crisp as ever.

The Abyssinians are now with Virgin, of course, a situation which didn't look very promising. When I heard the first single, my worst fears seemed comfirmed, because "Hey You"/"This Land Is For Everyone" (it's a double A-side) sounded tuneless and limp, the very antithesis of Abyssinians' music. A few more listens, however, and I've come to like it, especially "This Land", which features Bernard Collins, usually seen as the leader of the group. Apart from the superfluous flute, it's a good enough record, so perhaps I shouldn't be so sceptical.

Studio One has been a training ground for a lot of reggae's most important figures, including Leroy Sibbles, who worked as arranger and bassist as well as cutting plenty of good records singing lead with **The Heptones.** He's left the group now, and Barry Llewellyn has stepped forward from harmony singing to take over the lead. The new line-up performs well on their version of "Crystal Blue Persuasion" (Third World, 12"), the Tommy James song whose gospel overtones suit the group very well. Niney's assembled a fair dub, too, and this one's a value-for-money discomix. The other side offers a new version of "Book Of Rules", which isn't included on the recent "Better Days" album.

Looking through the Studio One records, I almost skipped over "Sad Songs" by **Barrington Llewellyn** (Coxsone), but it is our Barry, singing very well on his own tune, which bears a passing resemblance to Joe Simon's hit, "No Sad Songs". Barry's voice is much lighter than Joe's, but the soul/country influence is definitely there: another essential item.

There we are then; some good old records, and some good new ones. I nearly bankrupted myself trying to buy all the records I wanted, and I'm told there's more Studio One stuff on the way. Don't listen to anyone who says otherwise; this music is the essence of JA music, from ska through rocksteady to reggae, and if you like reggae, you have to as least listen to what Coxsone Dodd has been up to in nearly 20 years as a producer.

Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

DENNIS BROWN: "How Can I Leave" released at last.

Reggae Singles
by NICK KIMBERLEY

SINGLES

THE JAM'S Paul Weller. Pic: JILL FURMANOVSKY

TALKING HEADS' David Byrne. Pic: SHEILA ROCK

Reviewed this week by DANNY BAKER

SINGLE OF THE WEEK: THE JAM: Down In The Tube Station At Midnight (Polydor). Handsome! At last some rock singles after last week's pitiful turnout against the ever-present, effervescent spears of Disco. Hardly any of the 'soldiers' of '77 now have anything near a 100 per cent vinyl record of success but this band is the exception. This is THE JAM ... "All Around The World", "In The City", "David Watts" and now (so soon!), a new screamer, incisive and tear-arse, tempered and taught.

Like "Wardour Street" it's a shout against that cowardly scuttling creep, mob-handed random assault. Anyone who's ever stood waiting for the last one — be it at Whitechapel or Wood Green — knows the tightening of the chest when that rabble of football froats starts howling in from the station stairs. You're on your jack, and all the trains are going the other way.

"Hey boy, they shout, have you got any money?/ I said I've a little money and a takeaway curry/ I'm on my way home to my wife/ She'll be lining out the cutlery/ You know that she's expecting me/ Polishing the glasses and pulling out the cork/ BUT, I'M DAHN IN THE TUBE STATION AT MIDNIGHT!!"

They simmer through the verses but screech through the choruses until the violence is whirling around, taking the song to exhilarating peaks and never letting up on the terror of the lyric.

The track is coupled with The Who's "So Sad About Us" and also "The Night" but I find it hard to turn this over just yet. It's stuck fast to my deck.

OUR WORTHY RUNNER UP (for every Tom, Deacon, Harry).

TALKING HEADS: Take Me To The River (Sire). Canine, mongrel, prowling — as Tom Waits said — the bass line should be chained up some place. Now who'd have thought that Talking Heads (who appear as smooth as a tombola ticket) could sound so dirty.

Greasy, wheezy drum beat, lazy bass and cold organ tone lead the way on this high point from the seriously buyable "More Songs" album.

The first (yawn) 10,000 of these come with an additional, free single — "Psycho Killer" and "Love Goes To A Building On Fire") so get to it.

Still, sales gimmicks of this kind are infinately preferable to green records and besides, this 45 would stand its ground sold in a brown paper bag and backed with the theme from *3-2-1*.

It's better by far than the Reverend Al Green's original (I refrain from jokes about Greener Pastors), and David Byrne's vocal keeps from its traditional shooting-off-up-in-the-air more than usual. An all-round triumph that comes in substantial gatefold sleeve displaying two views of old Al's tabernacle.

Mercy be!

DISCO TO GO

OLYMPIC RUNNERS: Get It While You Can (Polydor).
CAROL DOUGLAS: Burnin' (Midsong).
ROY AYERS: Get On Up, Get on Down (Polydor).

The poor old Olympic Runners make great records — "Do Whatever It Takes" is carved with pride in my collection — yet have never had a sniff at a major hit. I think we can put this down to low visual profile or, as we doctors call it, 'Christwotanugly bunchobastards'. I mean Pete Wingfield's in there and, let's face it, manias are not made of this.

Still, the Olympics pick up heavy pub / disco play and this is the best in the, admittedly weak, bunch of twist city merchants this week.

"Get It" is to be recommended. Infectious and high spirited, maybe too eager, it certainly whacks what a lot of U.S. zongsters throw out (yes YOU, Crown Heights Affair, Pockets etc).

The Olympics have just left RCA, which was also Carol Douglas's home when she had her 15 minutes a couple of years back ('member "Doctors Orders" or "Hurricane"? Thought you would ...).

"Burnin' " is a tad on the ordinary side but is nevertheless a respectable stab. The fault lies in the production, which, like Karen Young's "Hotshot", is all top and brittle sounding; sadly, not one to search for.

Roy Ayers' "Get On Up, Get On Down" (a phrase I thought had perished along with the Paaaaarty down Maceo syndrome) is a chunky little filler going nowhere but with a great deal of exuberance. Had I but had the ackers to visit the fine Groove Records in Soho I dare say I'd have had better news for you from the Discofront, but as I hadn't I'm at the mercy of company handouts like ...

THE TEMPLE CITY KAZOO ORCHESTRA: Some Kazoos (12" Disco EP) (Rhino-import). An 11-piece faction of men playing unacompanied kazoo wailings. They play "Whole Lotta Love", "Miss You", "Staying Alive" and "2001". Sometimes in tune, sometimes out, but not in an endearing way at all. Curiosity dies after the first 15 seconds of each track and you're left with a multi-coloured plastic, expensive import student prank. Working your way through college, boys? Disco EP? Hell, I wouldn't expect to see you healthy bearded L.A. lads taken in by all this Bee Gee nonsense. Oh it's a joke! For money!

Suck of them, idiots.

BLIGHTY INDEPENDENTS

THE NIPS: All The Time In The World (Soho).
EUROPEANS: Europeans (Heartbeat).

GYPP: Yaah (Shy Talk).
FAN CLUB: Avenue (M&S).

The independent labels have been really ropey of late, but here's enough to keep the game going.

The Nips knocked me cold the one time I saw them, and I can urge you to try and get with them without fear of sleepless nights. They're a natty combo indeed, with more great songs than you could shake a PR man at — yet still on vinyl they let me down.

Like their previous 45, "Nervous Wreck," this is a tragedy of their stage selves. The song has a suggestion of their greatness on the chorus, but lousy words and an over heavy sound are frustrating when you can hear what it's supposed to resemble. An Eater-type live EP must be in order, but until then I have my Marquee memories ...

The Europeans have a synthesizer but don't shout about it. From Bristol, this four-piece may take themselves a little too seriously (check the huge list of credits — concept designers, co-ordinators ..) but they have a good record in a hunky-riff way. It would certainly be a lot more offensive had it not been a small affair (after all let's leave the Moogs to Emerson and Rick R.U.A. Wakeman).

When the dust has settled, it's your duty to hunt out a copy out or be regarded as a rock dweller (in every sense).

Coming out of Ipswich are the appropriately named Gypp, who have a synthesizer and do shout about it. Their singer sounds like the twit out of Flintlock and their songs are drippy and false. If bands like this think being on an independent and recording themselves in anyway entitles them to claim ascendency from the regime spearheaded by the Sex Pistols, or in any way connects them with the resurgence of rock, they are well round the Dartford Loop and should bring their bottle into '78.

Fan Club sound like they have an infinitely better time. Even though their Bobby Vee-type back ups don't work entirely, "Avenue" deserves its release out of Brighton — which is what this breed of disc is all about.

It's fairly poppy stuff with an unproduced sound and all round amateur dynamite. But like Popes, Halifax FC and the Liberal Party, I feel independents, sadly, are not long for this world ...

THE BOOMTOWN RATS: Rat Trap (Ensign).

RADIO STARS: Radio Stars (Chiswick). FABULOUS POODLES: Mirror Star (Pye).

TRANSMITTERS: Nowhere Train (Ebony).

Up front, I might as well declare that The Boomtown Rats have another top ten hit, because this record's safe enough ground even for them and it's just a matter of time and *Top Of The Pops*. But I wouldn't buy this, nor would I touch the dial if it came trissing across the airwaves on 194 metres. The Rats and their fans keep each other satisfied and that's what this sort of thing's all about I guess.

A rasping sax beat serves as anchor, and there's more "Joey's On The Street" words about gangs and rumbles. I think The Jam know about gangs and rumbles a lot better. Like clockwork-a hit.

Radio Stars sound exactly like 10cc did when they used to record things like, "Silly Love" or "Life Is A Minestrone", and try as I might I can't think of a single word more to say about it. Clockwork creep — a miss.

Meanwhile, The Fabulous Poodles (I refuse to say Fab Poo's; before you know it, it's voddy and tons or waffling about quick games of snookola) say 'but seriously folks' and turn in a non-song that's a flat threat to the sprightliness of all long-distance drivers should it float over the tranners.

I had high hopes of The Transmitters, but then I heard them described as 'interesting' and you know what that generally means. Their three tracks just don't get to me at all. Acoustics and half spoken, half hearted vocals may make RECORDS but never achieve SINGLE status.

DONNA SUMMER: MacArthur Park (Casablanca). Well, granted, this SHOULD have been where I could sprout off about dancing in the street, meaningless fun, love being a many splendoured thing etc, but Donna, what is THIS thing called, love?

This record is lousy, and being fashionable won't help. The intro is Palm Court orchestras and solomn foundations laid for an epic about to unfold. Yes, we are drenched in those poxy words about rain, cakes and recipes.

THE 'I'M NOT SAYING WE'RE STRUGGLING BUT THE FISHERMAN IN THE FRONT ROW HAS JUST FIRED OFF A FLARE' SECTION.

JOE COCKER: Fun Time (Asylum).
JOHN PRINE: There She Goes (Asylum).
WARREN ZEVON: Excitable Boy (Asylum).
EDDIE RABBITT: You Don't Love Me Anymore (Elektra).

(A quick message: singles in '78 are booming. There truly are stacks of gems about, mainly Disco 12" (see past columns). But this week there must be some kind of schmoes' convention ... A fitting lull to catch up on those you have missed, maybe? Anyway, there's no reason not be be optimistic these days.)

Now that Jackson Browne appears to have gone under and Joni Mitchell is a sombre artist, Asylum truly seems a twilight home for aged gentlefolk. Creaking away in LA, we receive these four epistles of somnolent worship.

Mr. Cocker, whose voice seems doomed to be wasted on these ersatz gospel / soul discs, is once again sold short by a sleepy backing band who do to this type of music what Ronstadt does for rock'n'roll.

I'm assured Prine isn't always as heehaw, straw chewin' fast akip as this cut leads me to think.

Warren Zevon's title is almost as funny as Cocker's, though at least he seems to be trying. But dear me, look at Eddie Rabbitt (you sure pal?), dribbling and getting soppily stroppy in front of his ex.

"You don't love me anymore .." he miserably croons.

High point of all four wretched platters is when Eddie feels fit enough to try for an 'Ooooh' with some soul in it, and ends up sounding as though he's lifting a piano onto his back.

Heard from your embalmers recently, boys?

AN APOLOGY

MICK JACKSON: Blame It On The Boogie (Atlantic).

Last week I said this record was OK and that Michael Jackson probably had a better version out. Now, I'd like to do Mick justice and say his version is far, far superior, and after repeated playing I now know its true value. Swinging brass, great melody and I wish I had something comparable, disco-wise, this week. And Michael Jackson can put that in his sock and beat it.

DEAD BOYS: Tell Me (Sire)-METAL URBAIN: Hysterie Connective (Radar).

With a tasteless stab at surrealism on the sleeve (if such a thing is possible), The Dead Boys make you appreciate Bob Geldof's crew. While because 'MU' are French and have a drum machine they can get away with murder. I recall the night they played the 100 Club and all the pseuds assumed that merely coming from the Continent meant they had some divine overview and superior suss to us poor blinkered Brits. Well it don't. The drum machine is cheap and fails to ignite even this most laboured of riffs. Besides the French language sounds jumbled and ugly at the best of times with out chocking over this bore.

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By GRAHAM LOCK

WAYNE COUNTY had this unique rock'n'roll show — he'd come out on stage, stick his head in a toilet, throw dog-food at the audience, squirt dildo water pistols at people, pretend to masturbate, take off his clothes, sing . . .

Sounds like fun, Wayne?

"Yeah," says Wayne in a quiet Southern drawl. "It was based on outrage and shock, on taking sexual outrage to the limit — saturating the audience to the point where they weren't uptight about it any more. That was the point. I wasn't doing it *just* to shock people. I was doing it to make clear how ridiculous it is to be uptight about such a natural body function."

Wayne's new album, "Storm The Gates Of Heaven", has been seen as a change of direction, a step away from deliberate provocation, but really it's no more than a shift of emphasis. The title track, for example, attacks religious repression with typical County vigour. There's little doubt many people will find it as offensive as any of his earlier work.

More shock tactics? "Well, I've always felt organised religions were just a plot to exploit people's ignorance and superstition, giving us guilt complexes about everything. There's too many crazy people going round using God as an excuse for personal gain.

"If there is a Jesus coming back . . . I dunno, may be he'll send down an angel to me in the night. OK let him do it, but I wanna *see* it first. Until then, *nobody's* gonna tell me what to do."

You will see by now, I hope, that the gaffe is blown. Wayne County is not just an old queen. He's not a joke, or a weirdo; he's not sick, gross, or even very camp. Wayne County is a Serious Person.

"That album ("Storm The Gates") is a protest album. All my stuff is protest, really. There's so much bullshit, I just have to scream about it, to show people I ain't falling for it."

A BRIEF Aside on comedy: Serious People write the best comedy. "Fuck Off", "Mean Muthafuckin' Man", "Trying To Get On The Radio" — these are all very funny songs, even though each is "about" something (a critique of sexual exploitation, a pastiche of machismo, a send-up of commercialism — I *know* cos I asked, though anyone with two good ears and a working brain could have reached the same conclusion).

Wayne County's humour is diametrically opposed to the kind evoked by the Stones, Stranglers etc., when they try to shrug aside their sexist tirades with the lame excuse that "it's just a joke".

Wayne uses shock tactics to liberate, to break down prejudice (whether he succeeds or not is another question); they use them to titillate, to reinforce prejudice — a reactionary beatawifealongamax tradition which, taken to its logical extreme, would applaud Jack The Ripper for ridding the world of some prospective mothers-in-law.

End of aside.

WAYNE COUNTY grew up in the deep South, amidst exuberant Holy Rollers and sullen rednecks, gospel and rock'n'roll. His first step into Showbiz was impersonating the likes of Cher, Janis Joplin and Marianne Faithfull. His penchant for wearing what is know as "women's clothing" off, as well as on, stage led to various aggravations which culminated one afternoon when a carload or rednecks shot at him with, like, a *real* gun.

The next week Wayne caught a Greyhound bus to New York, and he's never been back.

In NYC he met Andy Warhol, was DJ at Max's Kansas City, worked for Bowie's MainMan organisation, and developed his unusual brand of modern rock'n'roll — first with Queen Elizabeth then with The Backstreet Boys, who back him on the first "Max's Kansas City" album.

Sadly, that unique stage act described above meant that most record companies wouldn't touch Wayne with a ten-foot dildo. However, The Backstreet Boys did record an album for ESP, who then went bankrupt before it could be

Back in 1975.

WHAT MADE A NICE GIRL LIKE THIS STICK HER HEAD DOWN TOILET BOWLS?

WAYNE 'in' The Electric Chairs: (from left) J. J. Johnson, Eliot Michaels, Wayne, Val Haller, Henri Padovani.

WAYNE. Pic: PENNIE SMITH

WAYNE COUNTY (for it is in fact he) gives the real reasons for those gross on-stage sexual antics, and tells how and why he is undergoing hormone treatment to become a woman.

released. (Step Forward now have these recordings and plan to issue an LP — "The Lost Wayne County Tapes" — before Christmas).

Tired of reaching only a cult following, Wayne came to Britain in 1976 to check out the New Wave here. A group was scrambled together for a gig at the Roxy, and a brief European tour followed.

The gigs went well. Wayne decided to stay. And the Electric Chairs became a fixture. With their second album just released to favourable reviews, and a tour upcoming in October, maybe Wayne is about to reach the mass audience he craves.

Incidentally, prospective punters may like to know that, though the new stage show differs completely from the old one, there may be one of two surprises.

"I'm gonna use props and costumes to illustrate the thoughts behing the songs better," says Wayne. "Like, for 'Trying To Get On The Radio' I'll use a plastic ass, which I'll lick, and I'll pull money out of the ass and throw it to the people."

Well, it beats dog-food anyday.

ENOUGH FACTS, back to the Issues. Wayne has let slip that most of his songs are rooted in personal experience, so I have to ask him — how about "Toilet Love"?

He nods emphatically. "Personal experience. In New York City, there're a lot of bars that cater to S&M whims, and there's a club — I don't know if it still exists now, but I went a couple of times, and it was considered very chic for a while — called The Toilet. They had showers and people would go and lie in the tubs and showers, and other people would come and pee on them.

"And they had human slaves, people walking around on all fours, and people would spit on 'em and kick 'em around. That's what the club was, and that's it, that's where the song comes from — 'Toilet Love'. Though whether it's love or not, that's debatable."

Hmmm. But what was the *point* of the song, Wayne?

Wayne laughs. "Well, I found it amusing. I guess some people might say I have a warped sense of humour, but I find it amusing. And interesting.

"I find all such modes of, uh, love interesting because there are certain people who are living out those fantasies. They're *doing* them, and in my view it should be reported. Human beings are actually *doing* those things, and other people should know. And I'm taking the piss too. Oops, bad pun! But it *is* a piss-take, a parody. It's satire."

So is there anything you *wouldn't* write humorously about? Any form of sadism, for example?

Pause. "I can't think of any . . . . oh, yes, I wouldn't write humorously about crippled people. There are certain conditions I wouldn't make fun of. It's OK with 'Toilet Love' because those people make fun of themselves."

But surely crippled people can do that too. What is it that makes sadists funny, and cripples not?

"I dunno. I guess maybe a lot of sadistic people — you could say they couldn't help themselves — but a lot of sadistic people really have a lot of control over how far they go. Crippled people don't have *any* control over their situation. They don't jump up one day and say, well I've got cripple tendencies, I'm gonna be a cripple.

"But I have sadistic and masochistic tendencies, I think everybody does, and it's up to the individual how far they let these tendencies go."

APART FROM his "outrageous" songs, Wayne's transexuality hasn't exactly made him a Family Favourite. Our culture tends to polarise sexuality into strictly defined "masculine" and "feminine" roles, and anyone who tries to explore the middle ground is playing with fire. A listen to "Man Enough To Be A Woman" on the new album will give you a glimpse of the pain and courage to be found in that area.

Wayne, as has been well publicised, is now undergoing a course of hormone treatment as part of a sex change process that probably won't be completed for another two years. I ask him what exactly the hormones do, and how much control he has over his final appearance.

"The hormones redistribute the weight, from a male shape to a female shape, and they soften the skin. And give you what is traditionally termed a feminine appearance. And you have full control — well, not full control, but pretty much.

"See, the hormones work differently on different people. Some people develop a large bust, others don't. And sometimes people who wanted a large bust have to get it cosmetically enlarged by silicone or whatever.

"But I'm not gonna get that done. Whatever the hormones give me, that's gonna be it. I'm gonna be very slim, just nicely shaped, a boyish look even. I like the boyish look, you know. I find that, ah, satisfactory."

I inquire if there have been any negative or unforeseen consequences.

"None whatsoever — well, the libido is down. You don't get sexually turned on while you're taking the hormones. Which is good, cos that way you judge what the person *is* instead of judging them by a sexual standard. I find it better. I like it."

But for two years?

"Supposedly, after a while the sex urge comes back, but never as strong as it was. But I'd rather have companionship than sexual partners anyway. Sexual partners really aren't that important to me. It's not a must in my life."

The obvious question is why have a sex change anyway. So I ask.

"It's no big thing for me. I mean, to give up the male side — that's a real relief."

What was so bad about being a man?

"The thing that made me most uncomfortable was that I never felt like a man anyway, and . . . it's hard to explain . . . one thing would be in my relationships with the males I'm romantically inclined towards, because I have a romantic side which is pretty much in the female role, but if the person I'm with is treating me as a male it's very upsetting and confusing for me. Is that clear? I'd rather males related towards me in the female role."

Well, what's so good about being a woman?

"It's an inner . . . . yearning . . . . which I can't explain. I've never heard anyone, any transexual, describe it. I can't explain why, but it hurts. I feel pain — it hurts me to have a male body, to be treated like a male. I'd rather have a female body. All I know is, I feel more comfortable if I'm physically a female.

"Since early childhood I've had a feeling of being *cheated*, I've always leaned towards the female role. It would have been easier if I'd been born a woman, much simpler, but I wasn't so I've had to do all these things myself. Which is unfortunate, but then I might not have turned out to be an entertainer. I might have just ended up a housewife married to some slob in Georgia."

So how important is rock'n'roll to you?

"Oh, making music is the most important thing for me. Basically, I guess my stance is freedom for the individual — people remaining open to change and being aware, you know, that kind of individualism is our most precious right, even if we sometimes have to organise to defend it — and for me rock'n'roll is a way of expessing it, keeping that spirit alive."

I SUSPECT that Wayne County could be the most revolutionary figure in the mainstream of modern rock'n'roll (but then, as you must have guessed by now, I'm also a Serious Person). There are contradictions — working in a capitalist industry, refusing to reveal his age — but every time Wayne County walks out on stage, it's a political act. The challenge he presents, the promise he offers, is that you too can take control over your own life. In the words of the song, you too can tell society to "Fuck Off".

There are just two things Wayne should do to protect his credibility — stop wearing silly hats, and steer well clear of Daniken-esque theories (he has a weakness for both). The last thing the word needs is someone in Erica Jong headgear singing about people from outer space.

Long may he rock'n'roll.

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THE SLITS may well have the most disorientatingly bedazzling collective visual of any group going right now. Yet having seen the group live some seven or eight times in their two years existence, the full sense-swerving visual impact was only truly forced home to me when one day last spring I chanced to witness the foursome walking down Oxford Street, causing all other pedestrians to step back in a heated display of awe, disgust and fear.

I stood unobserved, entranced by the spectacle, as the four of them — all wild bedraggled hair and heavy duty duds — made their majestic promenade down London's main shopping centre, putting the transient straights crossing their path under well heavy manners.

A delve into the memory bank brought forth an instant parallel flash-back of my first encounter with the New York Dolls' feisty entrance into the backstage perimeter of Wembley Stadium, when original drummer Billy Murcia was still in the land of the living (two days hence, his death would be duly announced).

The brazen camaraderie of the Dolls — their collective attitude of feisty precociousness, the definitive last gang in Mondo-land spectacle — interlocked almost perfectly.

But somehow even that Dolls comparison didn't quite suffice because, instead of glammed-up Manhattan reprobates, were these *girls*, for Chrissakes — not just another bunch of Mondo-boys in full military uniform stepping out.

No, the jolt was more akin to a much dimmer, far more abrasive similar encounter when I found myself, at an impressionable 12 years of age, backstage and in close proximity to The Rolling Stones, whose couldn't-give-a-shit attitude esconsed in the proverbial toilet of a dressing room was secondary only to their corporate 'look'.

Before this I'd mostly been used to milk-reared lads with greased-back hair and an amiable wide-boy demeanour. Now, all of a sudden, here were these degenerate yobs with an almost neanderthal look I'd never witnessed before . . . from the thick rubbery lips of Jagger to Keith Richard's resus monkey bone structure. And all that unkempt hair!

Yeah, that was more like it: total sensory disorientation . . . The Slits — with their colours aloft — imperiously blazing a trail of chaotic collective resolve — immaculately bedraggled in the territory of Lipstick Vogue a gogo, temps, secretaries, cheese-cloth blouses, and simpering femininity in full facile bloom.

Girls, you won my heart that day but then I was still something of a late-comer, all things considered.

IT WAS my girlfriend, in fact, who first saw the potential and made pilgrimages out to places like Brighton alongside other early Slits fans to see her new-found fave raves.

She loved their look, their attitude, the brittle, often anarchic performances (that to this day still persist), even when the sound would often degenerate into virtual aural torture with guitars wildly out of tune and lead singer Ariana, howling and yowling in a style that could be labelled merely puerile were it not so unbearable to behold.

Indeed, my feelings about the group have pretty accurately paralleled the reviews of other *NME* scribes.

In an early Slits review, Penny Reel gave the band a good verbal rousting for their peurile tendencies, and further salt was rubbed into the wound by the use of an unflattering photo of Ariana (also known as Ari-Up at the time) with the question "Is this woman a prat?" hanging over it.

The answer was in the most terse affirmative.

There followed, sporadically, slighting comments on the band, mixed, as time went on, with the odd review — a couple by yours truly — noting that the playing of guitarist Viv Albertine and drummer Palmolive had progressed sufficiently to provide some quotient of a 'sound' that could blossom into truly invigorating music, but that lead singer Ariana was still jinxing proceedings with her penchant for near-hysterical over-projection.

Finally the paper carried an all-out rave review a couple of months back after our esteemed editor Neil Spencer saw the band at the Music Machine, supporting the Rich Kids, and wrote:

"Their songs are full of surprising but unforced change — none of the current vogue among 'intelligent' young bands for stops and starts for their own sake — and while any lyrical power was largely discharged in the rather messy P.A. system, practically every number bristled with hooklines and enticing verbal bait."

Not everyone present, though, was to share Jah Spencer's views. Certain more experienced Slits watchers voiced an opinion almost exactly to the contrary — claiming that the group still hadn't progressed satisfactorily and were instead vaulting into dicey, slightly desperate territory.

This body of opinion was to be spearheded by comments from Siouxsie Banshee, for example, who told me that in her opinion The Slits — once a close kindred spirit to the Banshees and strong allies to boot, having conceived and executed their twin visions of commencing a band from the barest of musical ability but with a fearsome commitment to self-improvement — now seemed lost and closer, if anything, to the spirit of The Runaways.

Even my girlfriend thought they were lousy that night too.

And so it goes.

AN ACTUAL interview with The Slits has until now not been published in *NME* — first out of disinterest and then secondly because of Slits managerial intervention.

During the relatively short time when the group were tentatively involved with Malcolm McLaren's Glitterbest gestapo no publicity was desired whatsoever, although McLaren, betwixt heatedly working away at the corporate destinies of his No. 1 priority The Sex Pistols, *would* occasionally summon forth some hair-brained masterplan for the girls which subsequently would be rejected.

Then, after McLaren and The Slits parted company, their management was taken up by one Magenta DeVine and her boyfriend Allan — the former a surrogate 'Velda Daquiri' for an Aylesbury rock paper who was made a protegee of PR man Tony Brainsby.

The couple planned to get The Slits a record deal (their former rep for chaotic live performances had pretty much repelled all A & R men, although they gained a surprise shaft of credibility due to the unorthodox excellence of their recordings for the John Peel show).

A preliminary contract was worked up with Real Records' primo Dave Hill, with a one-off single of old Slits faves "So Tough" and the abrasive "New Town" as the coveted item. Then all of a sudden (or so it appeared to Ms. DeVine), Magenta and Allen's services were no longer required.

During The Rich Kids' support slot tour, The Slits had come in contact with Richard Boote who'd offered his services as ersatz tour manager, having nothing better to do at the time. Boote, however, was in fact a one-third partner in 'Swingbest' (no relation to 'Glitterbest') and he persuaded his partners Stuart Cole and Frank Silver to manage the band themselves.

Frank Silver is a 23-year-old businessman whose prior line of work, "cleaning the bogs at the Roundhouse", was suddenly curtailed when an old friend, Clive Langer, then the guitarist with Deaf School, offered him the job of generally tending to that group's affairs.

He managed Deaf School for two years, during which time no commercial success was forthcoming. Since then he and his colleagues have added Yachts to their rostrum alongside former Deaf School 'femme' Bette Bright, both having secured agreeable deals with Andrew Lauder's Radar Records.

Silver is full of optimism about the future of The Slits, stressing that remarks that "She hangs around with liggers and I don't! She goes to ligger parties and ligger clubs and generally consorts with people I wouldn't go near."

Where Mum Norah does command her daughter's respect is in the fact that "She's allowed me to do what I want, encouraged me to pursue this direction."

In fact Norah has been quite a helpful fixture in The Slits' struggle thus far, filling in between the plethora of managers the girls have found themselves working with.

"Oh God, before Frank Silver, we must have had at least ten managers. It was getting to a point that it was one a week. We've tried out everyone at one time or another — hangers-on, friends, associates, you name it."

There was Boogie, ex-Pistols roadie and current McLaren gofer, who, being the boyfriend of Kate, the original Slits' guitarist, was their first ersatz manager, recalls Ari, "though he never really managed us in any practical way at all," followed briefly by "a real slimer called Lenny" who was elbowed 'tout-sweet' once his unacceptable side was caught on display.

Roxy DJ and amateur punk historian of the videopack, Don Letts, next intervened and took on the gruelling task of seeing the girls through their support slot in The Clash's 'White Riot' tour. Then McLaren entered upon the scene to be followed in due course by Ms. Devine who I encountered the day after she'd been elbowed from The and when faced all together, their penchant for verbal extravagance is virtually non-existent. The short but memorable occasion when I was confronted by all four members is a baleful disaster-zone of non-committal vagueness, total disinterest (on the part of the aforementioned Tessa who remained mute throughout the entire dialogue) and a good old verbal aggro session to terminate proceedings.

Fortunately my original plan to interview the girls separately was adhered to and I'd already been doing the old one-to-one verbal with Ariana with fairly agreeable results.

ARIANA, or Ari as she prefers to be called, is the youngest Slit — 16, precocious, but strong-willed with it — her anarchic bush of uncombed hair and teenage skin problem doing little to disguise the finely-wrought features of a young woman. She lives in a modest flat with her mother Norah somewhere between Fulham and the King's Road. Her father, long estranged and divorced from Mum, is apparently a German banker, resident in Munich where Ari was born. Like other figures in the new wave, the predicament of being reared in a one-parent family is given an agreeable thumbs-up.

She speaks quite candidly about

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both parents; "I like my father a lot as long as I don't live with him. He's still very, uhm, good-hearted." Her mother, on the other hand, she considers herself living "a bit too close to" — an obvious reference to the fact that Norah keeps much the same company as her daughter, having her name linked socially with many of the 'new wave' boys, from Steve Jones at one time to Joe Strummer.

If not a unique state of affairs, the predicament of daughter and mother frequenting much the same scene seems a touch uncomfortable, I opine, recalling one Slits gig where Ari had bellowed into the mike, her stern German tones mingling with a near-Cockney slant to her grasp of English — "I am ze daughter of a bitch!"

She however sees nothing particularly inflammatory or even extraordinary in the statement. "It was just like me saying I'm a son of a bitch except I'm female," she says diffidently, with only a trace of coyness.

"We are exactly the opposite though I do have parts of her. That's all there is to it."

Conventional 'maternal respect' seems superficially absent from the relationship. Throughout our interview Ari keeps howling "Oh shut up Norah!" when her mother's voice starts to imprint itself on the cassette recorder from the kitchen and she re-emphasizes the gulf that exists between them when she dispairingly plenty of rehearsal time will iron out the technical shortcomings while at the same time a 'conducive' record deal is being looked for in order to gain financial support. The Dave Hill Real Records' offer has been nixed by Silver due to its stipulation for 'options' on future output, while the financial side of the deal, it's quietly stressed, wasn't up to scratch.

THE SLITS themselves seem content with Silver's managerial acumen, possibly because he's not into foisting his idea and concepts on the group in the way certain other parties did.

Tessa, the bass player — 19 and wearing her general disinterest in all press exposure like a shield — when virtually goaded into talking about the band's past flirtation with Malcolm McLaren, offers as an example of the latter's ideas for the band McLaren's masterplan that The Slits should sign up with Hansa, the German disco Mecca and, virtually dropping all previous ideas, become a four-piece vocal group backed presumably by the 'sturm and drang' of disco-motorik which made up our Malcolm's concept of subversive disco.

The rest of the group refuse to talk about the McLaren episode, claiming that nothing much of any consequence occurred anyway, aside from the Big M paying for desperately-needed rehearsals.

Indeed the group seem pretty unwilling to talk about the past at all Slits roost and whose vitriolic condemnation took the form of her being an aggrieved victim of the group's desire to go legit "and choose some brief-case toting straight instead of someone who really knew and cared what they were about."

Ari claims to at least appreciate DeVine's bitterness: "They did do a lot of work so I can understand, but their other commitments forced them away from providing us with exactly the back-up we desperately needed."

THE conversation turns to some of the many criticisms levelled against The Slits and against Ariana in particular. Her reputation for being a trouble-maker was fostered during the White Riot tour though she refuses to solely take the blame: "It was all of us, and more the way we looked than anything else." Ari herself chose to don Jubilee knickers over her slacks, causing the rubes out in the sticks where the White Riot tour made whistle-stops to shudder, forcing innumerable sudden hotel booking cancellations and the like.

"But then again," she continues, tackling the subject of criticisms levelled against her for behaving in a slightly puerile fashion when onstage, and often jeopardising the clout of The Slits' 'live experience', "I can be a real prat sometimes. But then so's everyone. Now and then.

"Anyway," she continues, "we can't afford to be naughty these days. We haven't got any money. As usual."

The only time she really seems to become enamoured with the interview is when I ask her if — at sixteen — she's still a virgin. "Ah . . . *that's* a good question," she retorts, seemingly relishing the reply. "No, I'm no longer a virgin. The first time was enjoyable but the second time was . . . oh it was hideous — really, really bad."

A predictable question about other groups as kindred spirits falls on predictably stoney ground.

"Even The Clash," she reckons, "well, they've tried but probably failed. The problem they're having with Bernie is justification for me to think that.

"And anyhow," she states, "I don't like movements. She scoffs slightly, giving vent to that old precociousness, "I mean, but God only knows if I weren't in The Slits, I wouldn't have *anything* to do with them!"

TESSA is an altogether different case. Moody looking, mute in company, at nineteen she's the second youngest and it's possibly the continued growing pains that make her seem so cold and hyper-apathetic to the press. After all, her first ever run-in with the media came gratis the hideous *News of the World*, who, as ever searching out the sensationalist angle, dragged together three all-girl punk bands including The Slits and Tessa's group of the time, The Castaways ("They only lasted two weeks," she remarks cynically). Except it's not really cynicism that Tessa seems so adamant about using as a shield — more a mixture of diffidence and impatience.

Her past history is that of convent schools and public schools (she left at 16 — the earliest possible opportunity) having been brought up in the Catholic faith. "I should refer to you as lapsed Catholic then," I enquire mildly. She nods her head with all the diffidence she can muster.

Besides the aforestated McLaren Hansa snippet (which I virtually had to drag out of her) and her informing me of the songs she'd instigated — "Vaseline" and a new item entitled "The Face Place" — which she says is about all the phoney things girls go through when making up their faces — she only lapses from lethargy when I mention that I've felt that The Slits' sound is too often one-dimensional.

Here she misinterprets the word I've used and fairly freaks until drummer Palmolive, who's just entered the room in readiness for her verbal one-to-one, intervenes on my behalf, agreeing in part with my criticism. It is revealed that Ariana will in future probably be playing a form of keyboards onstage, adding a much needed extra texture to their sound.

PALMOLIVE makes a refreshing change from Tessa's terse uncooperative stance.

A genuinely likeable 23-year-old (an age both she and guitarist Viv Albertine share, granting them a more worldly ambience and no-nonsense amiability) she's of Spanish descent (though born in Africa) and only moved to London some four years back when she ended up in the same squat as Joe Strummer's 101'ers. In fact, it was 101'ers drummer Richard who first got her excited about playing the traps.

Like Viv, Palmolive (her nickname comes from Paul Simonon's inability to pronounce her real name, Paloma) got her brief baptism when she was employed by Sid Vicious in his nascent Flowers of Romance — which, though it never got round to playing a gig, also featured in its ranks from time to time Banshees' drummer Kenny Morris, Viv Albertine and Keith Levine. In fact Palmolive was unceremonially booted out by Albertine and Vicious, although the former was also soon to suffer the same ignominious fate.

Palmolive recalls her first meeting with Ariana at an unspecified gig where the idea of a group was discussed, even though the drummer considered Ari's look to be disconcertingly 'straight' at the time. Reminiscences of that first Harlesden gig, claims Palmolive, are tinged not with the stage fright of a first shot but the sheer exhilaration of the performance itself.

It was after Harlesden that Vivien joined the group, proving an infinitely more judicious choice than the previous player, Kate. Perhaps the most accomplished player, Viv Albertine's guitar interlocking with Palmolive's dervish thrash provides the band with its muscle, while each member contributes her own songs and ideas.

There's Albertine's "Love and Romance" at one extreme — a sly put-down of the phony idyll of women's 'true love' comics, through to the grisly "New Town" — a collective enterprise — where the deadening thud of the percussion chimes out the boredom and pent-up frustration of urban building projects.

THE SLITS right now have the grand total of thirteen songs.

When approached together they act feisty about the supposed need for this article. "We didn't ask you to write about us you know," is their recurrent attack — and it goes beyond the typical we-don't-give-a-shit pose adopted by so many. To them the past is boring and the present is tentative, too tentative for anyone to really dig into anything of real substance. As far as they're concerned they've only just begun and it's the future that's important, though God knows what may arise.

Girls who've taken to playing in new wave bands have had an oft-blighted history this last year or two. Poly Styrene is only just back from a term in the abyss of mental confusion and a nervous breakdown while other once promising aggregations like Snatch fell apart as soon as the tough realities of rock'n'roll life (i.e. touring) started impinging themselves on their candy-coloured lip-gloss dreams of instant stardom.

The Runaways are struggling away, although the once svengali presence of Kim Fowley in their past will always stand as one too many skeletons in the closet for my comfort.

But then there's Siouxsie with her granite-hard resolve, beating a path up the charts with "Hong Kong Garden", and the latter's remarks aside I'm a believer in The Slits. Talking to Silver about The Slits, he constantly reiterates that he sees the group as no flash-in-the-pan-wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am but a group with clenched fist lasting power. "It's a project we're viewing as lasting years," he says — and I believe him, because The Slits need each other, belong together and fit together more than even the Pistols did.

So there's only thirteen songs. But they're good songs.

Finally I asked Ariana how close the band were socially and in terms of sheer commitment to the job of self-improvement.

"Oh — close," she said. "Very, very close."

The Shangri-Las would be proud of them.

ENT on
aifs in town

SILVER SCREEN on location

The rambling expanse of the Pinewood lot. (Inset) CHRISTOPHER REEVE dresses up as Superman.

YOUR NME *Silver Screen* scribes were recently afforded the pleasure of a guided tour around Pinewood Studios — the largest and best film lot in Britain — a golden opportunity to peer behind the celluloid fantasy and look at the works.

A fascinating experience it was, too. Pinewood is a 100-acre estate comprising a whole selection of sound stages, cutting rooms, projection theatres, special effects laboratories, craft workshops and numerable other facilities which make it a premier workplace for movie people at all levels of the industry.

The studio's nucleus is a stately mansion, Heatherden Hall, bought around the turn of the century by a Canadian financier who turned it into a baronial retreat for politicians and diplomats. On his demise Charles Boot, a builder with a dream of establishing a film studio, bought the property and, with a fat bankroll from Lord Rank, succeeded in making dreams into reality — a function the studio continues to this day.

Our tour guide was Tommy, a veteran of the establishment with some 40 years experience, who conducted us through the twisting innards of this self-contained world. Passing through a long, sunlit corridor, seen in many a *Carry On* movie, we find ourselves in one of the large sound stages filled with a set for the new Walt Disney movie *A Spaceman In The Court of King Arthur.*

From behind it's just a mass of woodwork but turn the corner and suddenly you're standing in a perfect replica of a medieval banqueting hall. The craftsmanship is staggering, the solid realistic stone walls being merely painted hessian mounted on a wooden framework — and all constructed in under six weeks.

On the next sound stage, suddenly we're in a world of craggy rock faces, being sculptured by a team of craftsmen for *Arabian Adventure.* Plasterers are busily contouring the large set while a sculptor moulds styrofoam blocks into an ancient statue.

We pass through endless workshops until the brain begins to numb. In one corner are the rock workers, in another the fibreglass men. In the carpentry shop there are antique chairs, a wooden mock-up of the nose of a 747, an Edwardian train carriage destined for TV's *Sexton Blake,* while on the drawing board are detailed blueprints for the inside of a Demon's Head.

Out in the fresh air again, we pass by a rotting statue of Jules Verne from some long-lost production, a now-abandoned torso of the Statue of Liberty and the detritus of a thousand past productions. Memories are short here when there's always a new project to be working on. We see the vast outdoor water tank where a million movie vessels have floundered — by which time feet are aching, stomachs are rumbling and throats are dry.

During lunch you can't help but notice that Sean Connery's three tables down while behind us "Superman" Christopher Reeve — a beefy Valentino in black track suit — chats with his director, *Omen*-man Richard Donner. (Trivia buffs might note that Reeve ate two helpings of veal escallope but had difficulty moving the table).

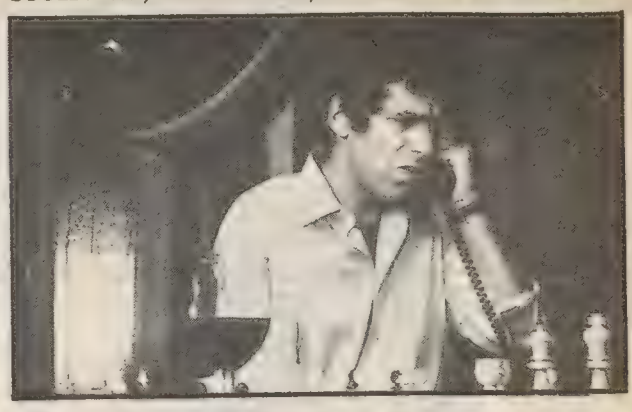
Lunch over, we have a brief chance to watch a scene from *Arabian Adventure* being filmed. While star Oliver Tobias mooches around in the background, two Byzantine villains perch precariously on a carpet mounted on a moving hydraulic hoist — while large fans front and back create the illusion of gale force winds.

The huge crew adjust camera angles, bellow lighting instructions, adjust loose threads, tone up makeup and generally scurry around for twenty minutes before all is ready. The hoist judders, the fans blow, the actors wave their scimitars menacingly as the flying carpet carries them over the city walls — and another ten seconds of film are in the can. God, it's a long, hard grind.

You'd need a month at Pinewood to see it all. While we were there *Superman Part II* was being shot, as was the new 007 adventure, but both on closed sets. You can be sure we'll be going back for further looksees in the year to come.

Dick Tracy

GOULD: "Why doncha come up and shoot me sometime . . .?"



The Silent Partner

Directed by
Daryl Duke
Starring Elliott Gould, Christopher Plummer and Susannah York
(Enterprise Pictures)

ANYONE WHO relishes the rare thriller where the cast aim brains rather than guns at each other will find *The Silent Partner* right up his alley. Concerned neither with ice bullets nor getaway cars that fit like a nest of tables in a pantechnicon, the plotting is nonetheless the work of a fiendish brainiac — screenplay Curtis Hanson — whose toe I shall assiduously avoid stepping on.

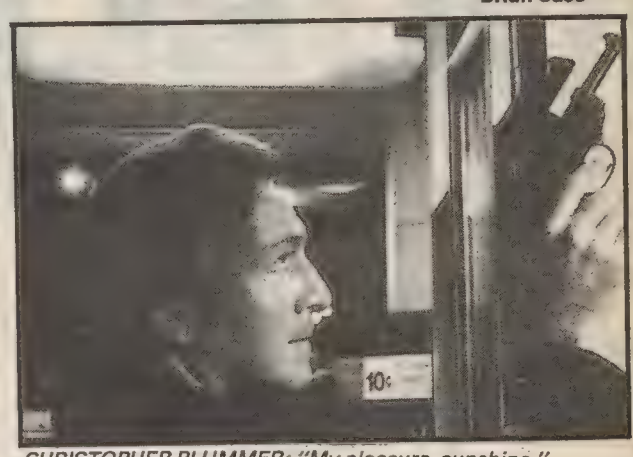
The opening will do as an example. Bank teller Elliott Gould suspects that the innocent seeming Father Christmas (Christopher Plummer) dispensing toys and tousles outside, is fixing to knock over the bank. He transfers fifty grand to his briefcase, and waits for Santa's stick-up to cover his crime. Counting his petty haul, the Yule Yegg discovers that he has the credit, though not the substance, for a major heist — and being a psychopathic sadist, decides that Gould's telling days are numbered.

From here on it's cross and double-cross, parry and feint, as the two try to outsmart each other. Clues are neatly planted and duly activated so that the mind is forever travelling backwards and forwards in time — aha, so that's why they were talking about cement!

The only weak link in this Swiss watch of a movie is the performance of Elliott Gould. Starting off mousily — his hobby is tropical fish — he is required to grow in confidence and desirability as the contest intensifies. Unfortunately, his style is so mannered that he seems to act between quotes, like a man trying to deny his involvement. Altman can use him, Godard probably could, but there's no room for gangling loutishness on this tight ship.

Plummer is fine, and his menace doesn't need the mucky bit of bolstering where he saws a girl's head off against the broken glass of an aquarium; come to think of it, I didn't need it either. That apart, compulsive viewing.

Brian Case



CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER: "My pleasure, sunshine."

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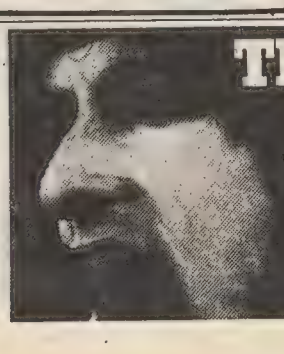

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STIFF'S HALL OF INFAMY — SHORT AND NOT SO SWEET

RACHEL SWEET
Fool Around (Stiff)

I LIKE GIRLS who sing songs for girls because *boys* don't bother.

One pair who care are songwriter Liam Sternberg and Rachel Sweet, 16-year-old Akron girl. Born of religious parents, that singular American hypocrisy found Rachel onstage at five, in commercials at eight and in Reno by 10. In 1977, she got to number 94 in the U.S. country charts.

In 1977, young people other than rock stars' kid brothers were going into rock'n'roll for the first time in years, and little, out-of-the-way places — Manchester, even Great Britain itself — were being paged in a big way. Liam Sternberg, king-pin of Akrock, asked his neighbour Rachel Sweet over to his studio where he wrote, produced and delivered two of her tracks — "Truckstop Queen" and "Tourist Boys" — to Stiff Records.

Akron, Ohio, rubber centre of the USA had by this time — what with Devo and Pere Ubu and all — become the toast of Trendsvaal. Stiff Records, short of ideas, went along with Sternberg's brain-child "The Akron Compilation", half the tracks of which were written and produced by him.

Released in 1978, it was largely dismissed by public and press — exceptions being Jane Aire and Rachel Sweet, both total vehicles to Sternberg's ambition and fair little slices/voices in their own right.

This album, cut in August by Sternberg's studio, produced, two thirds written and bassed, guitared and keyboarded by him, sounds rushed — i.e. Stiff's desperation is showing.

Sternberg writes elusive, sinister, brash rather than commercial songs — a great writer in the modern way, ideal for Sweet's old-fashioned prettiest baby warble.

Four tracks are covers: Will Birch's "Pin A Medal On Mary" and Costello's "Stranger In The House" are deadly weak fillers, but the two old soul cuts — "B.A.B.Y." and "Stay Awhile" — are great stuff, strained Spectoresque fine-art, Rachel sounding like a small black Ronette. The remaining cuts vary from the mediocre ("Cuckoo Clock" and "Girl With A Synthesizer", madcap psychedelia hopefully more abberation than experimentation on Sternberg's part) to the rest, where Rachel Sweet's rosy future lies — gritty, languid, country-swing-torch songs.

"It's So Different Here" is jazzy, soft "Marrakesh Express" scenery explored in slow-motion; "Wildwood Saloon" is a plaintive, sleazy, falling - off - a - barstool - into - the - arms - of - a - cowboy ballad; "Just My Style", "Who Does Lisa Like?" and "Suspended Animation" are swoony boy-mad teenage schemes, dates and daydreams, harsh high-school bitching. The last three really swing in a Sparksesque kind of way, Rachel and Sternberg utilising Roxy Music, country music and '50s-Ettes in a way that makes Debbie Harry look like the hopelessly dated hippie hula-hoop she is.

A tiny girl with a tousled, teenage beauty, Rachel Sweet can sound twenty-seven or twelve — she's the actress Sternberg wrote about for Jane Aire. She sings tarnished songs in a seen-it-all voice and looks like she's just discovered there's another gender on earth and is mapping out her *every step* from now on — she sings like a girl re-incarnated.

From her name to her height to her age to her face to her voice, everything is working for Rachel Sweet. Her only enemy seems to be Stiff, who are using her career as a wheelchair-ramp for the benefit of their eternal coterie of old pub-rock drinking-buddies losers' careers.

Julie Burchill

WRECKLESS ERIC
The Wonderful World Of Wreckless Eric (Stiff)

YOU COULD say Wreckless Eric was a reheated Stiff. A veteran of the last package tour, his amiable, shambling presentation was eclipsed then by the bug-eyed intensity of E. Costello and the leering showmanship of I. Dury. He didn't have so many good songs, either.

The new album will relieve that problem. It's one of those collections which inexplicably has one side (this time, the second) far superior to the other. The magnificent saxophone of Davy Payne, which stole the glory on Wreckless' first album, has gone now and the dirty R&B feel it imparted is replaced by a more commercial, rough-edged pop — lots of jangling, crashing guitars and bubblegum organ, which work extremely well on the reggae and pop numbers, but flag slightly on the tougher rock'n'roll tracks.

Side one starts promisingly with "Walking On The Surface Of The Moon", but the rest is downhill. "Take The Cash" and "Veronica" are unexceptional, Tommy Roe's "Dizzy" doesn't deserve the time lavished on it here, and "Roll Over Rock-ola" is a re-write of "Roll Over Beethoven" that merely suffers by comparison.

Flip the disc, though, and all is suddenly sweetness and light. "I Wish It Would Rain" beautifully conjures up the tension before a thunderstorm, and comes complete with cymbal-crashing thunderclaps. "The Final Taxi" has Eric chortling on about hearses to a catchy reggae tune and amusing backing vocals from the choir of the Latter Day Church of Non-Believers. And "Let's Go To The Pictures" celebrates bad films with an enthusiasm and clarity which puts *Time Out* to shame.

"Girlfriend" is just glorious. A muted reggae rhythm again, while Wreckless cajoles and threatens a mate to reveal all about his girlfriend, 'cos he wants to steal her away.

The album closes with Buddy Holly's "Crying, Waiting, Hoping", spoiled by a fussy, self-conscious arrangement which throws in a bass voice "choir", hand-claps, echo, *and* a Spanish guitar solo.

Wreckless Eric reminds me of a Billy Liar who has actually come to London and made it. Shrewd, funny, a bit of a dreamer — he excels in black comedy and in celebrating the everyday, but there's little emotional commitment in his songs.

Graham Lock

MICKEY JUPP
Juppanese (Stiff)

MICKEY JUPP has always been nearly famous, and even then it's been by default.

A native of Southend, Jupp is something of a local folk hero, leastways with them ol' Kursaal Flyers and Dr Feelgood.

Legend was Jupp's turn of the '70s vehicle on which he, and many admirers, hoped he'd hitch a ride to the big lights. With one bona fide English rock goodie ticked off, Jupp paved the way for a second generation of aspirant pub rockers. History took its inevitable course and it seemed like everyone had a slice of the action except Mickey.

"Juppanese" maintains the man's studio appeal quite nicely though I don't think he's been seen to advantage in a live setting, yet.

Side one utilises the production of Nick Lowe and the instrumental assistance of Rockpile. As with all Jupp's best stuff, the songs are whimsical, witty, sad, blunt, dependable like an English Sunday afternoon.

The songs keep to a healthy formula — sex and rock'n'roll (drugs open to interpretation). Jupp has a well tuned sardonic grasp of the fantasy and the reality, whether it be a lodestone relationship ("Making Friends") or the perils of showbiz promise ("If Only Mother," "Old Rock 'n' Roller").

Side two is not as consistlently attractive. Production shifts to Gary Brooker (of vestal virgins fame) and a band comprising Chris Spedding, Bruce Lynch, Dave Mattacks and Brooker on keyboards. No doubt that it's a fine combination but the material is slightly weaker. "Pilot" and "Partir C'Est Mourir Un Peu" come over like outakes from an Elton John / Paul McCartney bash, rather feeble, impersonal slices of schmaltz. Much better are the uptempo "S.P.Y.", where Jupp takes on Bob Seger and the international secret services with aplomb, and "The Ballad Of Billy Bonney"; here his facility with the emotive power of language is clean and untrammeled by pointless moralising.

Max Bell

(Why not cut out and keep this silly picture, trivia fans, and show it to the participants in a year's time?)

LENE LOVICH
Stateless (Stiff)

THE COLD POLE. And you'll never get over how the opening "Lucky Number" makes it impossible to see "Stateless" as anything other than a cold, unfriendly elpee. So why has such a warm, swinging person as your reviewer played it (well most of it) four times in one morning? Why do Popes keep stopping stone dead?

Ms Lovich's voice ain't so hot, kind of female Geldof with more hiccups than a pint of Andrews, but thankfully it's neither whacky nor foul with over-contrived phrasing or vocal posing. She plays adequate sax, too.

"Lucky Number" had me racing to the amp to see who had been turning down the bass while I was out. But no, that *is* how the guitar's supposed to be and the production lies flat on its back for the rest of the set. Still, with repeated playing, the good tracks become great, the fair go good, and the bad unplayable.

"One In A Million" is firmly in the kooky showbiz field — as practiced by the loathsome Little Nell, with a bassline like when the clowns leave a circus ring, and her single — The Rubinoos' "I Think We're Alone Now" — remains a pointless re-run of an overworked song. It's unfortunate that these two fillers should close side two because the rest of the side is unreservedly recommended.

Starting with "Tonight," we get three pure joy winners.

The hook on "Telepathy" had me in one, and for now it stands as runner-up best track.

Winner is "Home": *"Home is where the heart is / Home is so remote / Home is just emotion sticking in my throat / Home is how to swallow / Home is like a rock / Home is good clean living / Home is . . . I forget, Let's go to YOUR place . . ."*

An excellent cut and the best time to introduce Lene's song writer, long-time companion and, I suspect, the album's co-stoker — Les Chappell (he of the cue-ball bonce).

Without cutting any throats, "Stateless" is far preferable to, say, Blondie's last two thirty-threes (no comparison intended). Despite some gaping flaws and the not insubstantial effort required from the listener, you can't help but give Lene the benefit of the doubt on this debut. What with her widow's black lace shawl chic and all . . .

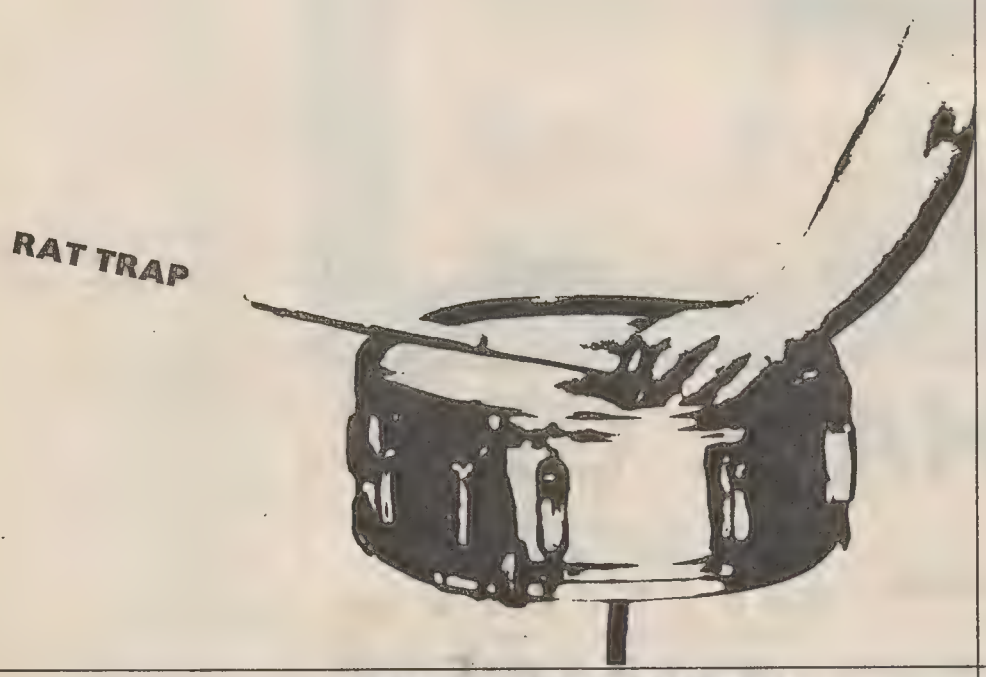
Danny Baker

Stiffs continue page 37

BOB GELDOF/**THE BOOMTOWN RATS**

JOHNNIE FINGERS/**THE BOOMTOWN RATS**

SIMON CROWE/**THE BOOMTOWN RATS**



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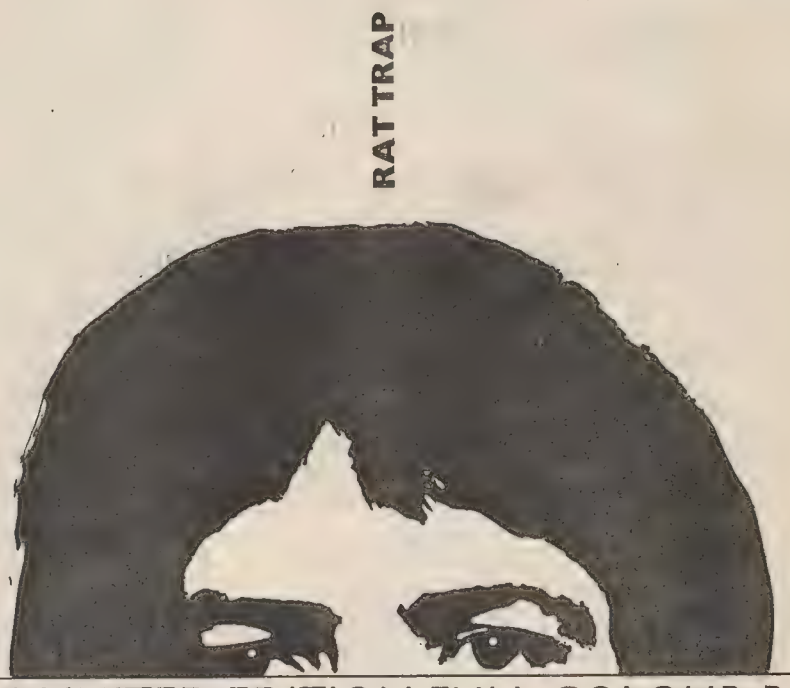

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● Last of Stiffs, from page 35

JONA LEWIE
On The Other Hand There's A Fist (Stiff)

JONA LEWIE started in revivalist, quaint cabaret rockaboogie, went through a solo period of suspended 'cult' animation (two obscure singles plugged by Gillett on *Honky Tonk),* to arrive at — what else?

A very stiff, yellow album, with twelve of those kind of songs you always wish you could hear on the radio during the summer months. Plastic, buzzy, busy songs, whose jangly, jumbly jokes and hooks catch in our nerves without fail.

Most of them launch off that R & B shuffle beloved of Roogalator, early Mungo Jerry and Terry Dactyl and the Dinosaurs, not to mention Brett Marvin and The Thunderbolts ('cos I've never heard them).

They're all very short, cuddly, packed with surprising noises, and Lewie sings in a collapsed, snuffling drunken R & B whine which sounds rather like Randy Newman underwater.

But put them all on an album? What a pointless procedure, how boring and adult. An ornament for your mantelpiece. Just oodles of doodles. I've got a single I got given as a kiddie for Christmas 1964. It's called "I'm Gonna Spend My Christmas With A Dalek" and it's by The Go Gos (the Oriole label, probably deleted), and it sounds just like Jona Lewie *(and* Rachel Sweet) — except, in its innocent way, it's a lot funnier.

Crackerjack! Jona Lewie, Jonothan King, The Residents, Todd Rundgren, Godley & Creme, Nick Lowe — what's the difference? At this rate Sylvia and Gerry Anderson will be leading us into the 21st Century (a joke, haha).

Ian Penman

AGONY AND XTC

Man of the Week ANDY PARTRIDGE. Pic PENNIE SMITH

XTC
Go 2 (Virgin)

IT WOULD take more words than I've got available to put across the full scope of XTC's current campaign. Not only are they releasing this 12-track album as well as a single *not included on the LP,* but there is also a five-track EP of LP track dubs which comes free with the first 150,000 copies of "Go 2" and then goes on sale in its own right.

If you can get the EP "Go Plus" free with the album, grab it — it is far more than just a rerun of five tracks with instruments faded in and out. The difference between originals and dubs is emphasized by retitling — "The Rhythm" becomes "Kill The Beast", for instance — and some of the tracks are so transformed that it's an entertainment in itself just working out which is which. I won't spoil it. . .

In fact, working out what's going on is a major part of XTC's appeal — from sussing the lyrics to discovering how to fit the sleeve and insert together. It's not lavish; simply painstaking. Everything has to count.

At first sight, "Go 2" is so camouflaged beneath XTC's patent mask of internal jokes, clinking and clanking riffs, discordant effects, slurred vocals and so on, that it appears positively pretentious, the 'weirdness' gratuitous.

First impressions are often wrong.

"Go 2" is a gem. It establishes XTC firmly among the best groups in the country, yet it bears no relation to anything else around. In particular, Andy Partridge emerges as a truly brilliant writer and performer. His were by far the best songs on "White Music" — "Radios In Motion", "This Is Pop", "Statue Of Liberty", "Atom Age", "New Town Animal" — and he repeats that standard here, and once or twice even betters it.

The first cut, in fact, is the deepest. The very title "Meccanik Dancing" is inspired, binding together the two strangely contradictory sides of disco — *Mecca* representing the lusty, local pick-up spot aspect, *mechanik* representing European technology: the one highly personalised, the other equally *de*personalised.

The song reflects this dichotomy — archetypal squeaky metallic XTC riffs supporting Partridge's tale of how he goes to the disco at the weekend to get some booze down him and pluck up the courage to pick up a bird.

Musically it's an astonishing performance too — those robot riffs followed totally naturally by driving, yearning chord lines *("Can't wait until the weekend comes. . .")*, the whole dazzling *tour de force* rounded off at the very end by a line of "La la la la" harmonies which add the final dash of ecstasy to all the lusting and tension that's come before.

Unreservedly, a masterpiece in 155 seconds flat.

Partridge's concern with alienation, previously witnessed in "Atom Age" and "New Town Animal", is also to the fore in the second (and second best) track, "Battery Brides". If he wanted to prove his versatility, he couldn't have done better than to follow the itchy excitability of "Meccanik Dancing" with this bizarre, soft, mesmeric cut which winds up from a slowed down bass-line into a whispered account of dead-end life.

"She left school with a million others/Worked in a store part-time/She dreams of a husband and a lover/Doesn't realise she's on a production line/Of battery brides. . ."

These two tracks are so good it's really hard to stop playing them over and get onto the rest of the album. But we must force ourselves. . .

First, an overview. The band's performance never slips from a level of sophistication, assurance and sheer gleeful intelligence that's a joy to behold. The rhythm section of Colin Moulding's bass and Terry Chambers' dazzling drumming, allied to Barry Andrews' witty keyboards and Partridge's superlative scrawny guitarwork, puts XTC light-years ahead of all rivals.

Unfortunately, the songs don't always match up.

The next three tracks are all Colin Moulding tunes. "Buzzcity Talking" is everyday XTC — clever, but not terribly likeable. "Crowded Room" falls into the same category.

But "The Rhythm" is something else entirely. Imagine "The Name Of The Game" turned on its head and performed by androids and you're getting there. It's another awesome display of versatility, each part superficially detached but slotted together like mechanik Meccano — brilliant.

The side finishes powerfully on Partridge's frantic, absurdly exhilarating "Red", whose subject eludes me.

"Beatown" opens the other side with Chambers and Moulding playing backwards, an almost punk rock verse, sneaky guitar from Partridge, hints of the dub fixation in the phased fade-down.

That's followed by Partridge's strangest song, "Life Is Good In The Greenhouse", a surreal incantation of defiance and retreat which works despite the bizarre church-like atmosphere and even odder lyrics.

The side finishes halfway through for me with Partridge's hell-for-leather jokey indictment of religion, "Jumping In Gomorrah" — *"J-U-M-P-I-N-G, jumping in Gororrah, I'm religion-free. . ."* Another superb guitar break, but nothing on this side matches the best of side one.

I'd prefer to forget the final three tracks. "My Weapon" sees Barry Andrews make his composing debut, and if the childish, woman-hating spite of *"She tries to justify the people who despise me/She puts her finger on the things she knows will hurt/And I can't defend myself till we turn out the lights/Then I take it out on her with my weapon"* is the best he can do, I'd rather he hadn't bothered. It's also a musical disaster area compared to the rest of the album. So much for democracy. It's a pathetic track.

My record player jumps in several key places on Andrews' other offering, a reggae called "Super-Tuff" which deals with either a fight or a rape scene. I trust the machine's discretion.

Maybe it's hard luck for Colin Moulding to have "I Am The Audience" stuck at the end after that, but I distrust the title and can't make out the words anyway.

Still, I wouldn't like those reservations to obscure the surprise and enjoyment the rest of the album holds in store. It's an extraordinary record.

Andy Partridge is hereby elected person of the week.

Phil McNeill

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TIM CURRY
Read My Lips (A&M)
VINCE CADILLAC
Modern Boy (Satril)

DEAR BLOSSOMS, I know the price albums are and I would never advise you, gross and often irresponsible though I often am, to buy an album for just one track no matter how nerve-racking, but if you lurk near one of those record stores where they let you hear records on headphones after you've told the necessary fib — that it's all Lombard Street to a liquorice stick and you'll buy the thing — then go along and ask to hear side two of Vince Cadillac's "Modern Boy", and specifically the first track, "She's A Model".

"I'm just a modern boy living in the modern world / She's a model of a typically modern girl / And I love her!"

Written by Tony Todd, who also plays guitar on the album (far too 'raunchily' and 'heavily', I think), this song won't ever happen again — so PLEASE, Satril, stick it out as a little single record! Vince Cadillac sounds about 12 against a tune that goes like the Grand National gone glam and taken at a flitty gallop — this is a GREAT song, so HAPPY!!

Musically sparse, thin, tinkly and cheapo, the album holds only one other hint of big talent in "Memory Lane": bubbabubbabubba yeahyeahyeah Roxy Music first has a drink with the REAL pubrock crowd, the over-40s. That's good.

The rest of the album don't stink like the Tim Curry horro, but it is miserably mediocre, an album of possible B-sides to the two great tracks (I hope). So, Ultravox and Vibrators, stick all your little artificial 'dehumanised' neuroses, because "She's A Model" is a much better sketch of the Modern World/Music/Dance as it should turn out. Y'all made the pattern up the wrong way, fools, just like Alison did in Alan Garner's *The Owl Service!*

Phew!!!! Don't worry, just throw the Tim Curry at me and I'll sober up quicker than you can count Bob Marley's braincells. It's horribly '60s (just like Tim Curry himself), and someone obviously reckons the way to sound cool and trendy is to cut the heaviest of HM versions of everything. Curry makes Rush sound like Barbara Dickson. Should be shot, etc.

Under the heavy hand of Bob "Lou, Kiss and Alice" Ezrin, Curry (so good in *City Sugar* and so bad in *The Rocky Horror Show* and *Will Shakespeare*, proving conclusively that an actor is only as good as his script) slays Joni Mitchell's "All I want", The Beatles' "I Will", The Move's "Brontosaurus" and the Scottish folksong "Wake Nicodemus" — not that I care about any of those.

But when it comes to Irving Berlin's "Harlem On My Mind" and, hot damn!!, Bacharach and David's "Anyone Who Had A Heart", I get to feel like Jack Ruby pretended he felt. I honestly believe there should be some kind of minor law which prevents people from covering Sammy Kahn, Tim Buckley and Bacharach/David songs. I think it's time we realised there ARE certain things that are sacred — I reckon it's time for a resurgence of RESPECT.

So sod Tim for a lark. I don't like him. Nils "Has Been And Even Then Not Very Much" Lofgren plays accordion, so he can stand him. Curry simply sounds like any dumb shyster first time in a studio, bothered and bewildered but appallingly unbewitched.

Bob Ezrin, though, is blind to his boy's faults: "He has instant charisma . . . raw, sinister power."

He should have set Tim up in a love nest and saved vinyl.

Julie Burchill

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Best Dressed Chicken In Town (Greensleeves).

INTRODUCING THE august surgeon of ital nourishment on a ten track album of selected singles dating from 1973-6.

Two years ago, myself and a few friends used to have hysterical all night Alimantado sessions, pooling our collections of the good doctor's JA 45s for the occasion, while the intern himself peered beautifically at our collective madness from an enlarged portrait of his extra classic pose (now housed in the *NME* Ministry of Truth archives). These times rate among the highspots of my involvement with reggae music.

Since then Tado has suffered his fateful encounter with an omnibus, settled in the UK, and the surgeon general has determined that exposure to Winston Thompson can be harmful to your health (look what it did to John Lydon). The only advice I can offer is get damaged; and here's as good a place to begin as any.

The set opens with the electronic *skenga* title track, a reprise of which occurs on "Plead I Cause" — both titles based on the "Ain't No Sunshine" theme. A third version, "Oil Crisis", is sadly not included here. Featuring speeded up tapes and an array of the most manic experiences ever committed to wax, "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" still rates as Tado's classic performance and might be claimed as being worth the price of the LP by itself.

Another rhythm that crops up twice on this album is Horace Andy's version of John Holt's "I've Got To Get Away", transposed into the topical 1975 "Poison Flour" lament, plus its original B-side "I Shall Fear No Evil". "Poison Flour" rates with "Chant To Jah", "Still Alive" and "Gimme Mi Gun" as containing the funniest of spoken introductions in the whole catalogue of DJ toasts.

"Gimme Mi Gun" is of course included. In spite of its questionable subject matter — dealt with more fully in Julie Burchill's recent Reichian analysis of Rick Derringer's LP — the tune is powerful, feeling and very amusing, based on Gregory Isaac's "Thief A Man". Tado's plea for self-defence can almost be excused in lieu of the outrageous lyric. Certainly, US new wave group Son Of Sam think so; apparently, they include it in their stage repertoire.

Stylistically Dr. Alimantado resembles the early work of Big Youth, but in spirit he is much closer to Captain Beefheart. The rare Upsetter track "Ride On" included here invariably puts me in mind of "Moonlight In Vermont" from Beefheart's "Trout Mask" album.

Omissions include "Oil Crisis", "Cho", "Return Of Mohamad Ali", "Ride On Brother", "Chant To Jah" and "Jah Jah Gret". Even so, I must nominate "Best Dressed Chicken In Town" one of the great toast albums in view of the pleasure the majority of its material has given me in the past. And I don't check for fally dally, dilly dally, I and I and I and I and I . . .

Penny Reel

'Ere's looking at 'im . . .

Pic: DAVE HENDLEY

SMART SUITS . . .

THE PARASITES OF THE WESTERN WORLD
The Parasites Of The Western World (Criminal Import)

WHAT IS this strange noise in my headphones? It's American, of course, and naturally, I can't dance to it.

So take your stagnant nation to die somewhere else, don't leach me. I want a soundtrack which completely circumvents the notion of 'image'. I want music which does likewise with 'statement'. I want to be able to dance to both of them.

Here come The Parasites Of The Western World (yes, I know Devo and The Bee Gees are one and the same, but this isn't they).

The Parasites are from Oregon. They are what I would call Valid Rubbish. They employ the same formulae as The Residents: they sound like Cliff Richard and The Shadows recorded between radio transmitter and radio.

Terry Censky, Patrick Burke and Mark Weatherford "are" The Parasites, and they make pointless, poignant, pointillistic Pop.

Alternately tinny and buoyant, shredded, murky, even acoustic — who can resist the slow, mangled, subconscious hook of "You Must Be Joe King" *("I watch the cheap girls as they watch the cheap guys/They're dancing to the Doobies' beat/Hard pressed for hard rock they retreat too soon/Their noodle minds are incomplete")* or the subdued mayhem of "God Or Just A Slow Breeze" *("Was it snow or just the last day/Of the first day of rain/I met you in the wrong appartment yesterday")?*

They juggle with jagged, jumbly instrumentals, including a humid, processed reading of The Fat Four's "Flying" and originals such as the shuffling "Funeral For A Mouse" and the sniffling, prickly "Alienending".

Get down get down get down get down . . .

Ian Penman

. . . at you . . .

. . STRANGENESS . .

VIVIAN STANSHALL
Sir Henry at Rawlinson End (Charisma)

FANCY A drink? How about a quick one or five in The Fool and Bladder? But have a care who you choose as your drinking companion.

It could be bluff, bucolic old Sir Henry defacing *Readers Digest* with his still sharp boar's tusks or Baron Tossedoff the ruined Pole or boring Reg Smeeton ("do you know there is no proper word for the back of the knees?") or Scrotum the gnarled family retainer or Hubert Rawlinson (Family motto "Omnes blotto") in his mid-40s and still unusual. Or indeed it could be any one of the myriad characters Viv Stanshall has taken pains to create for your pleasure.

Finally, after a five year lull and for the benefit of posterity, Stanshall has managed to gather the inhabitants of Rawlinson End (up till now confined to his mind and the occasional radio session courtesy of the visionary benevolence of John Peel) onto record and created a world, dear reader, for you to revel in.

Our elder readers may recall a memorable bunch called The Bonzo Dog Band and it was on the Bonzos' last album, "Let's Make Up and Be Friendly" that Stanshall's English-as-tuppence world first filtered through, by way of a 10 minute saga introducing sundry Rawlinsons and unspeakable Maynards. And now, at last, Charisma have the taste to release an hour's worth of Rawlinsonia as a testimony to Stanshall's wayward genius.

It's not a 'comedy' album as such, it's not a 'concept' album either, it's Stanshall threading a narrative together with just the apposite phrase and a host of one-liners that would get even NME sub-editors chuckling.

Stanshall acts as the demented puppet master, pulling the strings on a gallery of characters; every voice you hear is his, complete with songs ranging from cod Wurzels to archetypal Noel Coward.

Writing about an album steeped in humour is a thankless task, particularly in this case, as so much of the humour lies in Stanshall's intonation. The temptation is to devote the review to quoting whole sections of dialogue, but I'll restrict myself to a couple of gems like "the shock of fondling a raw sausage blindfold at a gay party" or " 'I say, how dare you belch in front of my wife' — 'Sorry old man, I didn't realise it was her turn'."

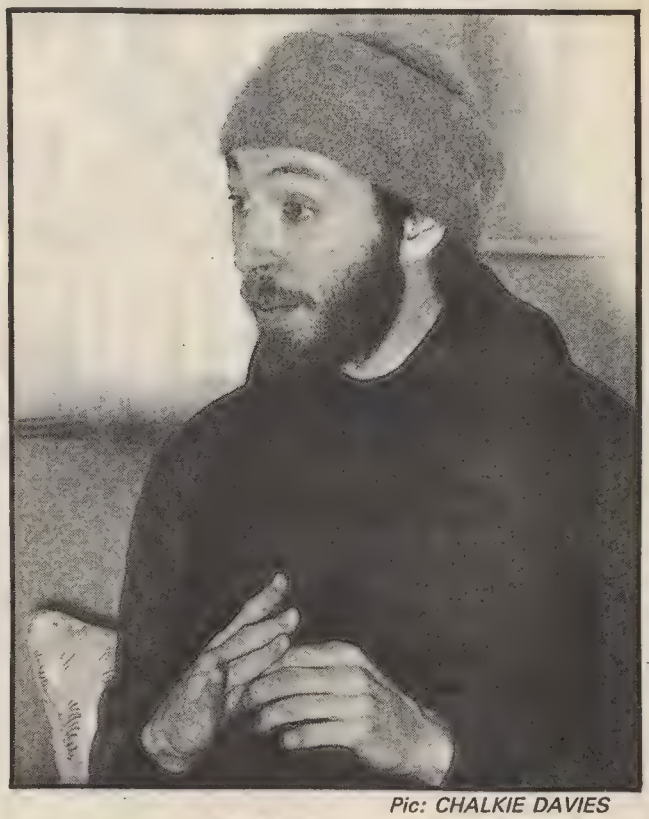
Perhaps Viv Stanshall will get some of the credit he has deserved for years, and large amounts of money too. "Sir Henry at Rawlinson End" is an album which reveals more and more with each repeated playing, an eccentric nugget and an unrivalled delight.

There's the possibility of a Rawlinson book due in the that unique, dynastic family — the Forsytes out of Spike Milligan, but stamped with Stanshall's bravura as indelibly as a watermark.

So give Viv Stanshall — the 1970s Evelyn Waugh — a chance.

Patrick Humphries

. . . and at him again



Pic: CHALKIE DAVIES

. . . AND CHARM

RICHARD AND LINDA THOMPSON
First Light (Chrysalis)

I'VE BEEN a fan of Richard and Linda Thompson for years. Their "I Want To See The Bright Lights Tonight" is one of my all-time favourite albums. This is the Thompsons' new record — their first for three years — and it's distressing to report that I'm not at all sure just how much I like it.

First, there's the fresh sound to consider. The introduction of strings and synthesiser, the use of American rhythm section Andy Newark and Willie Weeks, the weighty chorus of background vocals — they give both a boomy and a softer feel to the music, more resonance but also an occasional stolidity.

I miss the restrained harshness of earlier records — this is almost too mellow. And Richard Thompson still doesn't play enough guitar. The strings, though, are intriguing, lending a Chieftainesque ambience, colouring the music with a Celtic tinge that is very refreshing.

The lyrics, too, have altered. The mood is more detached, almost inconclusive. The attention to detail, the social realism have been replaced by a disconcerting abstraction. Richard Thompson has always been fatalistic, but before he used to care about it. Now he seems to shrug it off.

The album begins with "Restless Highway", a typical Thompson opener along the lines of "When I Get To The Border" or "Streets Of Paradise", except in this song there's no goal. Is this a clue?

"The Choice Wife" is folk heritage time, a brief jig which leads into "Died For Love", an attempt at recreating the traditional folk ballad.

Side two opens with another fine ballad, "Strange Affair", a brief, enigmatic look at isolation. "Layla" (not the Clapton song) is the one occasion Richard truly musters his urgency — an intense retelling of an encounter with a mysterious woman who apparently destroys, and then restores, him.

"Pavanne" is about a woman terrorist, a fascinating choice given the socialist leanings of the Thompsons' previous work. But it doesn't work, despite a haunting tune. It's as if the image caught their fancy, but they never thought through the implications.

"First Light" closes, another stunning performance by Linda, another enigmatic lyric, beautiful strings. The press release claims this track, "Layla" and "Sweet Surrender" are really about Richard's conversion to the Moslem faith, though cunningly disguised as love songs. This could explain their strange passivity and vagueness.

I feel terrible giving Richard and Linda Thompson a bad review. I want them to be popular more than anyone else I can think of.

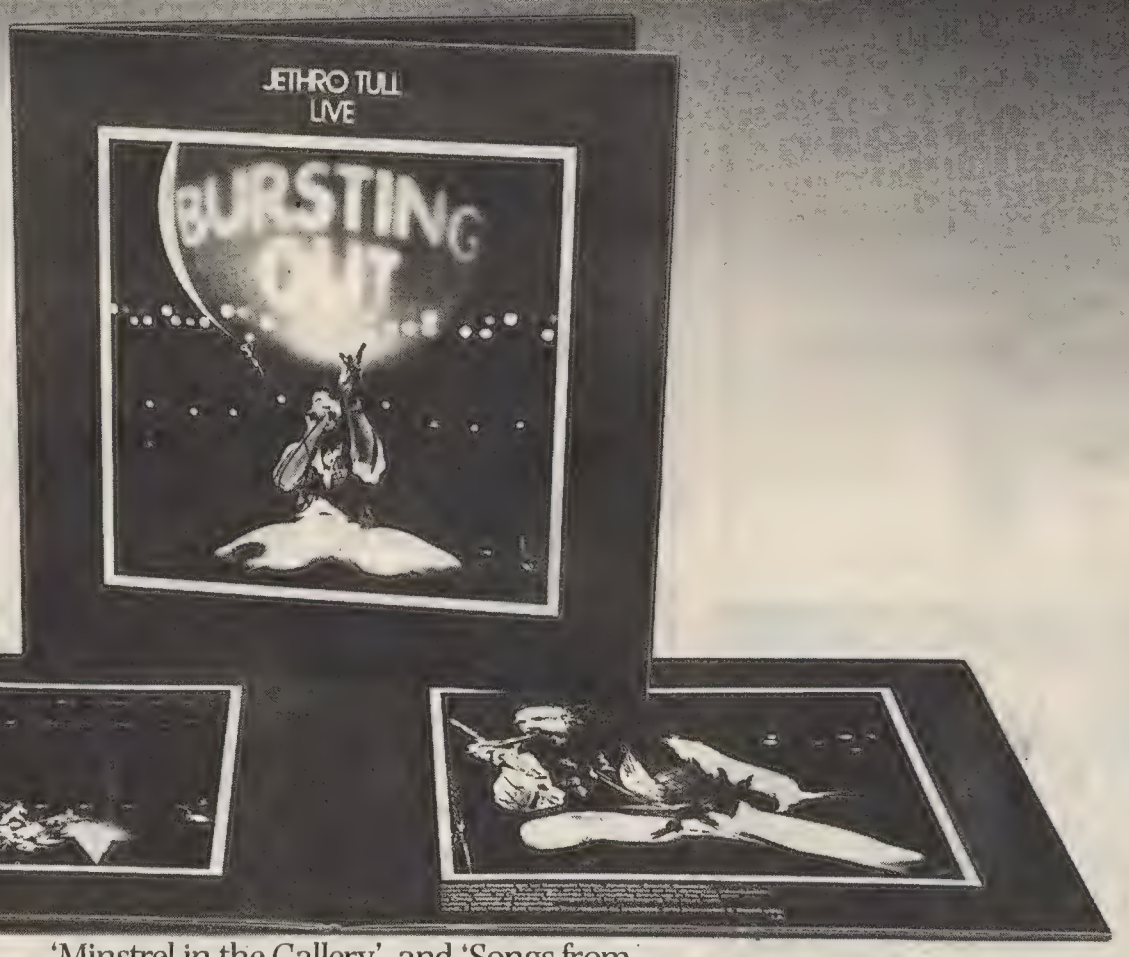
The passion that was at the heart of their work seems to have vanished, and the stark precision with which they expressed it has gone too. Their fires have been dimmed.

I hope they come back soon. I want to see the bright lights again. "First Light" is too distanced, too subdued. A cold, heavy elegance.

Graham Lock

More albums on page 44

THE RECORD.



After years of thrilling live performances, Jethro Tull have finally released their first ever live album.

It's a double too, tenderly entitled 'Bursting Out'.

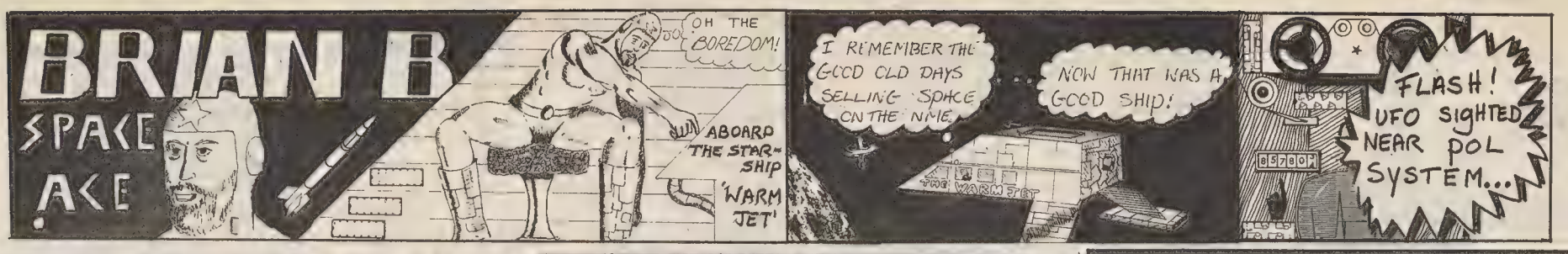
Four sides of Tull favourites, including 'Aqualung', 'Locomotive Breath', 'Minstrel in the Gallery', and 'Songs from the Wood' to name just a few.

And if that isn't enough, the album's only £5.99.

Ignore this and you must be as thick as a brick.

JETHRO TULL 'LIVE' BURSTING OUT

CJT4. Also available on cassette.


BRIAN B
SPACE ACE
OH THE BOREDOM!
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I REMEMBER THE GOOD OLD DAYS SELLING SPACE ON THE NME...
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THE WARM JET
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NATIONWIDE GIG GUIDE

Thursday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: DR. FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: YACHTS
AYLESBURY Friars: THE RAMONES
BATH Pavilion: MARSHALL HAIN
BATLEY Crumpets: MARSEILLE
BELFAST Pound Club: XTC
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: BEACON RADIO ROAD SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RICKY COOL & THE ICEBERGS
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: THE DOOMED
BIRMINGHAM Hippodrome: JOHNNY MATHIS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Two Gates: QUARTZ
BRADFORD Princeville Club: ZHAIN
BRIGHTON The Richmond: NICKY & THE DOTS
BRIGHTON Sherry's RASCAL (for three days)
BRISTOL Granary: CADO BELLE
BRISTOL Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
BURNTWOOD Troubadour: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
CANTERBURY Kent University: WIRE
CLEETHORPES Winter Gardens: ULTRAVOX
COLCHESTEREssex University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
COVENTRY Wyken Pippin: RENO
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: MIKE HARDING
DERBY Assembly Rooms: STEEL PULSE
DONCASTER Outlook Club: MATUMBI
DUDLEY Ellowes Hall School: AFTER THE FIRE
DURHAM University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND/ DAVE LEWIS BAND
EDINBURGH Astoria: THE ONLY ONES
FIFE St. Amdrew's University: THE PIRATES
FROME Merlin Theatre: REDBRASS
GLASGOW City Hall: THE McCALMANS
GRIZEDALE Theatre in the Forest: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
HIGH WYCOMBE Nags Head: AUTOGRAPHS
LEEDS Polytechnic: FABULOUS POODLES
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: BLACK DOGS
LEICESTER Palais: J.A.L.N. BAND
LICHFIELD Arts Centre: NEIL LEWIS/STEVE BAYES
LINCOLN A.J.'S Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
LIVERPOOL Moonstone: THE EDDY/LYNX/HY-WAY STAR
LONDON ANGEL City Arms: BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: ZAINE GRIFF
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: THE MEMBERS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Rutland: FRED RICKSHAW'S HOT GOOLIES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH The Swan: UNCLE PO
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: TONIGHT
LONDON KENSINGTON De Villiers Bar: GOLD DUST TWINS
LONDON KENSINGTON Royal College of Art: JAB JAB/ANGLETRAX/THE EDGE
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: THE TROOPS/THE SKIDS
LONDON Marquee Club: SUPERCHARGE
LONDON MILE END Queen Mary College: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: THE CROOKS
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: TIGER ASHBY
LONDON PUTNEY White Lion: THE CRACK
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON SOUTHGATE Royalty Ballroom: MATCHBOX
LONDON STOCKWELL The Plough: SWIFT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE MONOS
LONDON STRATFORD North-East Polytechnic: YOUNG BUCKS
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: TOM ROBINSON BAND
MANCHESTER Kelly's: THE FALL/THE DISTRACTIONS/MILITANT FRANK
MANCHESTER Middleton Civic Hall: THE BUZZCOCKS
MANCHESTER Oak House Ballroom: THE ACCIDENTS
MANCHESTER Russell Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
MANCHESTER University: RICHARD DIGANCE
MARGATE The Bowlers: STEVE BOYCE BAND
MELTON MOWBRAY Painted Lady: THE CASUALS (for three days)
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: JUNCO PARTNERS-/SABREJETS/THE 45's
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SPIDER
NORWICH Cromwells: FUNKY TEAM
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: TEST TUBE BABIES
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: LAP REGION
NOTTINGHAM Malibu Club: WENDY TUNES/THE R.T.R.'s
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: 999
NOTTINGHAM Town Arms: THE TURBINES
NOTTINGHAM Trent Polytechnic: LANDSCAPE
NOTTINGHAM University: CAMEL/PARADOX
PLYMOUTH Drake Club: SCENE STEALER
PLYMOUTH Metro: SORE THROAT
PORTSMOUTH Collingwood Club: HEATHCLIFFE
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JACK JONES
READING Bones Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
READING Target Club: N.W.10.
READING University: APOSTROPHE
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: JASPER CARROTT
UXBRIDGE Printers Devil: THE INJECTIONS
WELLINGBOROUGH British Rail Club: THE CRUISERS/MYSTERY TRAIN
WEYMOUTH Pavilion: THE MOVIES
WHALEY BRIDGE Jodrell Arms: VINTAGE
WORCESTER College: AFTER THE FIRE
WORTHING Balmoral Hotel: STAA MARX

Friday

ABERDEEN Capital Theatre: THE McCALMANS
ABERDEEN University: THE PIRATES
AYLESBURY Oddfellows Arms: BABY JANE
BASILDON Double Six: BENNY & THE JETS
BATH Brillig Music Theatre: RICHARD DIGANCE
BELFAST Harp Bar: THE NIPS
BICESTER Nowhere Club: DOUBLE XPOSURE
BIRMINGHAM Aston University: FABULOUS POODLES
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: GILLAN
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: THE ITALIANS
BIRMINGHAM Elizabethan Days: BAD EARTH
BIRMINGHAM Polytechnic: THE LATE SHOW
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: SPITFIRE
BIRMINGHAM The Sheldon: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Westbourne College: CARTOONS
BLACKPOOL Norbeck Hotel: GIRLSCHOOL
BOGNOR Sussex Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: SMOKIE
BRADFORD Star Hotel: THE WATERSONS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: AUTOGRAPHS
BRIGHTON Buccaneer: NICKY & THE DOTS/THE DODGEMS
BRIGHTON Sussex University: MICK FARREN & LARRY WALLIS/LIGHTNING RAIDERS
BRISTOL Colston Hall: ROSE ROYCE
CAMBRIDGE Corn Exchange: MIKE HARDING
CARDIFF University: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
CHELTENHAM Town Hall: JOHN OTWAY/N.W.10
COVENTRY Hand & Heart: THE ACCELERATORS
COVENTRY Lanchester Polytechnic: MATUMBI
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SEGOVIA
DARLINGTON Bowes Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS
DERBY Bishop Lonsdale College: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
DOUGLAS I.o.M. Villa Marina: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS
DUNDEE Caird Hall: DR FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
DUNDEE University: RADIO STARS/REACTION
DURHAM Neville's Cross College: SABREJETS
DURHAM St. Cuthbert's College: THE SQUAD
EASTBOURNE The Cavalier: SOUTHERN RYDA
EDINBURGH University: THE RAMONES
EXETER University: RACING CARS/SORE THROAT
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: YACHTS
GUILDFORD Surrey University: AFTER THE FIRE
HALESOWEN Heydon Hills: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
HARROW Technical College: RAY KING BAND
IPSWICH Gaumont Theatre: WISHBONE ASH
LEEDS University: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE LIMITS
LETCHWORTH Carousel: SPRING OFFENSIVE
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: NEON HEARTS
LIVERPOOL Corkscrew Club: CARL TERRY & THE CRUISERS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON BRIXTON A Little Bit Ritzy: THE MEMBERS
LONDON CAMDEN Brecknock: THE VIPERS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: FAME
LONDON CAMDEN Southampton Arms: JELLYROLL BLUES BAND
LONDON Central Polytechnic: CHAMPION
LONDON CHISWICK John Bull: OVERSEAS
LONDON CITY Polytechnic: WIRE
LONDON CLAPHAM The Lark Hall: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON ELEPHANT & CASTLE Southbank Polytechnic: THE CRUISERS/MYSTERY TRAIN
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LONDON HENDON Middlesex Polytechnic: THE MOVIES
LONDON KENSINGTON The Nashville: JAB-JAB
LONDON KENSINGTON Queen Elizabeth College: EXHIBITOR
LONDON Marquee Club: SASSAFRAS
LONDON North Polytechnic: WHIRLWHIND/ YAKETY YAK
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: GREIG & NIGEL'S FOLK AND BLUES NIGHT
LONDON REGENTS PARK Bedford College: ANGLETRAX
LONDON SOUTHALL Hambro Tavern: THE INJECTIONS
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON STRAND Kings College: THE PLEASERS
LONDON TOTTENHAM White Hart: MATCHBOX
LONDON University College: DOLL BY DOLL
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RAAW
LONDON W.C.1 School of Pharmacy: EARTHBOUND
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: STEEL PULSE
MANCHESTER De La Salle Club: SUPERCHARGE
MANCHESTER The Factory: ULTRAVOX
MANCHESTER The Squat: THE ACCIDENTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: 999
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
MIDDLEWICH Alkali Club: VINTAGE
NEWCASTLE Bridge Hotel: GIANTKILLER
NEWCASTLE The Canteen: PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY/WEIGHTS/NOD
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WEATHER REPORT
NEWCASTLE Gulbenkian Studio: THE 45's
NEWCASTLE Mayfair Ballroom: CLIMAX BLUES BAND/DAVE LEWIS BAND
NEWCASTLE Polytechnic: WARREN HARRY
NEW MILLS Fire Station Club: TOUCH OF CLASS
NEWPORT Village Club: ERIC BELL BAND
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: LAST CALL
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SLIP HAZARD & THE BLIZZARDS
NOTTINGHAM University: STARGAZER
OXFORD Corn Dolly: SPIDER
OXFORD New Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: THE SMIRKS
READING Hexagon Theatre: MARSHALL HAIN
RETFORD Porterhouse: THE DOOMED
SALFORD University: CAMEL
SALISBURY Civic Hall: STONEY/GENGHIS KHAN
SALTBURN Fellows Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ONLY ONES
SHEFFIELD Limit Club: THE LURKERS
SHEFFIELD Polytechnic: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
STAFFORD North Staffs Polytechnic: REGGAE REGULAR/BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE/PRESSURE SHOCKS
STEVENAGE The Swan: STRAIGHT 8
STOURPORT Civic Centre: BAND OF JOY/DEAD RINGER/THE CLONGS
STREET Baths Hall: SCENE STEALER
SUTTON COLDFIELD Martsmith Club: THE UTENSILS
TIPTON Brewer & Baker: MIDDLE EARTH
TRURO King William IV: THE FANS
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: CADO BELLE
WARRINGTON Padgate College: JENNY DARREN BAND
WATFORD Red Lion: SCRATCH
WINCHESTER Riverside Inn: THIEVES LIKE US
WOLVERHAMPTON Rose & Crown: WATERFALL
YORK The Revolution: NAMESAKE

Saturday

ACCRINGTON Albion Hotel: ALWOODLEY JETS.
BALDOCK The Victoria: SCRATCH.
BARROW Civic Hall: GEORGE MELLY & THE FEETWARMERS.
BATLEY Crumpets: WHIRLWIND
BELFAST Harp Bar: THE NIPS
BIRMINGHAM Berbarella's: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BIRMINGHAM Hopwood Caravan Club: QUARTZ
BIRMINGHAM King's Heath Hare & Hounds: ALEX CAMPBELL
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: WISHBONE ASH
BIRMINGHAM The Sherwood: RENO
BIRMINGHAM University: FABULOUS POODLES
BLACKPOOL Norbreck Night Spot: APOSTROPHE
BOTON Institute of Technology: MOTORHEAD
BRADFORD University: CAMEL
BRIGHTON Polytechnic: GARETH WEBB & THE ELIMINATORS / THE FABS / WOODY & THE SPLINTERS / THE PIRANHAS
BRISTOL Bear Hotel: THE X-CERTS / PYROMANIA
BRISTOL Crown Cellar Bar: THE WILD BEASTS
BRISTOL Granary: THE CRUISERS
BRISTOL University: PRESSURE SHOCKS
BURTON Pirelli Social Club: NIGHT CREEPER
BUXTON Trent Bus Club: TOUCH OF CLASS
CAMBRIDGE The Alma: SPIDER
COVENTRY Theatre: JACK JONES
CREWE Madeley College of Education: PARADOX
CROMER West Runton Pavilion: REGGAE REGULAR
DISTINCTIVE H.D.A. Social Club: VINTAGE
DONCASTER The First Aid: ARMITAGE SHARKS / THE VOID / THE PRAMS
DUDLEY J.B.'s Club: NORTHERN GAS
DUNSTABLE California Ballroom: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
DURHAM University: THE PIRATES
EASTBOURNE Congress Theatre: SMOKIE
EDINBURGH Assembly Rooms: CIMARONS
EDINBURGH Odeon: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
FAREHAM Roundabout Club: DOZY, BEAKY, MICK & TICH
GLASGOW Apollo Theatre: WEATHER REPORT
GLASGOW Queen Margaret Union: THE RAMONES
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: CLIMAX BLUES BAND / DAVE LEWIS BAND
HANLEY Rose & Crown: ANY TROUBLE
HUDDERSFIELD Coach House: BAD NEWS
HUDDERSFIELD Polytechnic: 999 / ASWAD
IPSWICH Tracy's: J.A.L.N. BAND
KINGSTON Polytechnic: SUPERCHARGE
LEEDS University: STEEL PULSE
LEDS Viva Wine Bar: HOWARD ELLIS BAND
LEICESTER Polytechnic: THE DOOMED
LEICESTER T.U.L Club: STRANGE DAYS
LINCOLN A.J.'s Club: JENNY DARREN BAND
LISKEARD Carlton Suite: T-FORD & THE BONESHAKERS
LIVERPOOL C.F. Mott College: MARSEILLE
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE BUZZCOCKS / THE ACCELERATORS
LIVERPOOL Eric's: SPLIT ENZ
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
LONDON ANGEL Bluecoat Boy: THE V.I.P.'s
LONDON BARKING North-East Polytechnic: RICO
LONDON BARNES Beaulieu Arms: SWIFT
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: THE DANDIES
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: POTTERS CLAY / STEVE HOOKER GROUP / SAMUEL GOOD-NIGHT & THE PASSENGERS
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: CADO BELLE
LONDON CHELSEA The Wheatsheaf: OVERSEAS
LONDON EALING Polytechnic: DOWNLINERS SECT
LONDON FULHAM Old Swan: THE INJECTIONS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
LONDON HAMPSTEAD Westfield College: THE MOVIES
LONDON Marquee Club: AUTOGRAPHS / THE CROOKS
LONDON Middlesex Polytechnic: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON SHEPHERDS BUSH Trafalgar: JO BROADBERY & THE LOCAL OPERATOR
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: BIG CHIEF with DICK HECKSTALL-SMITH
LONDON TOOTING St. George's Medical School: EXHIBITOR
LONDON Upstairs at Ronnie Scott's: RAAW
LONDON WALTHAM FOREST North-East Polytechnic: THE MONOS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: ANGLETRAX / LOGIC BAND
MALVERN Winter Gardens: WIRE

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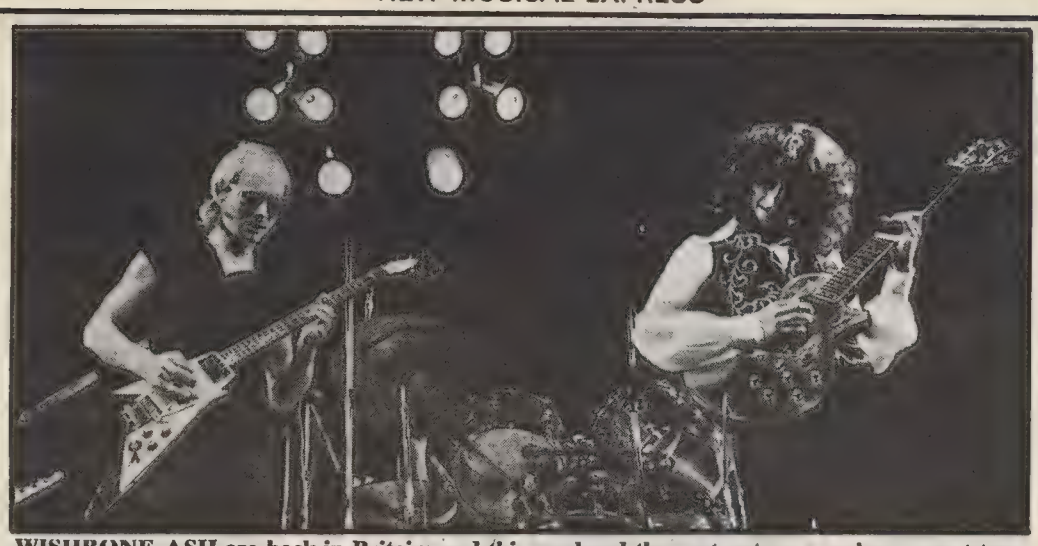


WISHBONE ASH are back in Britain, and this weekend they set out on a major concert tour opening at Ipswich (Friday), Birmingham (Saturday), Lancaster (Sunday), Glasgow (Monday), Edinburgh (Tuesday) and Newcastle (Wednesday). Pictured above are the band's Andy Powell (left) and Laurie Wisefield.

RACHEL SWEET is one of the stars of the new Stiff Records package "Be Stiff". She's seen here with Will Birch's band The Records, who are backing her on tour as well as playing their own set. Also appearing are Wreckless Eric, Lene Lovich, Jona Lewie and Mickey Jupp. First dates are Bristol (Tuesday) and Liverpool (Wednesday).

WEATHER REPORT bring their own distinctive brand of jazz rock to the U.K. concert circuit again, and you'll find them this week at Newcastle (Friday), Glasgow (Saturday), Manchester (Sunday), Oxford (Tuesday) and London Hammersmith (Wednesday).

GIG GUIDE

COMPILED BY DEREK JOHNSON

MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
MANCHESTER Champagne Charlie's: MATCHBOX
MANCHESTER Polytechnic:SCENE STEALER
MANCHESTER University: THE PLEASERS
MARGATE Dreamland: EATER
MIDDLESBROUGH Rock Garden: YACHTS
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE DUBLINERS
NEWCASTLE University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
NORTHAMPTON County Ground: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
NORWICH Boogie House: DOLL BY DOLL
NORWICH East Anglia University: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: STRIFE
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: OUTWARD BAND
NOTTINGHAM Sandpiper: JOHN GRIMALDI'S CHEAP FLIGHTS
OXFORD Corn Dolly: DOG WATCH
OXFORD Oranges & Lemons: QUASAR
PAIGNTON Festival Theatre: JOHNNY MATHIS
PLYMOUTH Polytechnic: CRAWLER
PRESTON Polytechnic: MATUMBI
READING University: THE SMIRKS
SALFORD University: GILLAN
SCARBOROUGH Penthouse: THE ONLY ONES
SHEFFIELD Broadfield Hotel: THE VYE
SHEFFIELD University: THE ENID
SOUTHAMPTON Gaumont Theatre: ROSE ROYCE
ST. ALBANS City Hall: MARSHALL HAIN
STIRLING University: RADIO STARS
SWINDON Oasis Centre: JOHN OTWAY / N.W.10
WAKEFIELD Unity Hall: ULTRAVOX
WARRINGTON Lion Hotel: GIRLSCHOOL
WISHAW Crown Hotel (lunchtime): THE PESTS
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: RACING CARS
YORK The Revolution: JAB-JAB

Sunday

ABERDEEN Ruffles: RADIO STARS / REACTION
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: NORTHERN GAS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: VIDEO
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: MATCHBOX
BLACKBURN King George's Hall: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BLACKPOOL Jenkinson's Bar: AGNES STRANGE
BLACKPOOL Opera House: MIKE HARDING
BLACKPOOL Tiffany's: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
BRISTOL Colston Hall: JOHNNY MATHIS
BRISTOL Locarno: DAVE EDMUNDS' ROCKPILE
BURNLEY Bank Hall Club: ALWOODLEY JETS
CHELMSFORD Chancellor Hall: THE ENID
CROYDON Fairfield Hall: SMOKIE
DUNDEE Baracuda Club: CIMARONS
DUNSTABLE The Unicorn: SPRING OFFENSIVE
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: THE McCALMANS
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: JUDAS PRIEST
HANLEY Berryhill B.L. Club: VINTAGE
HANLEY Victoria Hall: CAMEL
HARROGATE Royal Hall: PASADENA ROOF ORCHESTRA
HARROGATE Theatre: THE VYE
HAYES Alfred Beck Centre: MARSHALL HAIN
LANCASTER University: WISHBONE ASH
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: THE NEIGHBOURS
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JASPER CARROTT
LEICESTER Syston Club: STRANGE DAYS
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: THE HAWKLORDS
LONDON BATTERSEA Nags Head: JUGULAR VEIN
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: REMUS DOWN BOULEVARD
LONDON COVENT GARDEN Rock Garden: BENNY & THE JETS
LONDON EAST HAM Ruskin Arms: DOG WATCH
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON King's Head: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier (lunchtime): BLUE MOON
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: AUTOGRAPHS
LONDON WALTHAMSTOW The Chestnuts: ARCHIE FISHER
LONDON W.14 The Kensington: MANYANA
LONDON W.C.1 Pindar of Wakefield: SWIFT
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: JEREMY TAYLOR / SHEP WOOLEY
LOUGHBOROUGH Town Hall: THE ADVERTS
LUTON Cesar's: ALVIN STARDUST (for three days)
MACCLESFIELD Bear's Head: SPIDER
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: WEATHER REPORT
MANCHESTER The Factory: THE POP GROUP
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: OSCAR PETERSON
MOLD Theatre Clwyd: REDBRASS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
NOTTINGHAM Boat Club: KYRO
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: THE PRESS
NOTTINGHAM Theatre Royal: THE DUBLINERS
OXFORD New Theatre: JACK JONES
PORTHCAWL Starlight Club: J.A.L.N. BAND
PRESTON Guildhall: BARBARA DICKSON
PURFLEET Circus Tavern: THE FOUR TOPS (for two weeks)
REDCAR Coatham Bowl: THE PIRATES
SOUTHEND Shrimpers: TONIGHT
SOUTHPORT New Theatre: SLADE
UXBRIDGE Brunel University: THE LATE SHOW
WALSALL Dirty Duck (lunchtime): THE AMAZING DARK HORSE

Monday

AMPTHILL Folk Club: TUNDRA
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: WIDE BOYS
BIRMINGHAM The Gig: MICK FARREN & LARRY WALLIS
BIRMINGHAM Mercat Cross: ORPHAN
BIRMINGHAM Top Rank: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
BLACKBURN Bailey's: SLADE (for a week)
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: JOHNNY MATHIS
BRENTWOOD Hermit Club: AFTER THE FIRE
BRISTOL Stonehouse: BRENT FORD & THE NYLONS
BURLEY White Buck: STAA MARX
CAMBRIDGE College of Art & Technology: RICHARD DIGANCE
CANTERBURY Odeon: CAMEL
CARDIFF Sophia Gardens: ASWAD
CHESTER Smartyz: CGAS5
CROYDON Red Deer: N.W.10
DONCASTER Outlook Club: THE ADVERTS
EDINBURGH Tiffany's: RADIO STARS/REACTION
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
EXETER Routes: SPLIT ENZ
FAREHAM John Peel Hotel: NIGHTRIDER
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: WISHBONE ASH
GLASGOW City Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
GRANGEMOUTH Town Hall: DOLL BY DOLL

Rest of the week's highlights

SIOUXSIE (pictured above right) and The Banshees arrive in the big league, thanks to the success of their single "Hong Kong Garden". They're going out on their first major headlining tour, opening at Hemel Hempstead on Wednesday. Support acts are Spizz Oil and a varying guest band.
LEO SAYER (top left) begins a massive tour at Bournemouth on Wednesday. He's working pretty solidly on the concert circuit through the autumn, culminating in a Christmas week at Manchester.
THE HAWKLORDS is a new name for the re-vamped and new-styled Hawkwind, though they do have one constant factor in Robert Clavert (bottom left). He'll be out front as usual when their long tour gets under way at Oxford (Friday), Manchester (Saturday), Liverpool (Sunday), Edinburgh (Monday), Newcastle (Tuesday) and Middlesbrough (Wednesday).
● Also this week: SMOKIE begin a concert series at Bournemouth (Friday). Eastbourne (Saturday), Croydon (Sunday) and Wolverhampton (Monday) . . . the great RAY CHARLES kicks off a mini-tour in Birmingham on Wednesday . . . and JOHN OTWAY goes on the road with his new band, visiting Cheltenham (Friday), Swindon (Saturday), Aberdeen (Tuesday) and Glasgow (Wednesday).

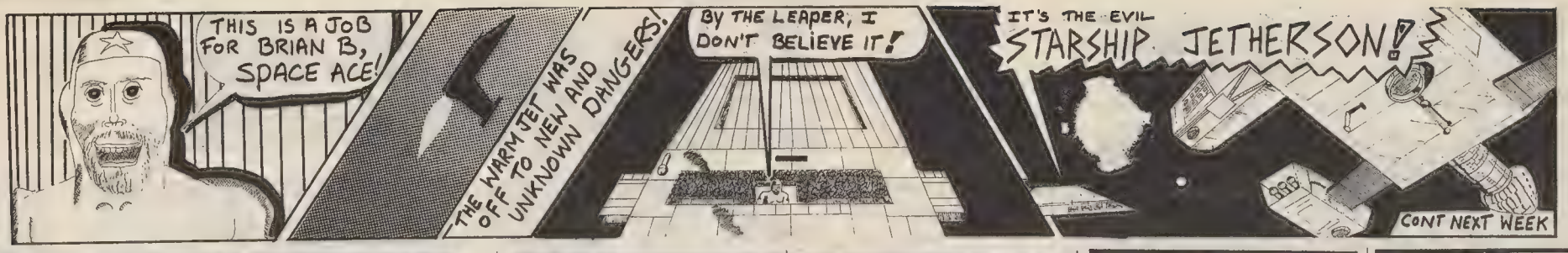
HULL University: THE PIRATES
ILFORD Cauliflower Hotel: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
LANCASTER University: WIRE
LEEDS Marquis of Grandee: HARLOW
LEEDS Royal Park Hotel: SPYDER BLUES BAND
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: DEAN RAVEDO
LEICESTER De Montfort Hall: JASPER CARROTT
LIVERPOOL Empire Theatre: DR FEELGOOD/THE BISHOPS
LIVERPOOL Philharmonic Hall': OSCAR PETERSON
LONDON CANNING TOWN Bridge House: THE YOUNG ONES
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: TOM ROBINSON BAND
LONDON ISLINGTON Hope & Anchor: HI-FI
LONDON OLD KENT RD. Thomas A'Beckett: THE YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON Palladium: BARRY MANILOW (for a week)
LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: HOT VULTURES
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: JOHNNY COPPIN/ NIGEL MAZLYN JONES
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: PENNY ROYAL
LONDON Ronnie Scott's Club: JOE PASS (for two weeks)
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: SOUL YARD
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: EXHIBITOR/THE NOBODIES
MANCHESTER Band On The Wall: GAFFA
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: SABREJETS
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: LABI SIFFRE
NOTTINGHAM Heart Good Fellow: THE PARTY
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: GWAIHIR
OXFORD New Theatre: THE DUBLINERS
PLYMOUTH Woods Centre: 999
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
REDDITCH Tracey's: SPIDER
SHEFFIELD University: HUMAN LEAGUE
STAFFORD Top of the World: CLIMAX BLUES BAND
STIRLING McRobert Centre: THE McCALMANS
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE DRIFTERS
SWADLINCOTE Royalls Theatre Club: STRANGE DAYS
SWANSEA Circles Club: THE LURKERS
SWANSEA Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
UCKFIELD Youth Centre: TIGER ASHBY
WATFORD Bailey's: JR WALKER & THE ALL STARS (for a week)
WOLVERHAMPTON Civic Hall: SMOKIE

Tuesday

ABERDEEN Fusion Ballroom: JOHN OTWAY BAND / DOLL BY DOLL
BASILDON Woodlands Centre: STEVE HOOKER GROUP
BIRMINGHAM Art Gallery: GEORGE MELLY & JOHN CHILTON'S FEETWARMERS
BIRMINGHAM Barbarella's: WIRE
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: RENO
BIRMINGHAM Fighting Cocks: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: JAMESON RAID
BIRMINGHAM Town Hall: SPECIAL CLINIC / THE WINNERS / RED LADY
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: DOG WATCH
BRIGHTON The Richmond: THE EXECUTIVES / THE INDEX
BRISTOL Colston Hall: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
BRISTOL University: BE STIFF" with WRECKLESS ERIC / JONA LEWIE / LENE LOVICH / RACHEL SWEET / MICKEY JUPP
BUCKLEY Tivoli Ballroom: MUSCLES
CARDIFF Top Rank: THE BUZZCOCKS
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: N.W.10
COVENTRY Lady Godiva: TIME MACHINE
EDINBURGH Astoria: ULTRAVOX
EDINBURGH Odeon: WISHBONE ASH
EDINBURGH Usher Hall: BARBARA DICKSON
GLASGOW Apollo Centre: STEEL PULSE
GLASGOW Doune Castle: THE ELECTRIX
GLASGOW Strathclyde University: RADIO STARS / REACTION
JORDANSTOWN Belfast Polytechnic: CIMARONS
LEEDS Brannigan's: THE DOOMED
LEEDS Viva's Wine Bar: ANNIVERSARY
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: JAB-JAB
LONDON NEW BARNET Duke of Lancaster: YOUNG BUCKS
LONDON PADDINGTON Western Counties: SOUTHERN RYDA
LONDON PUTNEY Half Moon: SONJA KRISTINA'S ESCAPE
LONDON SHEPHERD BUSH Trafalgar: SHOPPING PRECINCT
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: TENNIS SHOES
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Town Hall: REDBRASS
LONDON WEST HAMPSTEAD Railway Hotel: HELICOPTERS / THE ALMOST BROTHERS
LONDON WOOLWICH Tramshed: STAA MARX
MANCHESTER Polytechnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
NEWARK Palace Theatre: MARSHALL HAIN
NEWCASTLE City Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
NEWCASTLE The Cooperage: THE 45's
NEW MILLS Bees Knees: IDIOT ROUGE
NOTTINGHAM Heart of the Midlands: LABI SIFFRE
NUNEATON 77 Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
OXFORD New Theatre: WEATHER REPORT
PENZANCE The Garden: 999
PLYMOUTH Metro: SPLIT ENZ
PORTSMOUTH Guildhall: JOHNNY MATHIS
PRESTON Guildhall: OSCAR PETERSON
READING Taget Club: SPIDER
READING University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
SALFORD University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
SCUNTHORPE Tiffany's: THE PIRATES
SHEFFIELD City Hall: DR. FEELGOOD / THE BISHOPS
SMETHWICK Blue Gates: KILLER
STOCKTON Fiesta Club: THE DRIFTERS
SWINDON Brunel Rooms: AFTER THE FIRE
WALSALL Dirty Duck: THE AMAZING DARK HORSE
WORCESTER The Retreat: OLD SCHOOL SKY

Wednesday

ABERDEEN Capitol Theatre: BARBARA DICKSON
BASILDON Double Six: THE YOUNG BUCKS
BIRMINGHAM Barrel Organ: BRUJO
BIRMINGHAM Bogarts: WAILING COCKS
BIRMINGHAM Golden Eagle: KILLING TIME
BIRMINGHAM Hall Green The Sherwood: CARTOONS
BIRMINGHAM Odeon: RAY CHARLES, HIS ORCHESTRA & THE RAELETS
BIRMINGHAM Railway Hotel: RAINMAKER
BIRMINGHAM Yardley Bulls Head: ROSES
BISHOPS STORTFORD Triad Leisure Centre: THE VIBRATORS/THE SKIDS
BLACKBURN Windsor Hall (R.A.R.): I.Q. ZERO/THE ACTIVATORS/THE STIFFS
BOURNE END Firefly Hotel: SWIFT
BOURNEMOUTH Village Bowl: CROWN HEIGHTS AFFAIR
BOURNEMOUTH Winter Gardens: LEO SAYER
BRADFORD St. George's Hall: DR. FEELGOOD
BRADFORD University: WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
BRISTOL Brunel University: WIRE
CARDIFF University: CAMEL
CARSHALTON St Helier Club: MATCHBOX
CHELTENHAM Plough Inn: ROADSTERS
CHICHESTER Festival Theatre: SANYO JAZZ FESTIVAL with WOODY HERMAN ORCHESTRA etc (for five days)
COLCHESTER Essex University: TOM ROBINSON BAND
COLERAINE Ulster University: RADIO STARS/ CIMARONS
EDINBURGH Odeon: STEEL PULSE
EDINBURGH Stewart's: DELINX/THE DELETED
EXETER Routes: 999
EXETER The Mint: THE FANS
FARNBOROUGH Tumbledown Dick: THE SHADES
GLASGOW City Hall: JOHN OTWAY BAND/DOLL BY DOLL
HEMEL HEMPSTEAD Pavilion: SIOUXSIE & THE BANSHEES/NICO/SPIZZ OIL
LEEDS University: THE CRUISERS
LEEDS Viva Wine Bar: R.B.Q.
LIVERPOOL Masonic Hall: SPIDER
LIVERPOOL University: "BE STIFF" with WRECKLESS ERIC/JONA LEWIE/LENE LOVICH/ RACHEL SWEET/MICKEY JUPP
LONDON ACTON White Hart: THE MEMBERS/ U.K. SUBS
LONDON BATTERSEA Arts Centre: WARM JETS
LONDON CAMDEN Dingwalls: ASWAD
LONDON CAMDEN Dublin Castle: O.K.
LONDON CAMDEN Music Machine: LANDSCAPE
LONDON FULHAM Golden Lion: SPEED-O-METORS
LONDON HAMMERSMITH Odeon: WEATHER REPORT
LONDON Marquee Club: ULTRAVOX
LONDON PECKHAM Montpelier: BLUE MOON
LONDON PLAISTOW North-East Polytechnic: SORE THROAT
LONDON PUTNEY Star & Garter: DANA SIMMONDS & GREIG'S FOLK AND BLUES SHOWCASE
LONDON SEI Hole in the Wall: GENGHIS KHAN
LONDON STOKE NEWINGTON Pegasus: JAGS
LONDON WIMBLEDON F.C. Nelson's Club: COUSIN JOE FROM NEW ORLEANS
LONDON WOOD GREEN Queen's Head: THE INMATES
LUTON Cesar's: THE DRIFTERS (for four days)
MANCHESTER Apollo Theatre: MARSHALL HAIN
MANSFIELD Great Northern Hotel: ANNIVERSARY
MIDDLESBROUGH Town Hall: THE HAWKLORDS
NEWCASTLE City Hall: WISHBONE ASH
NEWPORT Stowaway Club: YACHTS
NOTTINGHAM Hearty Good Fellow: GWAIHIR
NOTTINGHAM Imperial Hotel: SOME CHICKEN
OXFORD Corn Dolly: AFTER THE FIRE
OXFORD New Theatre: BARCLAY JAMES HARVEST
PORTSMOUTH Milton Arms: THE PIRANHAS
READING Target Club: STAA MARX
READING University: 90° INCLUSIVE
SHEFFIELD City Hall: MIKE HARDING
SHEFFIELD Fiesta Club: JACK JONES
SHEFFIELD Polytchnic: GRUPPO SPORTIVO
SLOUGH Thames Hall: THE DUBLINERS
SOLIHULL Golden Lion: THE FIRST BAND
SOUTHAMPTON University: FABULOUS POODLES
SOUTH WOODFORD Railway Bell: ORIGINAL EAST SIDE STOMPERS
STOCKPORT Davenport Theatre: OSCAR PETERSON
TAUNTON Odeon: THE BUZZCOCKS
WINSFORD Moulton Verdin Club: VINTAGE
WOLVERHAMPTON Polytechnic: WHIRLWIND
WORTHING Carioca Club: FUNKY TEAM
YORK Derwent College: BRAM TCHAIKOVSKY'S BATTLEAXE
YORK Pop Club: WAYNE COUNTY & THE ELECTRIC CHAIRS
YORK The Revolution: AGONY COLUMN
YORK University: THE PIRATES


THIS IS A JOB FOR BRIAN B, SPACE ACE!
THE WARM JET WAS OFF TO NEW AND UNKNOWN DANGERS!
BY THE LEAPER, I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
IT'S THE EVIL STARSHIP JETHERSON!
CONT NEXT WEEK

OUTLAW CONCERTS PRESENT

Budgie

PLUS SPECIAL GUESTS

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THURS 12th OCT £2·50 £2·00 £1·50

CITY HALL NEWCASTLE
SUN 22nd OCT £2·50 £2·00 £1·50

APOLLO THEATRE MANCHESTER
MON 30th OCT £2·50 £2·00 £1·50

TOP RANK SUITE BRIGHTON
WED 1st NOV £1·70 advance £1·90 at door

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BUZZCOCKS

with guests

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Tickets £2.50, £2.00, £1.50 (inc. VAT) Available Box Office now. Tel. 748 4081

THOMAS A BECKET
Old Kent Road, S.E.1

Wednesday October 4th free — SHOOTER
Thursday October 5th free — TIGER ASHBY
Monday October 9th free — YOUNG BUCKS
Tuesday October 10th free — SISTER LOUISE
Wednesday October 11th free — MONOS
Thursday October 12th 50p — BENNIE AND THE JETS

LINDSEY ENTERTAINMENTS
01-407 1334

TICKETS AVAILABLE FOR ALL LONDON CONCERTS

Oct 9 TOM ROBINSON BAND
Oct 9/14 BARRY MANILOW
Oct 11/12 WEATHER REPORT
Oct 12 JOHNNY THUNDER'S ALL STARS
Oct 12 TOM PAXTON
Oct 13 RAY CHARLES
Oct 13 HAWKWIND
Oct 14/15 B.B. KING
Oct 15 WILKO JOHNSON
Oct 15 MARSHALL HAIN
Oct 16/21 JACK JONES
Oct 16 PIRATES
Oct 18 AL DI MEOLA
Oct 20 LOUISE BENNETT
Oct 21 SMOKIE
Oct 21 OSCAR PETERSON
Oct 24 STEEL PULSE
Oct 24/25 WISHBONE ASH
Oct 24/25 JOHNNY MATHIS
Oct 27 JUDAS PRIEST
Oct 28/29 DR FEELGOOD
Oct 29 PENETRATION
Oct 30 SLADE
Oct 30 STEVE HACKETT
Oct 30/Nov 1 SANTANA
Nov 2 SUZI QUATRO
Nov 3 FOUR TOPS
Nov 4 BUZZCOCKS
Nov 5 RADIO STARS
Nov 5 999
Nov 5 MOTORHEAD
Nov 6 SPIRIT
Nov 7 BUDGIE
Nov 13 ALBERT KING BLUES BAND
Nov 15 AC/DC
Nov 14/18 MARY O'HARA
Nov 19 WRECKLESS ERIC & MICKEY JUPP
Nov 19 GENE PITNEY
Nov 20/25 CLEO LAINE
Nov 24 JAMES BROWN
Nov 26 GORDON GILTRAP
Nov 28/Dec 3 GORDON GILTRAP
Nov 28/Dec 3 DEMIS ROUSSOUS
Nov 30/Dec 1 BONEY M
Dec 2 MIKE HARDING
Dec 15/16 AL STEWART

For further info send s.a.e.
LONDON THEATRE BOOKINGS
96 SHAFTESBURY AVE., W.1.
General enquiries: 01-439 3371
Telephone Credit Card Bookings: 01-240 0681

A.J.'s CLUB
High Street
LINCOLN

Thursday October 5th 9pm — 2am
Alwoodley Jets
Friday October 6th 9pm — 2am
Neon Hearts
Saturday October 7th 8pm — 2am
JENNY DARREN

LANDSCAPE
MUSIC FROM THE IVORY CONTROL TOWER

October, Thursday 5th: Trent Poly, Nottingham
Wednesday 11th: Music Machine, Camden High St., London NW1. 12 midnight £1
Saturday 14th: Chelsea College
Wednesday 18th: Sheffield Poly.
Friday 20th: City of London Poly
Coming soon: BBC TV "Music Time" november 6 & 9, Nashville Rooms November 14 Capital Radio broadcast . . .
EVENT HORIZON 01 703 7677

FOXES GREYHOUND
AT THE PARK LANE, CROYDON

GRAND RE-OPENING
Sunday 15th October, In Concert
BUDGIE
+ support & DJ Graham Fox
Licensed bars Membership 7.00 pm
Advance tickets £2 from Fox Ents., 39—41 High Street, Bromley, Kent. Send SAE and P.O. Or from Virgin, Croydon and Bonaparte, Croydon and Bromley.

LAST BASTION! THE WHITE HART PUB
246 HIGH ST. ACTON

Wednesday, October 11th
Tesco's Re-incarnation
THE MEMBERS & U.K. SUBS
D.J. JERRY FLOYD
Please come early!

NORTH LONDON POLYTECHNIC
Holloway Road, N7
(Holloway Road tube)

Friday, October 6th at 8pm.
WHIRLWIND
+ Yakety Yak

Licensed Bar
Admission £1 N.U.S., £1.30 others.

PEGASUS
109 GREEN LANES, LONDON N.16
01-226 5930

Thursday Oct 5th 50p — THE MONOS
Friday Oct 6th 50p — YOUNG BUCKS
Saturday Oct 7th 50p — BIG CHIEF
Featuring Dick Heckstall-Smith
Sunday Oct 8th 50p — AUTOGRAPHS
Monday Oct 9th Free — SOULYARD
Tuesday Oct 10th Free — TENNIS SHOES
Wednesday Oct 11th Free — JAGS

ELECTION SHOCK! TOORIE EDUCATION EXPERT "A COMPLETE DOPE"

STAA MARX
TEL: 02433-4899

Thurs. 5th Oct.
WORTHING Balmoral
Mon. 9th Oct.
BURLEY White Buck
Tues. 10th Oct.
LONDON (Woolwich) Tramshed
Wed. 11th Oct.
READING Targett

"The high spot of my week has always been the Sunday joint," confesses Dr. High Roads Tarmac.

HOPE & ANCHOR
UPPER STREET
ISLINGTON, N.1

Thursday Oct. 5th £1.00 — RAR Benefit TONIGHT
Monday Oct 9th 60p — HI-FI
Friday Oct 6th £1.00 — THE SOFT BOYS
Tuesday Oct 10th Free — JOE JACKSON
Saturday Oct 7th 75p — THE INVADERS
Wednesday Oct 11th 75p — LIVE WIRE
Sunday Oct 8th 75p — MIRAGE
George Kahn, Brian Godding, etc
Thursday Oct 12th £1.00 — TONIGHT
(Benefit for Albany Empire Fire Fund)

FAME

EARTHBOUND

6/10 School of Pharmacy Brunswick Square WC1
18/10 Chelsea College Manresa Road SW3
21/10 Stapleton Hall Tavern Crouch Hill N4

DONCASTER
ROCK FESTIVAL SAT 7th OCT
AT THE 'FIRST AID' (THE CORNER OF BROXHOLME LANE AND NETHERHALL RD) 6.30 pm - 12.00 pm
ARMITIGE SHANKS
THE VIOD. THE PRAMS
JOHN KAY
KEVIN FITZPATRICK
TICKET 60p FROM 'FIRST AID' OR 70p AT THE DOOR

ESSEX S.U. PRESENTS

TOM ROBINSON BAND

+ STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

Wednesday 11th October 8.30 pm
S.U. DANCE HALL

Tickets £1.50 from S.U. and Parrot Records
Enquiries Col. 63211

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments by arrangement with Real Records present
AT THE LYCEUM
JOHNNY THUNDER'S ALL STARS
Featuring Paul Cook, Steve Jones, Peter Perret and others
(New Album — So Alone)
+ special guests
Stangeways
Thursday 12th October £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
WILKO JOHNSON'S SOLID SENDERS
+ Fischer Z • The Physicals
Sunday 15th October £2.25 in advance £2.50 on door
Doors open 7.15pm

Harvey Goldsmith Entertainments presents
CRAWLER
+ Champion
Sunday 22nd October £2.00 in advance £2.25 on door

Tickets available from the Box Office, The Lyceum Ballroom, The Strand, London WC2 01-836 3715 and the Harvey Goldsmith Box Office at Chappells, 50 New Bond St, London W1 01-629 3453 (20p booking fee).

WUNDERBAR, THE GREEN MAN, EUSTON ROAD, N.W.1.
(opposite Gt. Portland Street tube)

Opening Night: Thursday October 12th 75p
RAPED
+ Rudi

Thursday, October 19th 75p
U.K. SUBS
+ Muvvers Pride

SOUTHBANK POLY S.U. Friday October 6th
Rotary St., S.E.1
N.U.S. £1, others £1.80
Nearest tube: Elephant & Castle
THE CRUISERS
+ Support & Disco

THIEVES LIKE US
(Just back from seeing "Ronnie in Rio")
Fri Oct 6
Riverside Inn, Winchester
Sun Oct 15
Jumpers, Christchurch
Lord Paygate's place 3 a.m., OK?
(Bring a Yorkie!)

Strickly horticultural ting mon with
THE MEMBERS
at
ROCK GARDEN
THURSDAY 5th
ALSO AT
WHITE HART
THURSDAY 11th
ACKLAM HALL
FRIDAY 13th
(WITH MISTY)
Memberfarians unite!

Words (Barry Clarke) Words Words Words Words Words Words Words W
CITY HALL, ST. ALBANS
Saturday October 7th at 8pm
Dancing in the city with
MARSHALL HAIN
+ Capital Radios
ROGER SCOTT
Saturday October 21st at 8pm
HAWKLORDS
+ Roger Ruskin Spear's
Giant Kinetic Wardrobe
Mary Jane Disco
Bar Food
Advance tickets from Box Office, Chequer Street, St. Albans. Tel. 64511, or available on door
Dunstable Civic: Monday October 30th Judas Priest.
Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words Words

INJECTIONS
Play STATE ROCK
Thursday October 5th, PRINTERS DEVIL, UXBRIDGE
Friday October 6th, HAMBRO TAVERN, SOUTHALL
Saturday October 7th, OLD SWAN, FULHAM
State Rock Kills The Cramp

CITY POLY ENTS PRESENT
Friday October 6th £1.25
WIRE
+ The Cure
City Poly Student Union,
102/5 Whitechapel High St., London, E.1 7RA
Tel: 01-247 1441
N.U.S., Trade Union or Claiments Cards strictly enforced.

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION
Wednesday October 11th @ 7.15 pm
SIOUXSIE
& The
BANSHEES
+ Spizz Oil & Human League
Tickets £2 in advance from box office.

THE PHONE NUMBER OF THE LIVE PAGE IS 01-261 6153

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street.
Saturday October 7th
8.30pm — 2am
PHIL MAY & THE FALLEN ANGELS
+ the Physicals
+ the Night
Admission £1.50p.

THE ELECTRIC BALLROOM
184 Camden High Street.
Thursday October 12th
8pm — 2am
In aid of Amnesty International
THE POP GROUP
Nico
Linton Kwesi Johnson
Cabaret Voltaire
Tickets £1.50 in advance from Virgin, Rough Trade, London Theatre Bookings. £2 at door.

QUEEN MARY COLLEGE ENTS
present
Thurs October 5th. Doors open 7.30 pm
GRUPPO SPORTIVO
+ THE SPEEDOMETERS
Admission £1.20
Friday October 6th. Doors open 7.30
FAIRPORT CONVENTION
(at 9 pm)
+ KEY WEST (at 10.30 pm)
Admission £1.70
Further attractions:
October 12th PANTIES, October 19th BETHNAL, October 24th EXZIBITOR, November 7th DOLL BY DOLL, November 14th PUNISHMENT OF LUXURY, November 17th CRYER, December 1st 5 HAND REEL, INTERLEKTUALS, DEADRINGER, December 9th JOHN MARTYN
LATE BARS FOOD
QUEEN MARY COLLEGE
GREAT HALL, MILE END ROAD, E1
Telephone 01-980 1240
Nearest Tubes Mile End, and Stepney Green

ALBUMS
CONTINUED

Pic: CHRIS L. URCA

DEATH IN THE FRONT STALLS ...

BLUE OYSTER CULT
Some Enchanted Evening (CBS)

NOW THAT Blue Oyster Cult have a patented studio style of their own, neatly quashing any lingering doubts that they had softened up in the process, their second live set establishes them once and for all as America's premier metal act.

But "Some Enchanted Evening" is more than a retread of the glorious riffing that made "On Your Feet Or On Your Knees" such a devastating souvenir of old paeans.

With their career then at saturation point they adopted a more fleet of foot image after "On Your Feet".

By some sleight of hand attributable to destiny's clammy grasp, BOC found an escape route via the "Reaper" hit. The Agents of Fortune reported — and lived. "Spectres" found them behind a diaphonous veil, spelling out the talents in nice clear letters. Not heavy metal, my little diz-busters, but precious metal.

Even so their seventh album, as any decent cabalist will tell you, has to be important. Any secondary live set needs to satisfy the twin objectives that there be new readings of familiar material and a traceable progression from previous departure zones. There are no new originals here. But "Some Enchanted Evening" is such a fine document of the band on form that its major fault lies in not being a double.

A more general criticism of the Cult centres around their unwillingness to loosen up and tackle some of their own, more obscure numbers.

"Some Enchanted Evening" is last post for a number of Cult set-pieces though there is no suggestion that its delivery coincides with a label move. The band are on hot form, as they claim they were not during the recording of "On Your Feet". Allen Lanier and Buck Dharma assist the indefatigable Pearlman/Krugman axis on the mixing board and ensure a cleaner sound for the Bouchard brothers rhythm section. Joe Bouchard's bass tones are especially sweet.

Side one showcases three Pearlman lyrics, all graced by Eric Bloom's superb vocals. Bloom, the chief ham in BOC, is also a mightily underrated singer, powerful enough to propel "R.U. Ready To Rock" with a force missing on "Spectres". Echoes from the Desdanova and Imaginos cycle are dotted around "E.T.I. (Extra Terrestrial Intelligence)"; even hints of Stalk Forrest Group's "A Fact About Sneakers" crop up in the final chorded extravaganza. But the real plus is an "Astronomy" equally as emphatic as the version on "Live In The West" (a naughty bootleg) where Bloom evokes all the atmosphere of Memphis Sam's finest ballad and Lanier and Dharma detail the nexus of the crisis through soaring counter point and crescendo.

The MC5's "Kick Out The Jams" is a natural for the rhythm mafia, making a mockery of claims that it lacks the intensity of the original. Obviously, Blue Oyster Cult would sink Rob Tyner and pals in any on-the-boards confrontation and this is no exception. "Godzilla" comes replete with Bloom's thoughtful Japanese but without the bass solo and final bridge which energise the full live treatment. Still, Roeser's insane high tension wire guitar cascades in trails like a snake scattering silver scales in the sun.

BOC fall down infinity's staircase for real with a toughened "(Don't Fear) The Reaper", where the lead guitarist and drummer arrive at the final 90 seconds primed for their all time classic resolution, an improved assault on the "Gil Blanco County" dream melody.

The Cult's impish wit means that they close with "We've Gotta Get Out Of This Place", The Animals' nugget aptly recorded in Newcastle. A possible single, reference points include Joe Bouchard's bass loop and an eerie transition from Dharma's breezy San Francisco swing into some genuine East Coast menace.

As "Some Enchanted Evening" has all the hallmarks of BOC's continuing grasp of fantasy, their concepts and instrumental executions lose none of their magic. A refugee from the flights of black horsemen adorns the cover and the album was recorded live in the band's principal American and English strongholds, Atlanta, Georgia and Newcastle. Seven from seven for the saucer news boys.

Max Bell

THE CORTINAS
True Romance (CBS)

I REMEMBER watching the Cortinas sometime ago in the common room at Leeds Poly, I think. I didn't like them very much then, but thought they'd probably improve, and they have. I still don't like them very much, but they've definitely improved.

"True Romance" was recorded prior to the band's decision to call a halt to their musical career in February '78 in order to concentrate on their academic endeavours. Now the album is on general release the band are ready, or so we are told, to make another run at the fence. But which came first — the chicken or the egg?

"Young music for young people", reads the Promo hand-out. I don't exactly know if that's true; I was born in '56 and I'm fairly sure some of this stuff could give me a few years. Overall it could probably be best described as average and hummable hybrid pop music, based on and around related topics (love, sex and money).

Only when the boys stray off the pavement do they ever come near to getting knocked down. Such occasions, which are thankfully few and far between, as this band are simply not equipped to do battle with major issues. In fact, as "Tribe Of The City" was probably a drunken mistake I will make no great mention of sixth form philosophy, platitudes and idealism. The musicianship is not uncommonly high, but it is acceptably competent and as these people are all relatively young (average age 17) we must presume that they will grow into fine young musicians — either that or Oxford Dons.

This isn't an offensive album, but it isn't an exceptionally good one either. It is merely a very reasonable record, which in a way is unfortune as there are already so many of them about, you see.

John Hamblett

GENTLE GIANT
Giant For A Day (Chrysalis)

LISTEN and look. Are Gentle Giant for people who're still trying to figure "Yessongs"?

Gentle Giant have a better hold than most on the subtle, conventional devices of rock construction.

Unfortunately, their musical technique is matched to lyrics which are rarely impressive enough to qualify as cliched. And the trouble is, they make perfect sense. They even tell us things, like on "Giant For A Day", which is about the illusory nature of power, the comparative nature of obscurity and impotency as a digit in contemporary society.

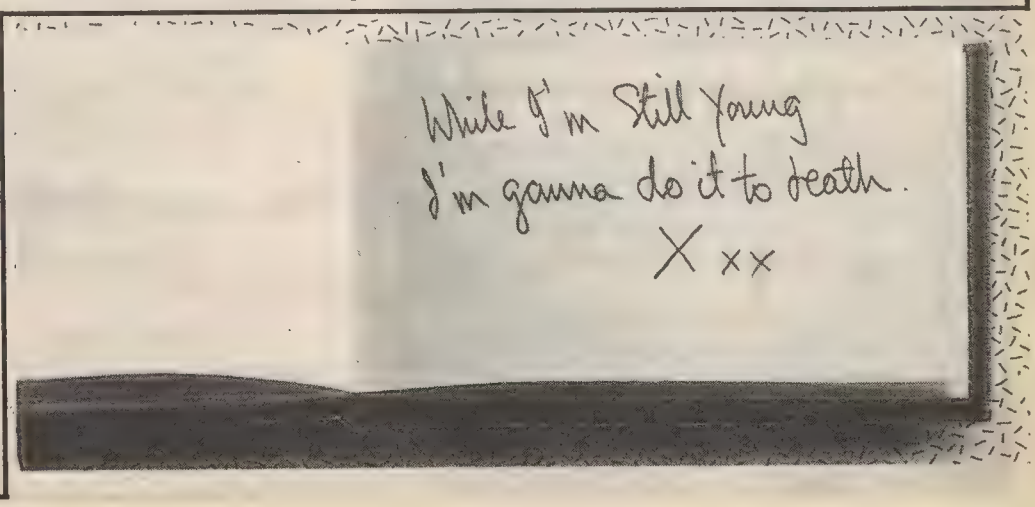
You are not lost. You can be Kierkagaard. Or Cheddar.

Look at the sky. No, stop it — the light is inside you! Spooky. Turn it on. You can't sleep. The question is troubling you: why have Gentle Giant included a "Giant For A Day" mask (cut out and wear, be something different for a day)?

Look into the vacuum cleaner. What are GG about? Musically crisp and fleetingly affecting, they don't possess the least shape or projection of identity (ah!), a factor which elevates the dreariest of bands (Supertramp, etc).

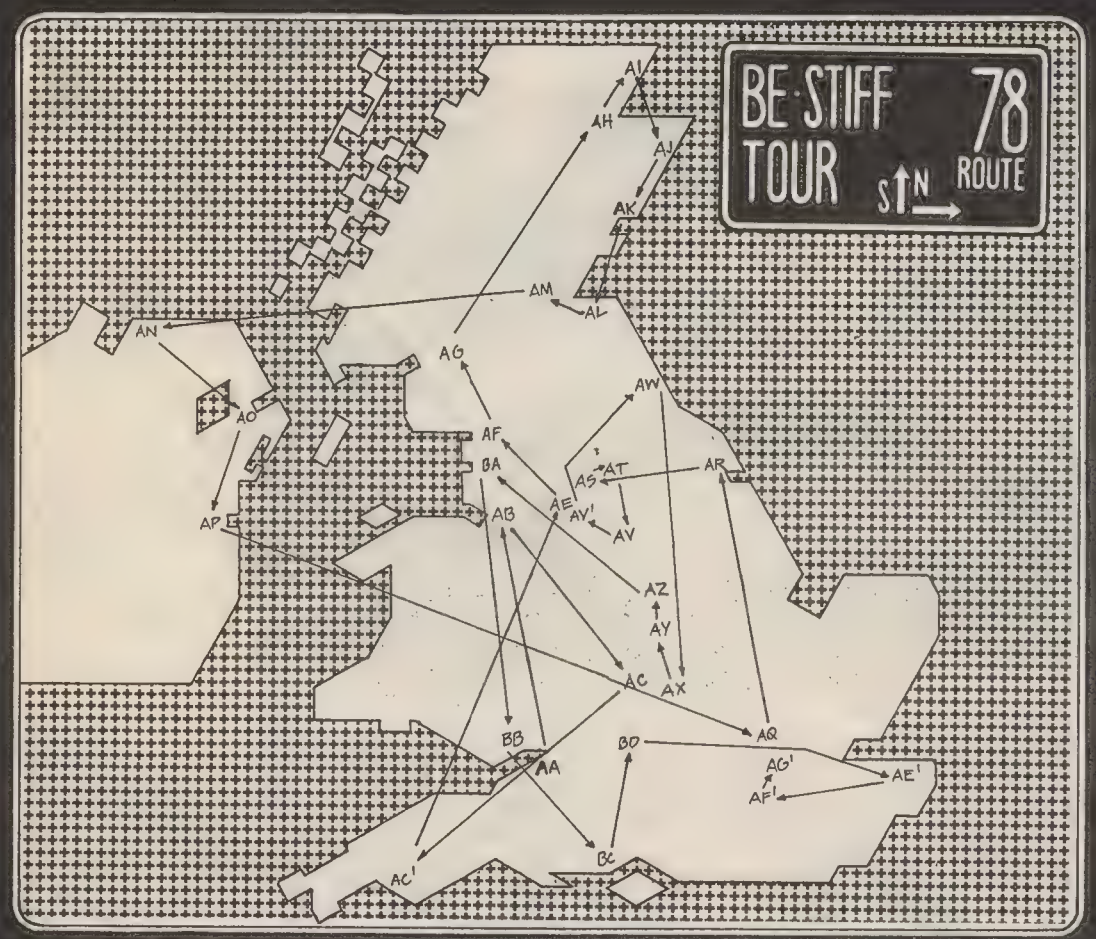
I can hear the name but I can't hear their laughter.

Ian Penman



YOU'RE EITHER ON THE TRAIN, OR YOU'RE OFF THE TRAIN.

THE BE·STIFF TOUR '78



BE·STIFF TOUR 78 ROUTE N

'BESTIFF' TOURSCHEDULE

OCTOBER		
10	BRISTOL UNIVERSITY	AA
11	LIVERPOOL UNIVERSITY	AB
13	BIRMINGHAM ASTON UNIVERSITY	AG
14	PLYMOUTH POLYTECHNIC	AC
16	MANCHESTER UMIST	AE
17	LANCASTER UNIVERSITY	AF
19	GLASGOW STRATHCLYDE UNIVERSITY	AG
20	DINGWALL, STRATHPEFFER SPA PAVILION	AH
21	WICK ASSEMBLY HALL	AI
23	ABERDEEN RUFFLES	AJ
24	DUNDEE UNIVERSITY	AK
25	EDINBURGH CLOUDS	AL
26	STIRLING UNIVERSITY	AM
28	PORTRUSH, THE ARCADIA (CHESTERS)	AN
29	BELFAST QUEENS UNIVERSITY	AO
30	DUBLIN THE STARDUST	AP
NOVEMBER		
1	HEMEL HEMPSTEAD PAVILION	AQ
2	HULL UNIVERSITY	AR
3	HUDDERSFIELD POLYTECHNIC	AS
4	LEEDS UNIVERSITY	AT
5	SHEFFIELD TOP RANK SUITE	AV
6	SALFORD UNIVERSITY	AV'
7	NEWCASTLE UNIVERSITY	AW
9	WARWICK UNIVERSITY	AX
10	LOUGHBOROUGH UNIVERSITY	AY
11	NOTTINGHAM UNIVERSITY	AZ
12	BLACKBURN KING GEORGE'S HALL	BA
13	CARDIFF SOPHIA GARDENS	BB
15	BOURNEMOUTH VILLAGE BOWL	BC
16	OXFORD POLYTECHNIC	BD
17	CANTERBURY ODEON	AE'
18	GUILDFORD SURREY UNIVERSITY	AF'
19	LONDON LYCEUM BALLROOM	AG'

THE TOUR FEATURES WRECKLESS ERIC, MICKEY JUPP, JONA LEWIE, LENE LOVICH & RACHEL SWEET AND THEIR FIVE SIMULTANEOUSLY RELEASED ALBUMS.

SEE THE ROCK N' RAIL TOUR BE·STIFF ROUTE 78 TOUR GET THE ALBUM SET

LATE TOUR ADDITIONS = THE RECORDS

The internationally acclaimed 'Year Of The Cat' was two years ago.
Quite a passage of time!

Al Stewart

Now he's back, with another beautiful collection of songs.
And a tour in December.
Until then, at least there's the album you've been waiting for.

TIME PASSAGES

Record: PL 25173.
Cassette: PK 25173.
RCA

Produced by Alan Parsons
for Kinetic Productions Ltd.

Al Stewart—UK tour dates
December 7th Dome—Brighton
8th Hippodrome—Bristol
11th Apollo—Manchester
12th Odeon—Edinburgh
14th Odeon—Birmingham
15th Odeon—Hammersmith
16th Odeon—Hammersmith

ON THE TOWN

Rose Royce Stargard

BIRMINGHAM ODEON

ROLL UP, roll up. Stash your blues away, don yor glad rags 'n' have vor tickets ready as you reach the door. The autumn fun-fest is under way and starting right here.

Between now and turkey-stuffing time there's a mighty crew of U.S. funk-a-delia heading yor way: from the roots (Ray Charles, James Brown and assorted Kings) to the rappers (Millie Jackson, George Clinton and Mob). And if this steaming package is anything to go by, we're all in for a sweaty three months.

Nothing heavy-duty concerning the brain, y'understand. It's all about heart lifting and soul shifting and generating some kinda life and co-ordination twixt yor warm, tufty parts and those gawky pedal extremities you call feet. Limp loins and dead-asses stand aside: if you can't get it on you might as well climb off, roll away and die someplace else.

Stargard'll sort you out straight away, separating the men from the bozos and the funky chicks with a zap in their pants from the iron maidens with a pain in their neck.

To be fair to them and you, I gotta admit that I only caught half of their set — and then from a roadie's vantage point two yards east of the fox-tone and within ear-cracking distance of their amazing drummer.

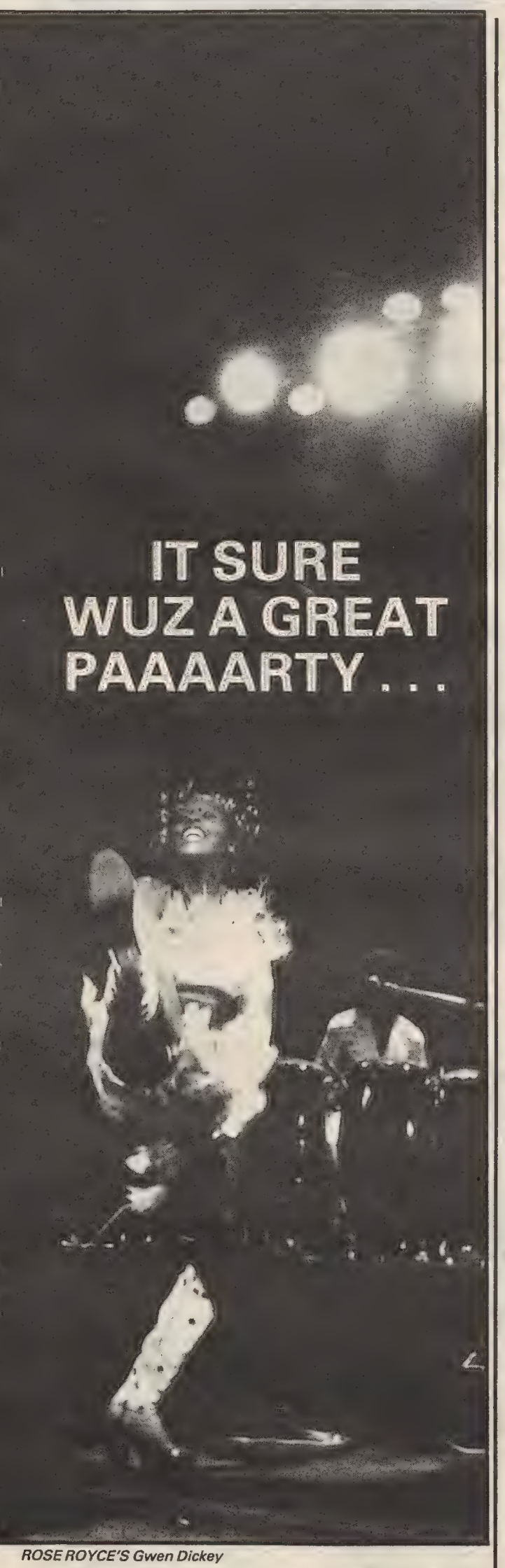
But if what I saw is whatcha get in the auditorium it won't be long before Stargard are headlining their own tour.

Imagine Labelle rejuvenated and transposed into a funky situation rather than a rock-orientated deviation from yesteryear's 'soul' and you'll be some way to appreciating what's going down.

From what I could judge via the monitors, the three girls are all powerful singers (I don't just mean they're belters, talking 'bout quality as well as quantity) and they sure nuff move 'n' groove with energetic, if somewhat lewd, ich ich abandon.

I wasn't too struck by their costumes, especially the silver-foil, chicken-wrap helmets — but no matter, anything less than skin-tight black leather is totally irrelevant. More to the point, with a band that matched their near-P-Funk performance Stargard proved themselves to be a great deal more than just a figment of Norman Whitfield's imagination. "What", as they so aptly ask, "you waiting for? Elmar?"

Rose Royce are a more diverse set of hearts-partyers but, so far so good, they haven't spread themselves wide enough to become transparent. It's fairly apparent that their aim is ultimately plummet to one of those lowest-common denominator levels demanded by the American *"multi-platinum sales in all major markets or else you're out on your ear"* Record Biz, but nevertheless, as at this moment in time, conceptually-speaking, career-wise, they're still hot to trot.



ROSE ROYCE'S Gwen Dickey

Most of their lengthy set was drawn from the two Whitfield albums, "In Full Bloom" and "Strikes Again", although of course they had to donate "Car Wash" and "I Wanna Get Next To You" to the insistent audience. And very generously donated they were too. As was all of their act.

That's the thing about Rose Royce. They're all pro entertainers, no doubt about it, and whether it's Gwen Dickey, Kenny Copeland or Kenji Brown that's leading the vocals, or whether you're tuned into their overall bandsmanship, you could hardly accuse them of being sloppy.

If you wanna hear "Wishing On A Star" or "Love Don't Live Here Anymore" or "First Come, First Serve" or whatever, it's all there, expertly delivered and a delight to receive. We all had a great time, not least of all me.

Only thing is — and I know I shouldn't mention it in this context but still, you gotta say what you gotta say — I seldom felt the cerebral contact of any kind of personality behind the music. Shame that, 'cause I've met the group twice now so I can testify that they're genuine characters, not cardboard cut-outs. It must be the Californian sunshine and the current All-American obsession with homogenised inoffensiveness that bleaches perspective.

What the hell. As parties go, it went. And that was the whole point of the exercise.

Cliff White

GETTING INTO COMBINATION LOCK ROCK

XTC

GLASGOW

A BRIEF flirtation with their engaging "Statue Of Liberty" single excepted, circumstances have so far conspired to deny me any close acquaintance with the music of XTC.

This consequently being my first full-frontal exposure to the band and their music you'll have to look elsewhere for those comparative value judgements as to whether XTC have got better or worse, or whether they've 'progressed' or whatever it is new wave bands are expected to do between albums.

All I can tell you is that what I saw was simply very good.

To a novice accustomed to the idea of a well balanced, finished product sound, XTC's stop-go rhythms are at first quite disorientating. Almost robotic in their choppiness, yet with tantalising snatches of melody concealed about their persons, these see-saw songs that refuse to settle are performed at a full tilt pace that positively accentuates their irregularity.

It's not until you come to appreciate the separate contributions of individual band members that the coin drops as to how cleverly XTC's music is put together.

Four very disciplined yet flexible contributions — melodic lines mostly from the keyboards — are welded into a very distinctive style with watertight precision. (If there were any first night nerves they certainly weren't visible).

It's as if the band had taken apart a 'normal' song then reassembled their component parts slightly out of synch with the expected rhythmic flow of standard rock patterns so that they seem to battle against each other instead of pulling together. Add to this wilful tearing a relentless energy and a wild-eyed humour in performing and in XTC you have the Marx Brothers of pop.

Adventurous without being affected, intelligent and fun, XTC's combination-lock music is both provocative and pleasing. It's very clever yet hard to take seriously, and simultaneously easy to relax and dance to but a challenge to appreciate fully all the time. It's a combination that could prove highly addictive.

Most of the material was from the new "Go Two" album ("so if you don't recognise it don't panic" was the quip, underlining the idea of presenting the audience with the unexpected).

Song titles were generally shouted at great speed in the split second pauses between songs and thus hard to catch — as were most of the lyrics — but their material was all of a consistently high standard especially the closer "Set Yourself On Fire".

An intriguing introduction to interesting music that is certainly well worth further investigation, XTC can put me on the guest list anytime.

Supporting were The Jolt who get better and better. Their refusal to compromise with a frantic pace worries me but the addition of guitarist Kevin Key to ease the burden on main-man Robbie Collins augurs well for the future.

Once they get their roles together they should prove a very potent combination.

There were some good new songs in the set — Collins' "What I Want", and Key's "All The Girls In The Street" outstanding, and Jim Doak played a great bass all set. Keep going lads, you'll get there.

Ian Cranna

Pic: KEVIN CUMMINS

Rachel Sweet

NASHVILLE, KENSINGTON

I TRIED not to get carried away.

Because of a ticket limit the place wasn't packed, but it was full enough — especially in those rotten rows of seats stage front.

Why do people sit there? I reckon it's for the same reason that others listen to double live albums on headphones — to assess whether the others are justified in their dancing . . . the intellectual's fear of popular excitement.

Rachel Sweet walked on into The Records set — which had been fairly undistinguished till then — and as the applause rang on cue I thought: "You mustn't get carried away".

Rachel Sweet is 16 and barely five foot one, so it'd be easy for her to ride on an ickle girl trip, all cute and Rocking Zavaroni. Or rather, it'd be easy for us to ride on that insulting idea.

But none of it. That night, playing some countryish music I don't particularly care for, she became mighty, hard, and — I suspect — turned more than one case of trendy night-clubbing into ardent admiration.

THE SWEET SOUND OF SUCCESS

On the strength of her contribution to the Stiff Akron compilation alone, this ticket holder was gonna holler her on.

She gave us "Pin A Medal On Mary", "Alison" and a striking, steaming version of Carla Thomas' "B.A.B.Y.", neither feeling the need to screw up her face and get gritty nor smile nicely and croon. No great gesticulating, the occasional punch into the air . . . yet never, never was there any suggestion of homely arse-on-the-stool country for the front rows.

The Records must know they'll never get the chance to function so effectively without her, and they performed as though they wanted to see the venue ankle deep in sweat.

Rachel's voice is enough to make Bonnie Raitt shake, Emmylou quake, and when her outrageously short drew to a close the cheers and clapping were not the kind that waits till the last blam of the opus. The audience stood and applauded when she was only two steps toward the wings and the band were still running through another chorus.

But then Rachel Sweet has been singing since she was six, and knows when to walk off.

It is startling and fairly emotional to be in the midst of a crowd who aren't whooping Pavlovian praise because they feel they ought to be, but just aiming it at someone who deserves.

Her tutor was behind me, bouncing about and seething excitement and after the gig Rachel was obliged to shoot back and complete some homework. It would be cheap to angle points like that as trashy endearing anecdotes. Rachel Sweet is out like a ton of bricks, and trendy or not, is a winner. I hope the album is the same.

Reading this back, I don't believe I did get carried away.

No, that's exactly how I felt.

Danny Baker

WMW

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Wreckless Eric
Lene Lovich
NASHVILLE, LONDON

THE GIRLS are going to clean up on the Stiffs tour if this Nashville warm-up was anything to go by. *(See also Rachel Sweet, P.47)*

Slavic and soulful, disdainfully haughty and well-mannered in her natty hennaed plaitlocks and Spanish dancer red dress, Lene Lovich teases the audience: but her mischevous eyes and the cutesy-cute come-ons aren't just more of the old jerk fodder.

In time-honoured ho-ho-aren't-Stiff-just-soooo-wacky tradition, there's an element of tongue in cheek about Lene, her melodramatic over-acting and her four-piece male band.

But the voice is mature and melodic and the band — even if they started the set like a cluster of tight and turgid pub rock retards — are hard and funky.

In their worst moments they came across like just another modern cabaret act, but in their best . . . even Nick Lowe's bloated ballad "Tonight" is given a tender and moody rendition while "Home Is Where The Heart Is" and the spikey "Lucky Number" have the band slipping into a satisfying Talking Heads groove, with Lene's occasional saxophone lending a sleazy touch to the jumpy Stax rhythms of Kojak on guitar.

My soul shoes tell me they'd be great with a solid, strident horn section. As it is they are already good.

Which, sadly, is more than can be said for Wreckless Eric.

The Nervous Wreck's problem used to be the booze: to go onstage as pie-eyed as he did the last time I saw him at the Roundhouse is just a gross insult to your paying fans.

Now the drawback is his band: his old group The New Rockets — an appealing if somewhat motley combo — have been ditched in favour of a bunch named Last Orders, who think they want to be The Faces. For the more stubborn amongst us, things really do seem to have come full circle.

With Jona Lewie guesting on keyboards, these merchants of the new boogie (same as the old boogie, suckers!) played a half-hour set of songs from the new album, none of which matched up to the charm and immediacy of "Waxworks" or "Reconnez Cherie" from The Nasal One's debut platter.

What was that you once sang about "Brain Thieves", Eric?

Adrian Thrills

LENE LOVICH. Pic: DENIS O'REGAN

Girls make the best Stiffs

Brand X
Peter Hammill
LONDON RAINBOW

ODD COUPLE, the advertisements gloated. Indeed, a strange matching. The primitive and the sophisticated? The harrowing and the comforting? The chilling and the lukewarm? Two Charisma acts?

Brand X are possessive and gluttonous. Once Genesis drummer Phil Collins' hobby, they've now expanded horrifically to become a spoilt and spoiling aspiring super group, with Collins just a memory.

They play complex, swift, boggling electronic jazz rock muzak. Whizz, swoop, swish, rush, dash. Fiddle and fuss. Bass, drums, guitar, keyboards with extra percussion or keyboards.

Rip, zip, hurtle, zoom, dash. Compact, unventilated instrumentals. Such alignment and spring! Such care and craft!

But there seems to be limited compositional imagination. Brand X hurtle in a straight line, with no space, no breathing space. 'Jazz' is a faint influence. 'Rock' is a faint influence. And impact, speed and electricity are crucial. Their outsides are varnished, their insides are frozen. They are right down there with the tidy Mahavishnu Orchestra.

They were better with Billy Idol.

From hectic musical plagiarists to that cheerful personal plagiarist Peter Hammill, who opened as solo as he's ever been, with no Van Der Graaf Generator. Another fragment in a different auditorium.

The man is not necessarily pessimistic, but he is certainly realistic in acknowledging the disorder of human existence — and telling us about it, saucy sod. And my oh my he is so guilty! He's deep inside the gap between the self he *is* and the self he *projects*.

And, of course, it's a small slip from guilt to alienation. As far as my pocket (and soul) is concerned, Hammill can sin on all he wants, as in alienation from God or himself.

I mean, who is there . . . ? . . . Devoto? Wyatt? Bowie!! Don't make be blink.

He is on stage with violinist Graham Smith, ex-Bournemouth Sinfonia, ex-String Driven Thing, and saxophonist Dave Jackson, ex-Van Der Graaf Generator. The three are performing an extensive disjointed song, 'Time Heals' — a rather naive view, but then he doesn't really believe it. After all, what is time? An essence of existence? Hammill loves to play with the fundamental rhythms of life.

Hammill roams merrily along the route from Camus; "I proclaim that I believe in nothing and that everything is absurd, but I cannot doubt the validity of my own proclamation, and I must at least believe in my protest"; Sartre's view that man starts from nothing and invents his value and images for himself; and the heavy weight of conscience.

He is bare, obsessive, melodramatic, embarrassing, contradictory, muddled. Because, gosh, he thinks!

And it's good to see him discarding the Van Der Graaf format. He is always at his most effective when the music is stark, uncertain, less grandiose.

Smith, Jackson, Hammill combined for a perfect expressionist noise, more extreme certainly than The Banshees' present unsure formulations: it's intensified romanticism, avoiding the superficially pretty . . . brutal, purposely distorted in line and texture, full of nervous tension, dissonant with jagged melodic leaps, the best music Hammill has made.

As if free, the musicians rummage, accentuate, flow around each other, scratching and rubbing.

They played two cuts off the latest Hammill record, "Future Now": "If I Could" and "The Second Hand" — only two because, he informed us, "The rest are totally unimaginable in this context."

How odd to see these three musicians perform such 'heavy' music looking so smart, in such a silly venue, in front of the converted. How ever did Hammill keep a straight face? He must have a healthy attitude to death.

Peter Hammill is one of the most important 'rock' people of the decade. This performance was astonishing. If you feel he's naive, well, for what it's worth Bowie's certainly 'naiver'.

Fall in with Hammill's bewilderment and you will never lapse into a blunt complacent optimism dominated by a materialistic scheme of values. Peter Hammill: popular philosophy — singalongaparodox.

Paul Morley

Chelsea
The Fall
Snivelling Shits
MUSIC MACHINE

HERE WE go again, pretending to be out of school and out of control.

I don't mind postures, but I enjoy jumping on Lego all the same: Chelsea (Gene October) bellow about the injustices of Authority (power) when it's blatantly obvious that someone, somewhere, has pumped an atrocious amount of money (power) into them . . .

Be intimidated by their outfits. They are Modern Guerillas. Be hypnotised by their flat, Modern lightshow. Be deafened by their excellent P.A. Have your life altered by it all . . . hear the platitudes (can't you just?).

Your rebellion waits in a yogurt carton: objectivity's good but *TOTP* is cleaner.

Do The Fall exist? If they exist, do they do so to support Chelsea? Is it a measure of our confidence that they do so? Or do complacency and perhaps Capitalism come into it?

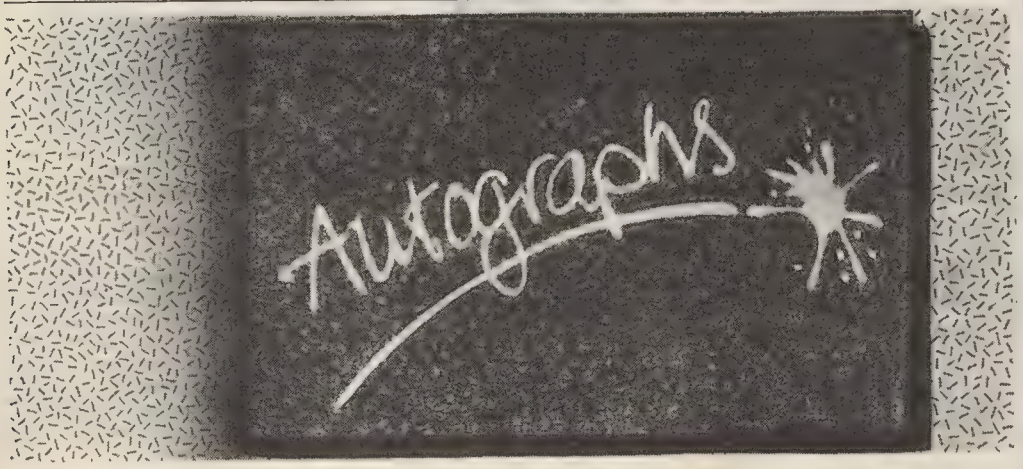
Desperation and agression, depression and stimulation — a door opens and shuts — 'fun' is relative in your (stinking) 'Modern world'.

Why have your 'intelligence' insulted by greedy American non-nostalgia exploitation, when The Fall can insult you, *and* make you use your 'intelligence'?

I danced all night. Mark Smith dances better (but Mark Perry is King).

I missed The Snivelling Shits, whose name suggests I missed . . . not much. I could be wrong. They could be the sound of the '80s.

Ian Penman



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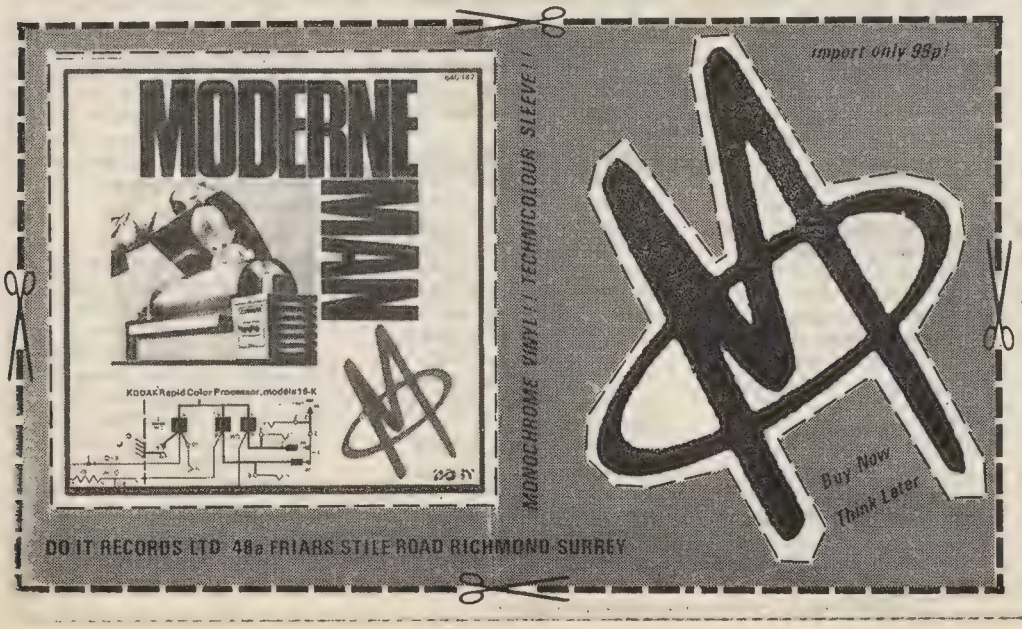

Striding forward into the past

ONLY ONES' Peter Perrett. Pic: PAUL SLATTERY

Only Ones
Bram Tchaikovsky's Battleaxe Business

LYCEUM, LONDON

AN EVENING of puppetry and gloss for those with hard-boiled heads and a taste for stunted evolution: why give people something you think they should reach for when you can pull hankies from your sleeve (and watch the idiots gape)?

An evening of pain and process, wherein the same old pre-1976 devices of manipulation and illusion were trotted out, their tatters cleverly sewn. Business are an atrocious, young, youth-club Heavy Metal band. They've been in a cave since 1973. They come out and club us . . . they expect *thanks?*

But NOBODY BOOED OR THREW THINGS!!! I despair — how far have we really come.

Fortunately there was an interval between Business and Battleaxe, or otherwise I might have treated them as one band — and a lot of people would be very angry about that.

If Battleaxe cut a record I'm sure it'll retaliate. With a super lightshow. Super.

The Only Ones are all knocking on a bit, nobody's denying that. How silly and irresponsible, therefore, that they should be matched, to their benefit, with the younger new British bands, whose approach and attitudes are *naturally* more primordial and less professional. I thought that was the 'point'. Question mark?

Their Lyceum performance was depressing (and this despite the fact that by the time they arrived I was ready to applaud even a troupe of performing midgets). It was a slick, fast, insulated performance not even arrogant. They were just adept entertainers, like Battleaxe, who drag us back while at the same time offering assurance of evolution.

They tore through a set divided equally between old and new material, ignored textures and tension, and relied solely upon blunt, decapitating rhythm — an insulated, junkie's power of reasoning. The powerful, subtle element of rhyme and romance, twists and temperament inherent in Perrett's songs was lost in the slogging, straight rush.

That Perrett's singing and presence lack tangible expression is attributable to the subject matter of Only Ones songs, but there you go, here it comes, it's up my nose.

Richard Lloyd, freshly free from the justifiable disciplines of his Television role, came on to 'jam' for the last three songs, though whether he actually plugged in his guitar or not is a matter for debate.

The jam (sic) ended in pure noise, in time honoured fashion, for those who like to honour time. I felt completely numb. If they cut a record I'm sure it'll love every minute.

Ian Penman

JAZZ DIARY

THERE'S A five-hour festival of jazz at the Round House, Chalk Farm on 8th October by Mosaic recording artists under the auspices of JCS. Appearing on the bill will be the Graham Collier Twelve, Lysis, Triton, the Stan Sulzmann Quartet and Howard Riley, in all 20 top jazz musicians.

Mosaic Records, run by Graham Collier, has now established its own booking agency for label artists. The latest release, Collier's "The Day Of The Dead", based on the writings of Malcolm Lowry, is well worth checking out.

The University College Jazz Society at 25 Gordon Street, London, is presenting a charity concert in aid of the South African Scholarship Appeal, which is to raise money to provide a black South African student with the opportunity to study for a degree at University College.

The concert features George Melly with John Chilton's Feetwarmers, Humphrey Lyttleton with his new seven-piece band, Neville Dickie and Alexis Korner: 20th October.

Glasgow's Platform presents Lol Coxhill on 10th October, and Art Themen with the Kenny Fraser Trio on 24th at the Third Eye Centre. Cinders, Partick Cross, has the Bill Kyle Quintet and Eberhard Weber's Colours on 17th October, and Barbara Thompson's Paraphernalia on 31st.

South Hill Park, Bracknell, Berkshire, has Kathy Stobart on 10th, New Orleans Jazz plus Grits and Molasses on 17th, Dick Morrissey on 24th and 1066 And All That on 31st October. St Georges Theatre, Tufnell Park Road, London, has a new Sunday lunchtime venue for Trad fans, with a jazz workshop in the offing.

Derek Jewell's book *Duke*, a portrait of Ellington, has now been published in Sphere books, while Granada have published *The Making Of Jazz* by James Lincoln Collier.

Brian Case

Funky music for the Vatman

Kokomo
Matumbi

ROUNDHOUSE, LONDON

IT ISN'T nostalgia that's brought the erstwhile London funkster combo, soul supremos Kokomo together for this Class of '76 reunion. It's money, and necessity of raising same to repay a dirty great VAT demand. Ho-hum.

Which isn't to say we can't have a little fun at the same time, and hordes of veteran Kokomo-ites turn up to turn the affair into a just-like-old times celebration (old times being pre-early '77 when the band's four-year career closed), roaring recognition for songs like "I'm Sorry Babe", "It Ain't Cool (To Be Cool No More)" and "Rise And Shine".

Well into the spirit of the event are Kokomo themselves, up to full complement with a line-up of eight plus a few guests for good measure. The group's antecedents include King Crimson and The Grease Band and to this day its individual members seem to crop up everywhere.

Forming the front-line is the formidable vocal team of Dyan Birch, Paddy McHugh and Frank Collins (who scores with a powerful version of Aretha Franklin's "With Everything I Feel") while "Use Your Imagination" acts as a showcase for the instrumentalists, solos courtesy of Mel Collins on sax and Neil Hubbard on guitar.

Secondary vocal duties fall to avuncular bassman Alan Spenner ("feeling 30, dirty and shirty" as he puts it) and piano-man Tony O'Malley, the latter leading "Any Time" and "Good To Be Alive".

It's comfortable funk, slick to perfection, sweaty but immaculate. Not my cup of Horlicks, I'll admit, but given the nature of the occasion any criticisms would be pointless, not to say churlish.

It was certainly Kokomo's night but support band Matumbi brought us dangerously close to forgetting it. If you caught the 'Blockheads' tour earlier this year then you'll no doubt recall the outfit that's acquiring the "best reggae band in Britain" label with indecent ease.

Through "Music In The Air" and, of course, "Rock", they weave and bounce along; each instrument leads you a different way yet takes you in a single direction — higher.

Fronting are Glaister Venn and Bevin Fagan, meticulous and sharp. Flowing around and in between are the band: the big, rambling Blackbeard on guitar, Blake and Donaldson, Johnson and Jones. Tonight they're augmented by a two-man brass section.

"Empire Road" is the new 45 and closes the set. If the "Seven Seals" album proves equal to the promise of shows like this then it will be worth the waiting.

Paul Du Noyer

The Yachts

HOPE AND ANCHOR, LONDON

THE YACHTS play smooth, catchy and very safe music. Nostalgia freaks and teenyboppers may like 'em, but they make me *restless.*

This was one of the early gigs on their present tour, and they suffered from their songs being too similar to each other, and the strange decision to release "Look Back In Love (Not In Anger)" as the single since it's definitely not one of the few songs which stand out.

I liked "Mantovani's Hits", "Yachting Types" and "On And On", but it's nothing new. The 60's did it better, and the 70s have more original and entertaining versions on offer.

Graham Lock

MORE LIVE REVIEWS ON PAGE 57

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HURRY UP HARRY!

polydor

The Kinks

HAMMERSMITH ODEON, LONDON

THEY DIDN'T play it on the night, but Dead End Street is where The Kinks seem to be now — a second-rate Heavy Metal band living on past glories. If this sounds extreme, well, I've rarely felt so angry at, and insulted by, a concert performance as I was by The Kinks last Sunday night.

For a start the sound was dreadful. Recurrent feedback, the piano mixed too low, the drums too loud (doubly unfortunate as Mick Avory has always been rather heavy-handed). Secondly, the playing was dreadful — all noise, no subtlety. The way they simply trashed classics like "Lola" and "Waterloo Sunset" was criminal.

Ray Davies was worst of all. I couldn't decide whether to be bored, embarrassed or disgusted. Dressed in blue velvet and a red bowtie (the ageing rocker as Latin waiter syndrome strikes again), he milked the audience for every last iota of adulation he could get. I've never seen anybody play the old tart quite so blatantly. Sad, sad, sad.

From the first song, he was urging everyone to clap, and he spoiled several subsequent numbers with incessant demands that people should clap and sing along. Throughout, his enthusiasm seemed horribly forced and phoney, as if he really hated the audience for not cheering his every move. By the end, he was pushing the "I'm a big star" routine to the limit, waving and yelling at the crowd, shaking hands, blowing kisses, the whole nauseous razamataz.

The music was a mixture of old hits and selections from the recent "Misfits" and "Sleepwalker" albums. The new songs seemed characterless or trivial, the old were wrecked by the sloppy performance.

There was just one moment of real excitement. After a particularly horrendous version of "Trust Your Heart" by Dave Davies, Ray bounded back on stage, spotlights swirled around the audience, and the opening chords to "All Day And All Of The Night" blasted out. The perfect second-string HM song, it suited The Kinks in their present mood, and the fans went wild with nostalgia.

Things went a little better after Ray had got the acclaim he seemed to crave, though he was still able to destroy "Demon Alcohol" with a silly, arch-camp interpretation. And it's rather depressing that The Kinks had to rely on a hit that's nearly 15 years old to carry their act. But carry the act it did — they even repeated it at the end of the set (just to make sure of an encore?), which is taking the idea of playing safe way past toleration point.

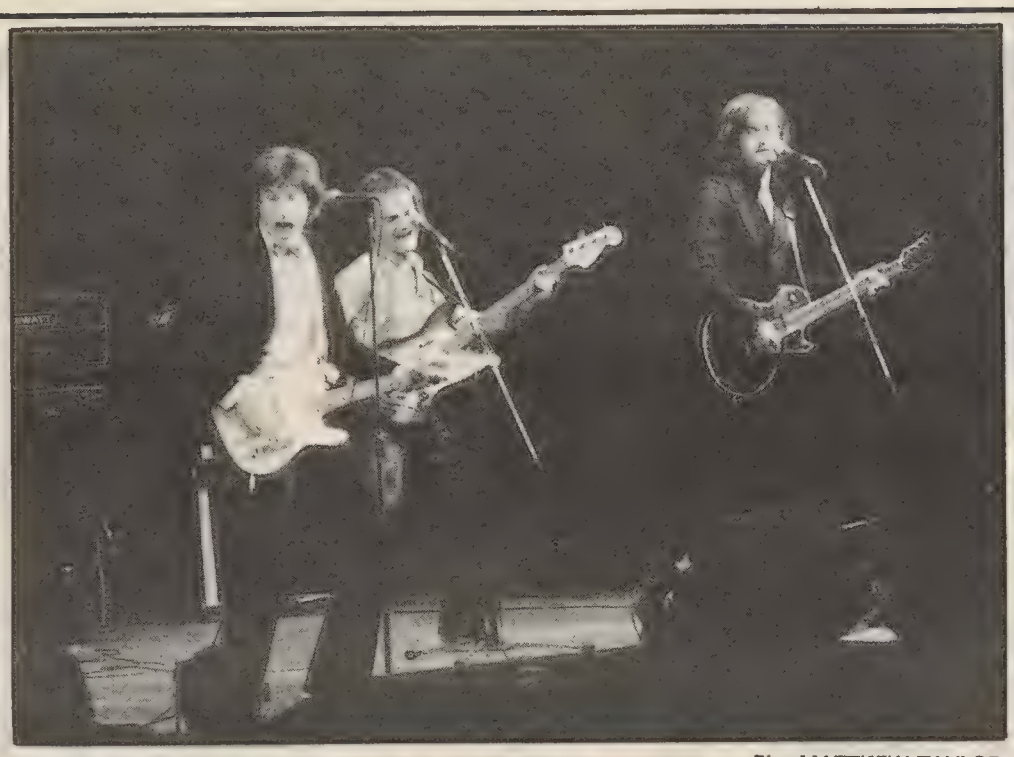
On the other hand, looking at the quality of their recent songs, maybe it's not so surprising. "Hay Fever" and "Permanent Wave" are just throwaway, "Juke Box Music" and "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy" rework a threadbare theme, while "Live Life" and "Misfits" celebrate a sentimentalised idea of individuality which is actually selfish, insular and thoroughly reactionary.

Ray Davies has always been an erratic songwriter, the occasional gem emerging from a welter of lightweight social commentary that cloaks nostalgia for an imaginary past, and a shallow romanticism that barely gilds a hard core of chauvinist fantasy. Tonight, he was erratic as a performer too, failing to provide the sensitivity his best songs demand.

The fans loved it, of course — at least from "All Day" onwards. But since The Kinks don't play in England very much, I suppose they're grateful for whatever crumbs they're thrown. They were predominantly a late 20s, "respectable" audience.

I should say somewhere that Dave Davies tossed in some pretty good HM guitar every now and again, but the rest of the night was a travesty of rock 'n' roll.

Graham Lock



Pic: MATTHEW TAYLOR

KINKS SHOCK HORROR

The Crusaders

HAMMERSMITH ODEON.

ON STAGE, as on record, The Crusaders an elusive synthesis of assorted musical elements which, although generally bonded in a cohesive sound that is unmistakeably Crusaders, is never forthright enough to establish whether they've arrived at any special destination or are simply lost en route to nowhere in particular.

Take this business of funk, for instance. They've recorded several strong, rhythmically dominant tracks that are within bumping distance of the real thing. But they performed them like they were almost embarrassed about stooping so low as to actually Git Dahn 'n' Boogie, especially "Keep That Same Old Feeling", which was perfunctorily dismissed during their encore when the audience was already up and uncaring.

Instead of receiving the inevitable cheers at this point it might have done The Crusaders a bit of good if we'd have all blown a raspberry. It was O.K. an' all that but not exactly a powerful demonstration of group commitment. I guess it's far too mundane a piece for their questing souls — their minds seemed to be elsewhere.

During their individual check-out-the-size-of-my-talent routines, bassist Pops Popwell and drummer Stix Hooper demonstrated beyond doubt that they're Musicians with a capital emmm, Stix performing a minor concerto in the key of wham-bam-alacazan and Pops plucking and thwacking a thunderous barrage that undoubtedly left damp seats all round the auditorium. Even so, both of them could learn a thing or two about funky stuff from many less renowned musicians.

Similarly, Wilton Felder (electric and acoustic saxes), Joe Sample (electric and acoustic pianos) and newest-recruit, guitarist Billy Rogers, all know thair way around their respective instruments as well as *NME* staffers know their way round to the local, but they're not always so hot at straight-ahead communication. They're the musical equivalent of a debating society. Erudite wafflers.

Sample is the prime exponent/culprit concerned. During his opening, solo acoustic set — "Rainbow Seeker" and so forth — and throughout the main show, he unveiled a repertoire of keyboard vituosity that encompassed moods and styles from sources as diverse as Gerswhin G. and Hancock H. Most of it was entertaining in an academic kind of way yet he seemed to me to be doodling in a vacuum.

Felder, when he wasn't standing around, looking unnecessary, played his part with cool efficiency, supplying what is perhaps the most readily identifiable signature of The Crusaders. His short bit of electronic tomfoolery was little more than a novelty interlude but generally he was the most persuasive musician on display. Pity he wasn't more fully employed.

Rogers was more difficult to assess, but then he's in a tricky position. At face value he often seemed clumsy and uncomfortably set amongst his partners when compared to his famous predecessor, Larry Carlton. On the other hand, forget the past and he jumps into more realistic focus as a skilful guitarist in his own right. It's just that he's a radically different stylist to Carlton — far more blues-based; rugged rather than fluid.

Whether that means he's the right man for this particular job is something else again. It all depends on where The Crusaders are heading. I'm not so sure that any of them know.

Cliff White

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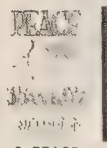
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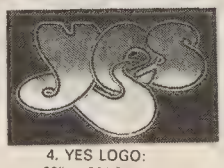
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23. SMOKIE
24. ELVIS (G.I. BLUES)
25. THE JAM
26. THE STRANGLERS
27. GENESIS
28. LED ZEPPELIN
29. MONROE
30. THE RUNAWAYS
31. YES
32. DONNA SUMMER
33. QUEEN
34. ANDY GIBB
35. BOWIE
36. THIN LIZZIE
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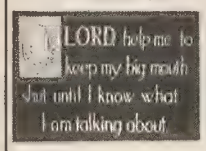

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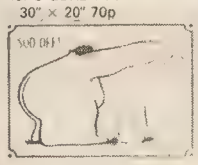
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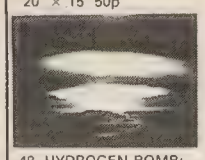
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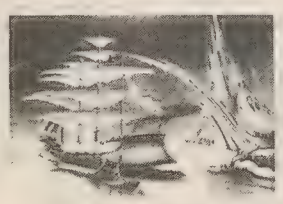
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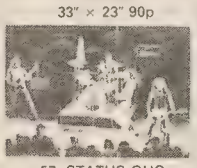
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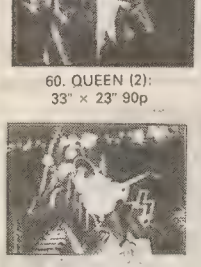
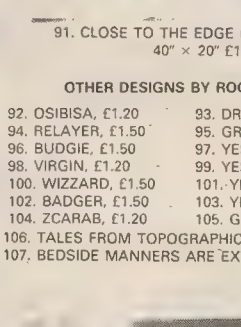
88. KISS (1)
89. THIN LIZZIE


61. KISS (2): 33" × 23" 90p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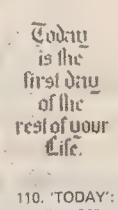
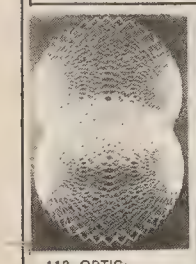
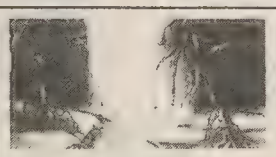
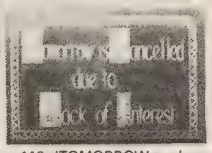


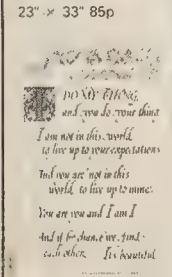
110. 'TODAY': 15" × 20" 50p

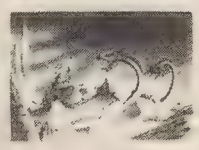

112. OPTIC: 23" × 33" 85p


111. IN SEARCH OF FOREVER (by R. Matthews): 40" × 20" £1.50



113. 'TOMORROW . . .': 30" × 20" 65p


I do my thing and you do your thing
I am not in this world to live up to your expectations
And you are not in this world to live up to mine.
You are you and I am I
And if by chance we find each other. It's beautiful.
115. 'I DO MY THING': 15" × 20" 55p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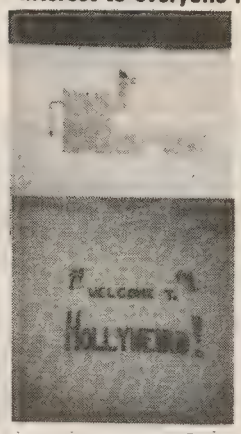

FIRST
. . . a name we all know and love *(for more reasons than one I'm sure!)* the sign of the happy camel is here in superb three colour screen-printed Sweatshirts and T-Shirts. If you ever wanted a camel, this is the cheapest, cleanest, easiest way of acquiring one. RSPCA approved — possibly!

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Send cheque or P.O.S, STATING SIZE AND COLOUR (2nd choice) ***Please allow up to 21 days for delivery.*** Money back if not satisfied when returned within 14 days.
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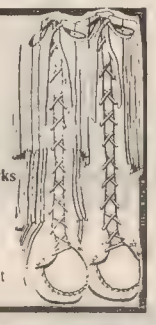

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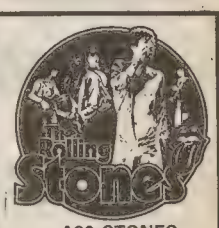
A19 BOB DYLAN



A20 STONES

A9. KEITH RICHARD

A1. ALICE COOPER

A29. ERIC CLAPTON

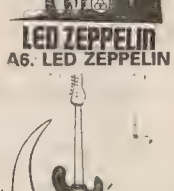
A6. LED ZEPPELIN

A11. JIMI HENDRIX

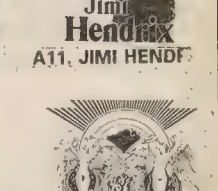
A2. BLACK SABBATH

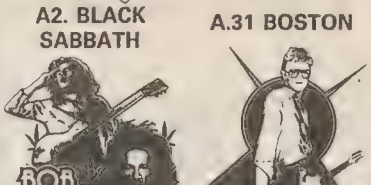
A.31 BOSTON

A7. THIN LIZZY



A14. RAINBOW


A30 SANTANA



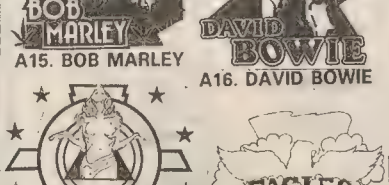
A15. BOB MARLEY

A16. DAVID BOWIE

A22. FRANK ZAPPA

A12. LYNYRD SKYNYRD

A25. E.L.P.



A27. HAWKWIND

A24. EAGLES

A26. AC/DC

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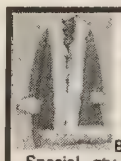

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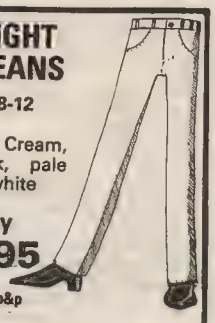

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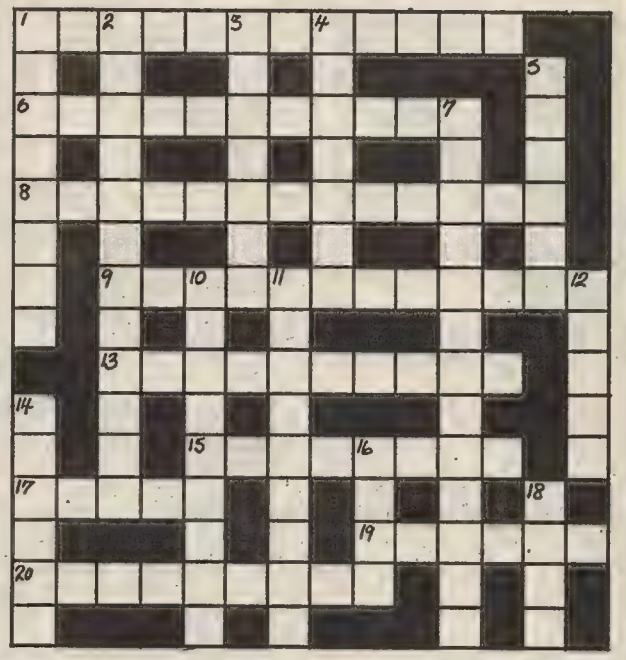

ACROSS

1 From which comes the much-quoted (and phrophetic) line "Hope I die before I get old". (2, 10)
6 Jazz singer, writer, critic, humourist and all-round middle-aged roue of the parish. (6, 5)
8 The Thin White Duke was a subsequent persona — both are now in mothballs. (5, 8)
9 Left The Eagles *sigh* for a solo career *yawn* as a singer-*yuk*-songwriter *bleeeuuurgh!* (6, 6)
13 Bob Seger LP — a concept album about a course of evening classes at the Arthur Murray Dance Academy?! (5, 5)
15 The TV repairmen's favourite U.S. group?! (3, 5)
17 One for Silver Screen buffs: first name of the character played by Diane Keaton in Oscar-winning movie of same name.
19 & 12 Macperson with kleptomaniac tendencies!
20 Mott's ex-mainman — or someone who's put a price on the head of the Jethro Tull leader *(think about it)*?! (3, 6)

DOWN

1 Here's a Modern Music riddle: What loads a gun, is found on a bookstall, and plays new-fangled music for the modern age?
2 Yet another of those U.S. jazzers dabbling in disco and soul; this one penned music for Ali's "The Greatest" movie. (6, 6)
3 One third of turgid turkey power-trio such as listeners to A. Freeman were wont to drone on about! *("The management apologises for this gratuitously insulting clue" — Snivelling Ed.)*
4 Grudging praise for Scottish soul combo!
5 Rat Quo combination!
7 Isn't it confusing all these songs that (suddenly) go into (brackets)? Like this (modern day) disco classic by (Sylvester) ferinstance! (3, 4, 2, 4 [6, 4])!
10 Older than the Gibb and Isley ones, not quite so ancient as the Everlys!
11 The Jam's debut album. (2, 3, 4)
12 See 19.
14 Low-ranking, trod-upon member of artists' entourage.
16 "Back In The ----" was The Beatles response to Chuck Berry.
18 A 1968 No. 1 for The Crazy World of Arthur Brown.

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS BELOW.

ACROSS: 1 "Picture This"; 6 "Oh What A Circus"; 10 Supremes; 11 Exile; 12 Shadows; 14 Jim (Cregan); 17 "At The Hop"; 19 Dear; 20 "David Watts"; 21 Sha Na Na; 22 Dub; 24 Peter Wolf; 25 Bill Bruford. **DOWN:** 2 "I Thought It Was You"; 3 Rat; 4 "Israelites"; 5 Julie; 7 "Hard Day's Night"; 8 Ayers; 9 (Bob) Seger; 13 "What A Waste"; 15 "Stratosfear"; 16 Roger Taylor; 18 (Jim) Cregan; 23 Bob (Seger).

For details of advertising in this section, contact Sue Fletcher on 01-261 6172.

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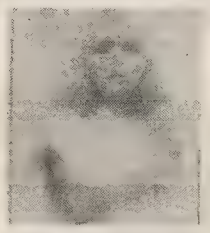

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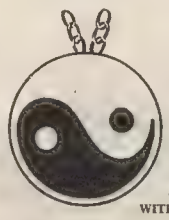

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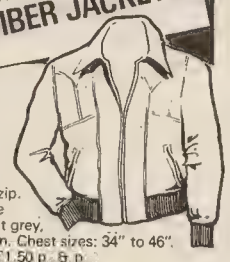

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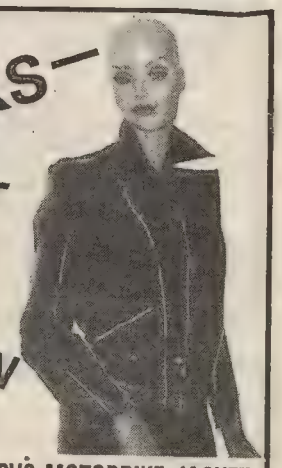

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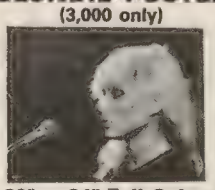

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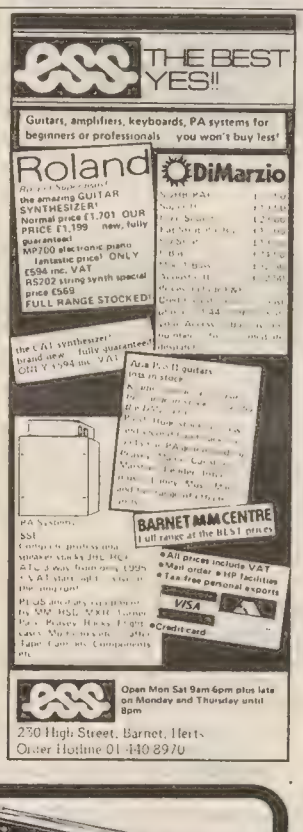
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Dead Fingers Talk Out Of Nowhere

MARQUEE, LONDON

DFT'S PROMISE is about to be delivered.

Although they share with the New Wave an affection for Lou Reed, their roots are in a more mainstream hard rock tradition, epitomised by the choice of Mick Ronson to produce their first album. A patchy affair, it has its moments but does scant justice to the sound and the fury of DFT live.

At the Marquee they open with a beautifully sleazy "Storm The Reality Studios" — Bobo Phoenix prowls the stage, exuding a menace which belies his name while stark, intelligent lighting complements the atmosphere perfectly. Guitarist Jeff Parsons plays with newfound exuberance and ferocity and the rhythm section confound their weedy presence on the album with full-blooded conviction.

Other numbers from the album gained enormous power live, and a bunch of new songs augur well — especially the bluesy "Play It Cool", the long, theatrical "Harry" and a rousing "Mad Boys" which had Bobo balancing a glass of water on his forehead and Jeff sawing his guitar against the mike stand and then beating himself over the head with it. Primitive, but fun.

Support band Out Of Nowhere are really out of 1972, like a bunch of Art and Drama students trapped in a time-warp. A line-up that features keyboards and sax, jerky rhythm changes and titles like "In Love With Yesterday" and "Suicide At The End Of The World" induces comparison with Roxy Music, but Out Of Nowhere have neither the weary romanticism nor the avant-garde affectations to carry it off.

Their visual appeal carries them through their early numbers — a guitarist who sways madly like a sapling in a hurricane, a lady bassist in a mauve leotard, a singer trying to perfect his sub-Bowie mime act — but then the music seeps through and boredom sets in.

I thought this form of music went obsolete with Ultravox. It seems I was being unduly optimistic.

Graham Lock

The Showbiz Kids

CANNING TOWN, LONDON

GRANDS FROMAGES in the top-right corner of the country, The Showbiz Kids have hit the well-worn track from Sunderland — where the action isn't — to London with hopes of consolidating a reputation that's grown in the wake of a *Revolver* slot and a not-uncomplimentary *NME* write-up a few weeks back.

Barely are they out of the transit van when they're launching the offensive with an impassioned assault upon the collective ear-hole of maybe two dozen apathetic imbibers here in the unlovely environs of Canning Town dockland. Unfortunately, the joint declines to jump.

Well, that's their problem. As for The Showbiz Kids, they turn in the best, most satisfying and enjoyable set I've encountered from a young, unknown band in a long time.

It was the dancing of natty front-chap Robert Coyle that struck me first (I'll stand well clear in future). He's a lovely mover who stalks the stage with a crazed panache, screaming his words with an awesome intensity. Most startling of all is the horrific Primal Scream which closes their only cover version, "Cold Turkey", a choice that conveys some idea of the group's ambitious aspirations.

The opener, "Young Man's World", is perhaps their most immediate song and, like many of the rest ("Dollars In The Basement", "Passion Trade" and "Suicide") is immeasurably enhanced by the thoughtful guitar of Pat McMahon. Meanwhile the rhythm section, Phil Hyslop on bass and drummer Bob Kent, busies itself supplying not just support but positive propulsion.

Lyrically, Coyle's no bozo, tackling an impressive diversity of themes in a way that's never hackneyed and without appearing overtly fashion-conscious. (In fact he almost dropped a fine song, an anti-Nazi number, through fear of appearing to ride a bandwagon.)

Musically, it's "Maybe" that shows them at their strongest — medium-fast, hard and accessible pop with some intelligent bass/lead interplay.

Yeah, the Kids are alright (or 'canny' as they say in their Geordie way). Be there when their boat comes in.

Paul Du Noyer

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TECHNICOLOUR BAG!

KEEP 'EM COMING TO THE N.M.E. WE TEAR YOUR LETTERS UP AND PRINT THE ONES WE WRITE OURSELVES!!

Letters Edited by CHARLES SHAAR MURRAY

Write to GASBAG, NME, 5-7 Carnaby St., London W1.

PART OF the idea of a music paper is to assess the true worth of new albums, using the collective intelligence and experience of its reviewers. Some people, I'm rumoured, even let reviews influence their decision of whether to buy an album. So it's a pity that when "Julie Burchill" is inscribed in the bottom right-hand corner of one of your reviews, we know that the piece will offer no *clue* as to the quality of the music under discussion. At best, we get a fascinating glimpse into the mind of Burchill herself.

Take, for example, some of the most recent. Virtually a full page devoted to Devo's new one . . . or is it? We have plenty of stuff on the '70s' malaise, a savage put-down of Burchill's idea of a Devo fan, and so on, but the nearest she comes to the music itself is in comments like, "Mark sounds like Napoleon XIV, had he been Pink Floyd's lead singer". Informative?

The Derringer piece was little better; outpourings on 'Sexist Rock' and 'Health and Beauty', but only very cursory discussion of the album. Worst of all, her review of Bowie's live album: it's such a shaky critical piece that it rattles. The first half is yet another splurge on the '70s Sickness, with gems of information on Bowie fans like "A lot of them went into hairdressing (that's not a joke)"! And Julie isn't even consistent about her own absurd opinions. David Bowie is "mentally dead", we are told, and should have given up after "Station to Station"; in another paragraph "What in the World", off "Low", is "a really good song". No mention of the quality of the band, or even who is in the band. Side three, it seems, is no good because it's not boogie; does she think all good music has to be boogie, or is she just crassly insensitive?

Thus, I can only suggest that you persuade Ms Burchill to find more suitable employment elsewhere. Oh, and it would be nice if you could publish some reviews of the new ones from Derringer, Devo and Bowie . . .
JAMES, Wantage, Oxon.

DEAR MISS Burchill, thanks for your fantastic review of the new Bowie live album. Quite how you manage to slag so many great artists in one review is little short of amazing; must be a record even by your standards. Thanks for showing me how dreadful all these rock stars really are. So Bob Dylan's songs have now become archaic verbiage (try telling that to the 250,000 at Blackbushe), Iggy and Lou Reed are good-for-nothing has-beens (to think I foolishly enjoyed "Street Hassle"), Joni Mitchell's mawkish, Jonathan Richman hates all his fans, Bob Marley makes "bland black" album products (what a quaint phrase), but worst of all that dreadful Mr. Bowie fellow.

I never realised how useless, irrelevant, what a toothless piece of meat and a has-been he is, how much he hates his fans, how wretched, bland, depressing, archaic he is and what gibberish his lyrics are.

To think I used to reckon he was great!

Perhaps next week as a special treat you could write a review of the new Ferry LP or something, including insults to the Stones, Patti Smith, The Clash, Elvis Costello and any other good, popular musicians you could think of.

Also, perhaps if you have a spare 10 seconds — or does it take you longer to write "The Runaways", you could incorporate a list of groups who it is OK to like.

Having melted down three-quarters of my record collection after your enlightening review I seem at a loss to know what to listen to now. Really looking forward to your next review, Julie. Thanks for the last one.
MARK, Brighton.

I SAW Julie getting sloppy — this ain't the way to do things, honey. Self-aggrandizement deadens the reality of the outer world, personality distorts history. Re: Julie Burchill-Parsons' typical review of David Bowie's "Stage", especially the extract: "James Dean was a bad, hammy actor and Kennedy was a corrupt, sloppy politician . . ."

In her eagerness to convey the idea that appearance/image swamps reality (and to boost herself as *NME's* sociological individualist) she writes off James Dean and Kennedy in an unnecessary and unnecessarily bitchy aside. James Dean wasn't "bad, hammy" — this is typical JB ego controversy — and we all know anyway that Kennedy was no Mr. American Pie and Smile but "corrupt, sloppy" is overdoing it.

Julie, it surely won't hurt to concede that a few things in life necessarily have to pass without the stamp of your personality-aspirations on them. How about giving us all a break and limiting your reviews and articles to the subjects in hand and not bounding off in all directions in a vain (the right word) attempt to impress the minions.
GROOVEY JOE DOOVEY, Huntingdon.
My God, who'd'a thought that all you out there in readerland world find JB's review so controversial? (snickers, attempts to keep straight face, fails). The general concensus around here among the less rigorous thinkers is that "Stage" is a trifle naff (DB never had much luck with live albums) but that the next Bowie-Eno collaboration is awaited with keen interest. As for Julie, you know you can't stop the girl . . . CSM.

IF YOU just chuck this away no-one will ever know.
SMUG, RUGBY.
It's a bit early for Smart Ass One Liners, innit? — NS.
Yeah, but you know how hard it is keeping the little bleeders at bay — CSM.

Hey NME, if you lot are the great lefties you keep telling us that you are (keep it up Julie, but tell hubby to stop being so hip: Kent's cornered that pose since at least '73) why isn't there more space in your comic for some genuine readership participation?

Okay, there is Gasbag and the occasional piece from some "Star" like Quatro, Nelson or Tom Robinson but what part do most of us play in deciding what goes into the old rag every week?

If you can spare three-quarters of a column in *Gasbag* every week for some nurd to go on and on about any minor slight directed at his/her fave band will result in bloodshed if they ever meet the writer in question, then surely a space can be found for articles of say 1,000-1,500 words from *us* on topics about the general direction of the editorial policy? I mean it's a bit much you lot criticising the national dailies for being out of touch and biased when dealing with things a lot of kids care about like, say, Punk or the A.N.L. if you don't give us a chance to influence your own paper.

It may well turn out that we don't actually want half the garbage you serve up to us every week but that's your tough shit. Of course nothing will come of this idea even if you print it 'cos at rock bottom, you hip London scum are just like the equally hip (1967 model) young capitalists over at Virgin Records:
HEDONISTIC POSERS!
A BORN TROUBLE-MAKER IF EVER I SAW ONE, Aldershot.
The part the readers play in determining the contents of *NME* is decided largely by you, the readers; our real editors. True, *Gasbag* has only a page — but the letters in the bag represent only a small proportion of the letters we actually receive, *all* of which are read. There's nothing to stop any of you submitting for publication anything you feel like writing — how do ya think *NME's* writers started working for us anyway? Of course nothing will come of this idea because you unhip Aldershot troublemakers would rather think the worst of us than graciously accept an offer like this. Wouldn't ya?— N.S.

TELL DAVE Edmunds he can have my el crappo Jappo Les Paul copy if he gives me one of his multitudinous Gigson 335's that seem to crop up every time his picture is taken. What could be fairer?
A JAPANESE COPY OF A REAL ENGLISH GUITARIST PLAYING AN AMERICAN GUITAR, Leigh, Surrey.
If you send a cheque for seven million quid to Jake Riviera he'll send you a Japanese copy of Dave Edmunds to play your guitar for you. — CSM.

Perhaps a straight compliment is too straight to make your letters column, but who is this bloke Danny Baker? I refer to his particularly piercing piece of reporting over that *Grease* reception indulgence thing on page 11 of *NME* (23.9.78) "Genuinely moving", "too bloody right" and "I'm glad somebody's finally hit the nail on the head" are cliches that immediately spring to mind.
● *Show business kids making movies of themselves,*
● *You know they don't give a fuck about anybody else* say Steely Dan.
Well done sir!
D. H. LONGTON, Preston, Lancs.
What is this thing called Danny? Betty Baker's boy is a pathologically shy individual who prefers to remain a man(?) of mystery. We can, however, reveal that he can say "Apples and pears, guv'nor" — ring the *NME* any day and have him prove it. — CSM.

WHY DON'T The Stranglers stop pissing about and admit they hate females? If they think women are equal to men why don't they have some male strippers for the benefit of any women stupid enough to go and see them. Or maybe for their own benefit.
PEARL HARBOUR, Wimbledon, SW19.
It'll never stand up in court. — CSM.

I HATE people who write "Status Quo Rool O.K." in the back of school hymn books. Does that make me "hip" or anti-social?
BILL TOLAST, Teignmouth, Devon.
It makes you a person who goes to school with a bunch of blockheads — CSM.

MAY I suggest that you change the title of your letter page from *Gasbag*, to *GASBAG* as I think this will encourage more people to read your paper.
CLIVE KENNEDY, Chairman Of The Committee For Non-Radical Reform, Stanley.
Uh oh . . . — CSM.

I DON'T think Paul Morley likes anything. Am I an optimist?
IAN NORMAL, Exeter.
. . . I think the S.A.O.L.'s are getting frisky again. — CSM.

WITH REGARDS to Paul Morley's so-called review: it takes six long boring sentences to slag off Sore Throat. The first is mildly interesting (about who the producer is) but of course we must have a brief bitch and show everyone we know who's who. The second tells us who they are, the third actually reveals to us that Paul Morley doesn't like them, the fourth, fifth and sixth is back to the bitching about his budgie. Well, if he listens and follows the advice of his budgie so much perhaps he should let *it* write the reviews . . . or perhaps it does, and he just does the dictation.
YOUNG NICK MYRE, Overhill Road, London.
I don't mean to cop out on any of these 'ere *Gasbag* answers, but who is this Paul Morley person anyway? — CSM.

I AM surprised at you. You have some fine authorities of old films on your staff and you make a blunder like this!! I am, of course, referring to last week's *Gasbag For You*. The picture you show is Pat O'Brien and James Cagney as Father Connelly and Rocky Sullivan in the gas chamber scene from *Angels With Dirty Faces*. As any "Cagneyphile" knows — Cody Jarrett ended his days on top of an exploding gasometer in *White Heat*.
KLIF, London.
It was a pun. Anyway, Cody Jarrett is a better name than Rocky Sullivan. — RAOUL WALSH.
And Raoul Walsh is a better name than Hugh Cornwell. — CSM.

LOOK YOU LOT I'm sick to death of the criticism of one of the best band ever, Chelsea, and of Gene October. He and his band have come in for a lot of stick from the press and practically anybody whenever the band's name comes up. In *Sounds* Pete Silverton, writing about Johnny Moped, agrees with one of Moped's songs, "Wide Wee", a piss-take of "political bullshit" bands like Menace and Chelsea. Look mate, no way are Chelsea a "bullshit band".

1. Gene October was born in the East End, an orphan, his life was a pile of shit — why the hell shouldn't he complain?

2. "Right To Work" is a straight attack on the unions. Kids can't get jobs so, like Gene, they formed groups to vent their annoyance at (as you'll see if you read Mark P's interview with Gene in a back issue of *Sniffin' Glue*.

3. "The Loner" is a comment on people who are alone and who are screwed up due to society's conditioning — the *Glue* interview'll tell you that. Read it.

4. I could go on. The list is endless, but you won't listen just as you won't print or read this letter.

5. I don't give a toss about the *Blackmail Corner* bit; he probably needed the cash. He's still one of the most credible rebels produced by punk. His group will never sell out, they are the ONLY group left apart from Metal Urbain and Patrik Fitzgerald.
JIMMY SUEDEHEAD, A Chelsea Fan.
As it happens, Mr October — or John O'Hara, as he is known to his friends — was born in Birmingham, not London. He wasn't an orphan, either — his childhood home. we are assured by one who knows him well, was "comfortable". The *Sniffin' Glue"* interview, incidentally, was a put-up job: Mark P was Chelsea's record company boss on Step Forward, wasn't he?

As for his political commitment, our *Blackmail Corner* entry cast no doubts upon that — though we might wonder why Gene (or Twinkle, as he is known to his even better friends) tried to launch his Love & Kisses band for a couple of months before the bottom fell out of the power pop explosion.

To change the subject and reply to a letter nobody wrote — we'd like to apologise for a slight lapse into incipient Larry Graysonisms in that *Blackmail Corner* caption (16.9.78). Definitely none was intended. If anyone wants to pose for a gay pin-up mag, that's okay by us. As any paranoid pop star will tell you, *Blackmail Corner* has always been intended to bring a bright red hue of temporary embarrassment to its victims' faces and nothing more serious than that. Not yet, anyway . . . — THRILLS ED.

TO NME Staff writers:
Estragon: That's the idea, let's abuse each other. *(they turn . . . face each other)*
Vladimir: Moron!
Estragon: Vermin!
Vladimir: Abortion!
Estragon: Morpion!
Vladimir: Sewer rat!
Estragon: Curate!
Vladimir: Cretin!
Estragon: *(with finality)* Critic!
Vladimir: Oh!
Keep waiting, Love . . .
GODDEAUX, Highbury, London.
Krapp. — CSM.

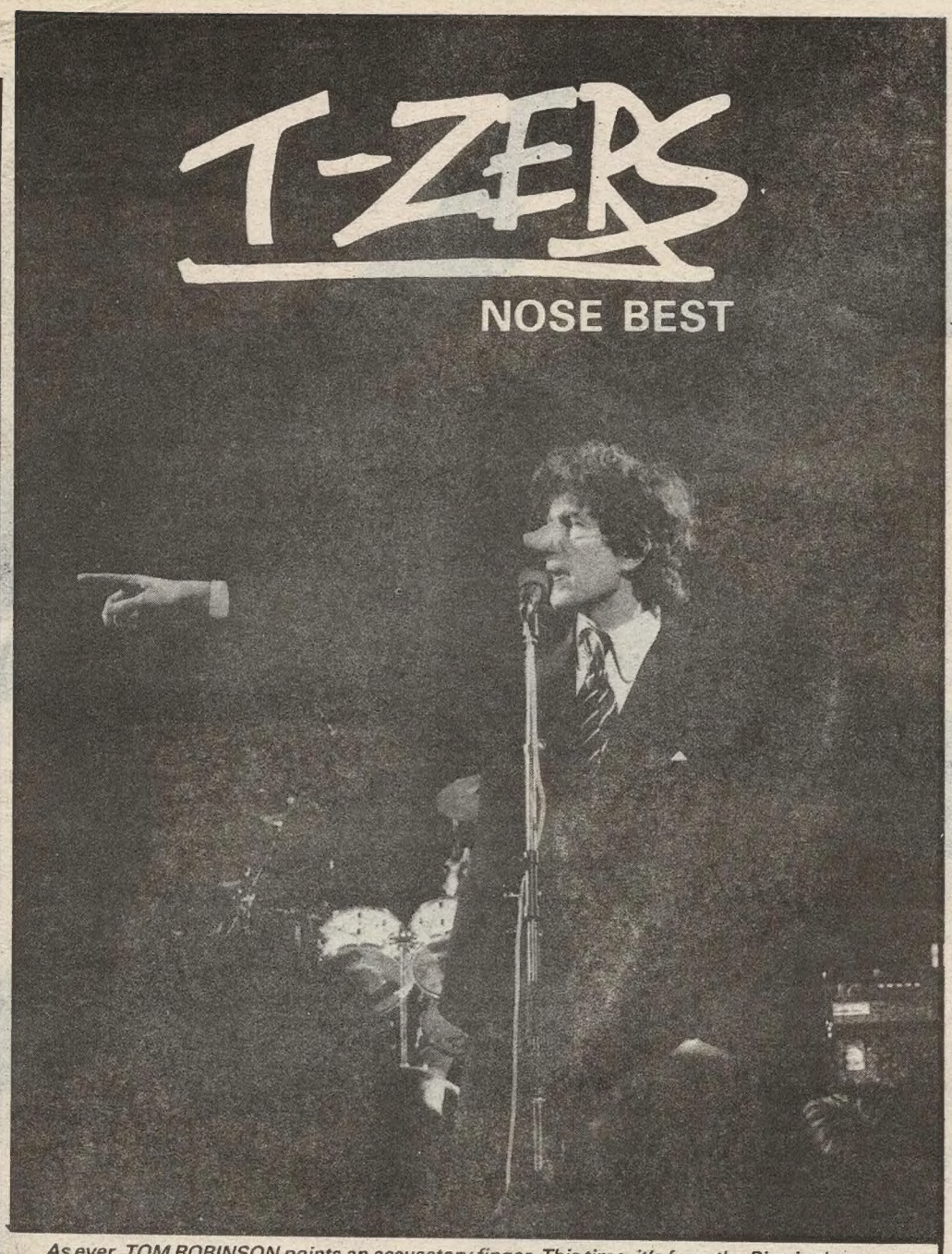
I READ the *NME* every week, but don't even own a record player. Does this make me a pseud, or am I very poor?
LIZ JONES, Penydarren, Merthyr Tydfil.
Just plain literary, I guess. — CSM.

READ BY PETE

Gasbag Graphics present dead rockers in living colour by RAY LOWRY

T-ZERS

NOSE BEST



As ever, TOM ROBINSON points an accusatory finger. This time, it's from the Birmingham Odeon stage and the target appears to be RAY LOWRY's DeLuxe colour Bag (Tom favours the plain canvas type, slung off the shoulder). Fearlessly, Robinson poo-poos painful and embarrassing cosmetic surgery — unlike New York housewife WAYNE COUNTY (see below) — and retains his appealing low profile. Pic by AL JOHNSON

BLITHELY we wander once more in to the forest of reckless rumour and worthless gossip. Fearlessly, *T-zers* separates the wood from the trees and the men from the boys. But no matter how hard it tries, it can't avoid . . .

This week's **Clash** management disaffection scenario development: With **Bernie Rhodes** unequivocally on the way out, The Clash's management contract is up for grabs to the highest bidder. And well ranked amongst the high bidders is one **Brian Lane,** former manager of **Anita Harris,** currently career overseer for **Yes** and **Rick Wakeman.** Ancient cosmic symbolism meets urban graffiti? A riot in the topographic ocean? Digital clocks for Christmas (well, that's what Yes got last year)?

T-zers doesn't really care. All it wants to know is: when will the new Clash album hit the streets? **Pearlman, Strummer** and co are making **Neil Young** and **Pink Floyd** look like fast breeders . . .

Wilko's Solid Senders seemingly walked off in a huff during their Hitchin gig on Saturday night. Ten minutes later they returned on stage, but with **Dave Graham** and **Steve Little** of support band **Fischer-Z** depping for the Senders rhythm section. Said Wilko to the audience when the set was over: "I'd rather play with these guys anyway . . ."

Yet according to Wilko's office, **Wilko** walked offstage before the end of a song and the rest of the Senders finished the song and went off to get him. **Fischer-Z** also went to look for him (Hitchin College is a big place) and since they found him first and the Senders were still looking, they went on stage with him. The Senders, however, were reunited for the encore. Accustomed as *T-zers* is to exotic behaviour, this all seems highly suspect . . .

Hijackers in North Hollywood made off with a semi-truck containing $100,000 worth of merchandise. They were probably less than pleased to discover their heist was in fact eight tons **of Kiss** albums and 2,600 pounds of vitamins. A medical correspondent notes that this amount still falls short of the fortification required to listen to that many Kiss albums. Meanwhile the Kiss Army will be disappointed to hear that they've been deprived of yet another item of Kiss consumption as Kiss' **Gene Simmons** has scotched manager **Bill Aucoin's** plans to market **Cher** and Gene kissing dolls . . .

John Entwistle and **Roger Daltry** have chosen the lucky winners of the *NME/Who* Needs You competition. After auditioning ten finalists at Camden's Electric Ballroom last week, they finally picked **Cross Section,** from Rainham, Kent. Full story next week, but here's one snippet: a band they *didn't* pick who *did* enter was **The Jam.** They forgot to enclose a demo tape . . .

Tam Paton, manager of one-time weenie wonders **Bay City Rollers,** is planning to spend up to £2 million on a 1,500-car Drive-In cinema near the M8 motorway between Glasgow and Edinburgh. Paton reckons it could "revolutionise" cinema-going in Central Scotland, and if his plans come off, others are projected in London and Birmingham . . .

An unemployed **Travolta** fan was in an Essex magistrates court recently charged with damaging people's clothes. This disco kid was sniffing a pot of glue during *Saturday Night Fever* when he slumped unconscious, spilling the glue over two people next to him. He later told police: "I've seen the film five or six times, the glue makes it look like 3-D." His defence argued that he could not be blamed because he was unconscious. *T-zers* argues that is probably the best way to take Travolta . . .

The BBC's new *Omnibus* series kicks off on October 12 with a programme called **The Record Machine** — the Beeb say it'll "take the lid off the music biz", and it includes footage of the dread 'play-list meeting' at Radio One, which is one lid they'll have trouble prising off — since it having rusted into place eons ago. . .

Former **Beach Boy Bruce Johnston** has been called in to supervise the new Beach Boys LP on CBS — which will be released after their final Reprise album, 'M.I.U.". He's been throwing out tracks left and right, including what was the title track, "California Feeling". . .

Television's Richard Lloyd turned up in London on Sunday to jam with **The Only Ones** at the Lyceum. . .

Jean Jacques Burnel somewhat miffed at the lyrical content of **The Edge's** new single, "Macho Man" — especially since he financed the original demo tapes. . .

The short-list for bass playing spot in the reformed **Roxy Music** includes ex-**Small Face Rick Wills** and former **Vibrator Gary Tibbs.** Ferry himself was playing bass for a while but decided to concentrate on his wardrobe, sorry, *vocals* instead. . .

Real records apparently highly nervous about their signing **Johnny Thunders'** upcoming Lyceum gig. They've hired two bodyguards to chaperone the aah, wayward Thunders from the moment he steps off the plane to the moment he steps on stage. This is no guarantee that he'll play any better, but at least he'll remember what he's playing. . .

Elvis Costello recently seen in the company of **Todd Rundgren's** wife **Bebe,** former companion of **Rod Stewart, Ron Wood** and — well, you name 'em. According to *Guitar Player* magazine, he of the humourless visage holds the fretboard style of one **Jerry Garcia** in high esteem. "Oh yeah? Too much. How flattering," responded the bearded tripster. And while we're at it El, what *is* so funny about peace (thwack!), love (crunch!) and understanding (owwww!)?. . .

Cortinas to split rumours not entirely true, though drummer **Daniel Swan** is quitting the band to return to his school studies (sweet sixteen and never been kissed). . .

And while the world was waiting for **The Cortinas** or CBS to come clear, **Elton John** went shopping at London's Flyover records. It took him a mere two-and-a-half hours to drop 1,100 quid . . .

The freshly chiselled bone structure of **Wayne County** had a beer glass thown at it during the **Electric Chairs** benefit gig for the Rochester Castle. The projectile-launching heckler then tried to get on stage and attack the band, whereupon Wayne and bassist **Val Haller** defended themselves with flailing mike-stands. Wayne, suitable clad in ladies underwear, told the cheering crowd: "Don't let this dress fool ya, I can take care of myself". . .

A generous and appreciative *T-zers* applauds Virgin's subliminally succinct press kit for the new **XTC** album "GO 2" The kit includes a tee-shirt and a poster which persuasively states that "This campaign is aimed at you. . .perhaps more of you will go out and buy it. This makes more money for them and for XTC and their manager, which stimulates their interest." Makes a change from the poncey shoulder bags. . .

Esteemed record producer and A&R man **Tom Wilson** died of a heart disease recently aged 47. Wilson produced **Dylan's** "Bringing It All Back Home" album and "Like A Rolling Stone" single and went on to work for MGM/Verve, where he was mainly responsible for signing **Zappa's Mothers Of Invention**

Certain people already frothing with either rage or enthusiasm after reading the **CSM/MacKinnon** broadside on the state of rock in the first part of our unbearably fab full colour *Book Of Modern Music* pull out.

Yet another media plug for *NME,* this time from the frequently boring **Clive James** on LWTV's *Saturday Night People* show last Saturday. During an all-round snipe at the Legalise Cannabis Campaign, James caught up a week late with the story that the campaign tried to place an ad in *NME* and had it turned down — not by the editorial, we add, but by IPC Magazines. *T-zers* also noticed how quickly James and **Russell Harty** agreed with **Janet Cleaner's** description of her co-presenters as "middle aged."

And anyway, whatever happened to Power Pope? . . .

Runaway JOAN JETT shows the world that PATTI SMITH ain't the only punkette with hairy legs. STEVE JONES (cradling a bottle of plonk — whatever next?) fancies them both, and their mums. Pic by DONNA SANTISI

Cartoon by STEVE BELL

BETTER BADGES

New Releases

20p Alternative Ulster, My Way, Slits, Skins, Love Bites, Strictly pre, Size I Prefer

25p Smokey Bears, Telephone (France), Blondie No. 4, Bowie 78, James Dean, Don't Dictate, Sore Throat

POP ART 20p Revolt into Style, No Rule, Anti-Social, Fay Fife is Fab, Auto-Destruct Button, Panic Button, Clone

This Last week

1	(1)	Animal Liberation
2	(4)	Siouxsie Special
3	(2)	Rezillos
4	(—)	Stiff Little Fingers
5	(3)	Clash Police
6	(6)	The Jam — N.O.W.
7	(—)	ATV
8	(—)	Siouxsie Overground
9	(—)	Daygla-X Ray Spex
10	(—)	My Way

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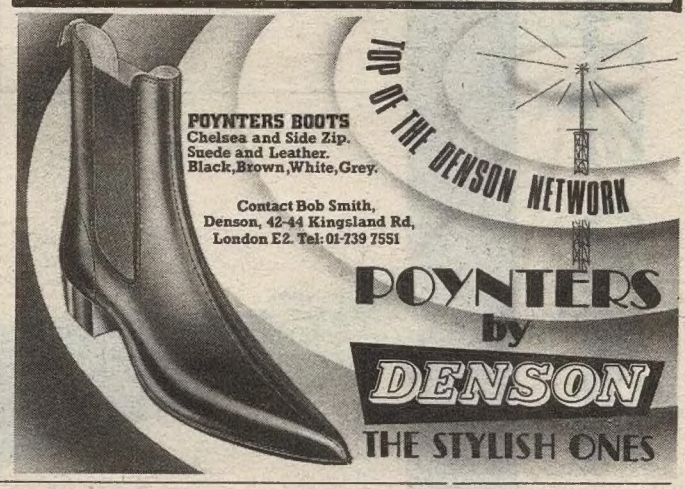

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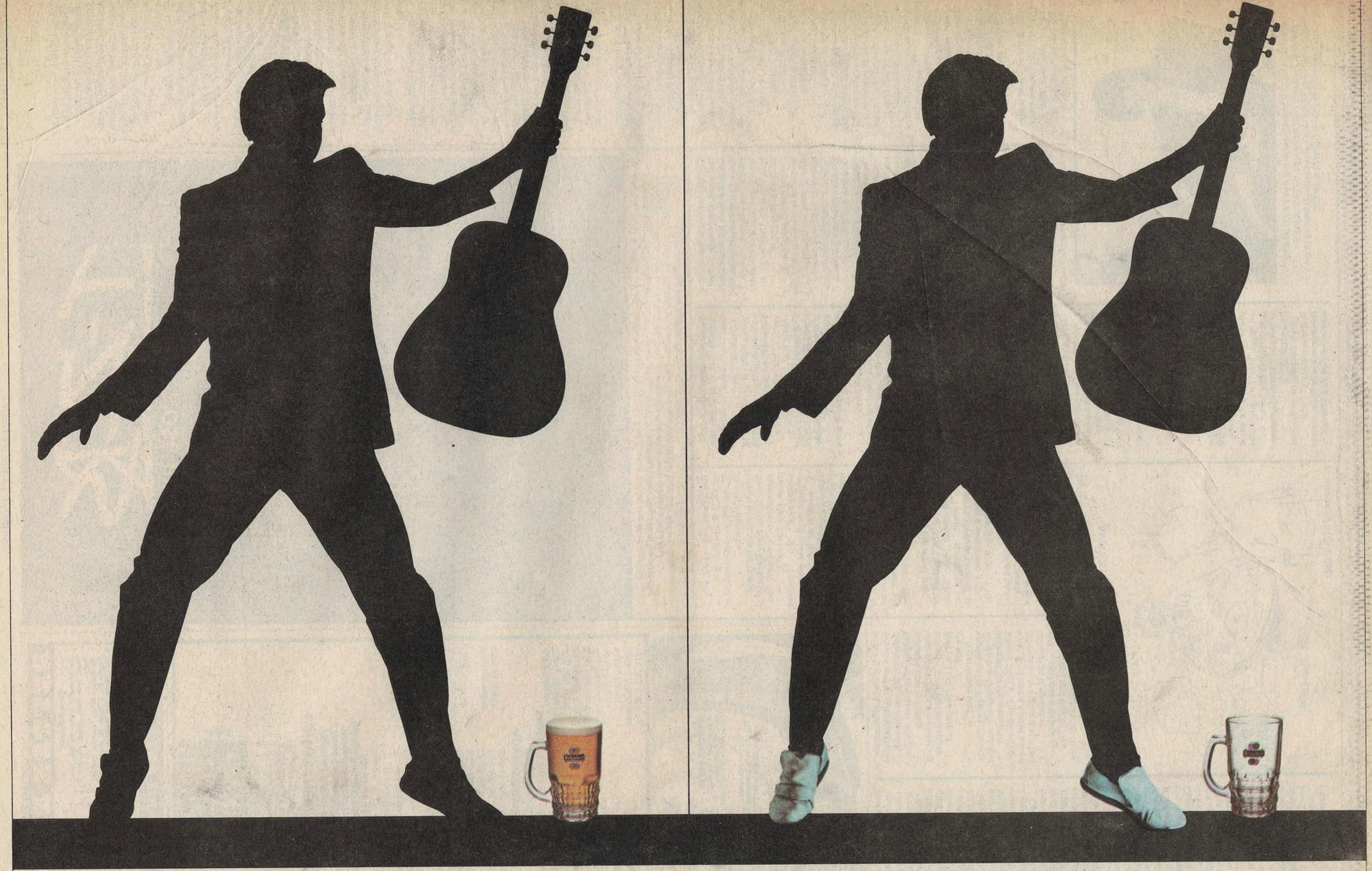

Heineken refreshes the parts other beers cannot reach.